The Saturday Evening
POST
July 26, 1958 — 15¢

JUL 2 2 '58

ROY CAMPANELLA:

"I'll Walk Again"

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-5-58
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See Barbara Hale as "Della Street" in The Perry Mason Show, CBS-TV Network Saturday Nights

Roll-the-window test convinces "Della Street"

Try it. We think it will convince you, too

Look for this sign when you need to replace safety glass.

Just roll an E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass window halfway down. You'll feel the sun burning your forehead while the rest of your face stays shady cool. The reason: E-Z-Eye has a special chemical composition that filters out a high percentage of the hot solar radiation, and gives this safety glass a blue-green tint. Keeps the heat from pouring in on you.

That's important because, while you can drive with your side windows open to get some breeze, you *can't* open the two *biggest* heat traps — the back window and the windshield. No wonder people say E-Z-Eye is the next best thing to air conditioning.

When buying a new car, try the E-Z-Eye roll-the-window test. Also notice how E-Z-Eye with its shaded windshield cuts down glare. E-Z-Eye is offered as an inexpensive option in many cars . . . Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pontiac and Studebaker.

Next best thing to air conditioning . . .

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*JETSTREAM is a service mark owned by TWA exclusively

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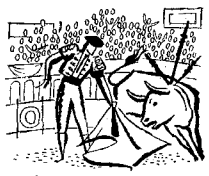
Paris

Rome


Madrid

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Trips for Two via TWA Jetstream (the largest and finest airliner in the skies) to your choice of any or all of the following: London, Paris, Rome or Madrid. All expenses paid for 10 days up to $30 a day. Trips may be taken any time before October 1, 1959.

250 ADDITIONAL PRIZES—handy, roomy, TWA "World Traveler" bags.

LISTERINE "Vacation in Europe" CONTEST

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "The city I'd choose for my dream-trip to Europe is (*choose London, Paris, Rome or Madrid*) because . . ." Write your entry either on an official entry blank obtainable from your Listerine Antiseptic dealer or one side only of any plain sheet of paper. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by the end-seal of a Listerine Antiseptic wrapper (14 oz. or 7 oz. size). Be sure to print plainly your name and address and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased Listerine Antiseptic.

2. **Mail your entry to:**

   LISTERINE CONTEST
   P. O. BOX 59A
   MOUNT VERNON 10, NEW YORK

   All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight August 30, 1958 and received not later than September 10, 1958.

3. Anyone living in the Continental United States, Hawaii, and Alaska is eligible except employees of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name.

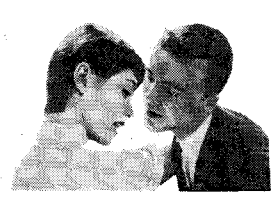
4. Prizes will be awarded as listed on the official entry blank. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. Only one prize will be awarded in a family.

5. All entries become the property of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company to use as it sees fit and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

Get entry blank at your dealer's and finish this sentence in 25 words or less:

"The city I'd choose for my dream-trip is (Choose one of the 4 cities above) ***because . . ."***

No special skill or information needed! Just go to the place where you buy Listerine Antiseptic and look for the Listerine Display Stand. Get an entry blank and enter, enclosing an end-seal from Listerine Antiseptic, 14 oz. or 7 oz. size.



You can NOT brush bad breath away!

Mouth germs usually cause it. No tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, on contact, by millions. That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.

At the first sign of a cold

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Reach for Listerine

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Reach for Listerine

. . . for bad breath—summer colds—cuts, scratches and insect bites

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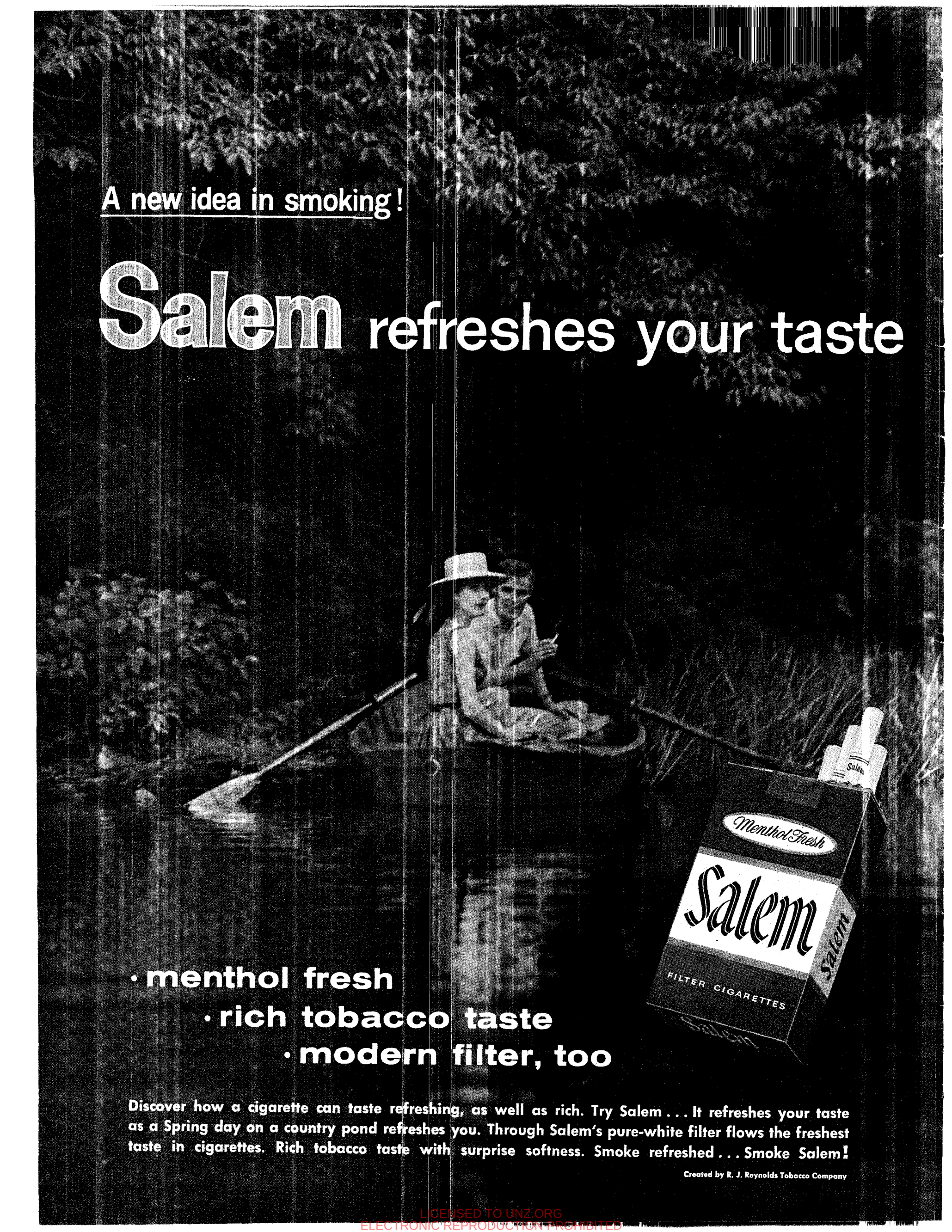
Salem refreshes your taste



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Discover how a cigarette can taste refreshing, as well as rich. Try Salem . . . It refreshes your taste as a Spring day on a country pond refreshes you. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Rich tobacco taste with surprise softness. Smoke refreshed . . . Smoke Salem!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Some boatmen enjoy lathering up summertime water with high-speed goings-on. Other boatmen prefer it flat and fishable, and so calm that things like highball glasses won't tip over. As for fish (such as the run of weakfish downstairs in artist Ben Prins' scene), they aren't very smart to prefer undisturbed water, because if they *are* scared away, they won't commit suicide on fishhooks. Well, that boy and girl should be chastised for their safety-last deviltry, and yet do those irate old folks realize that only 9 per cent of boat accidents involve teen-agers, that the most numerous accident-causers, proportionately, are middle-aged fishermen who overload their boats or otherwise handle them dimwittedly? Hey, you with the big fist—sit down before you land in the ocean.

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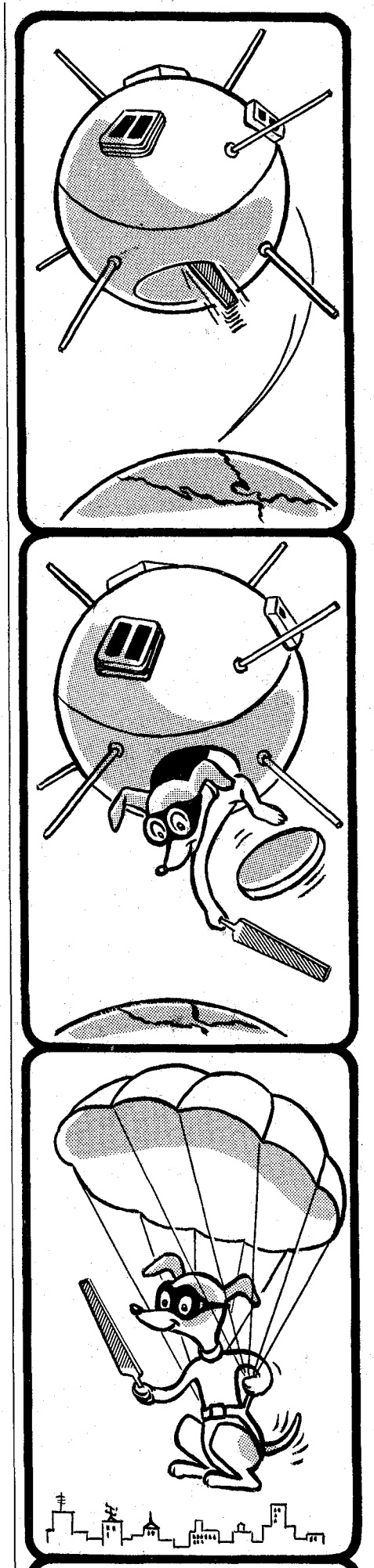

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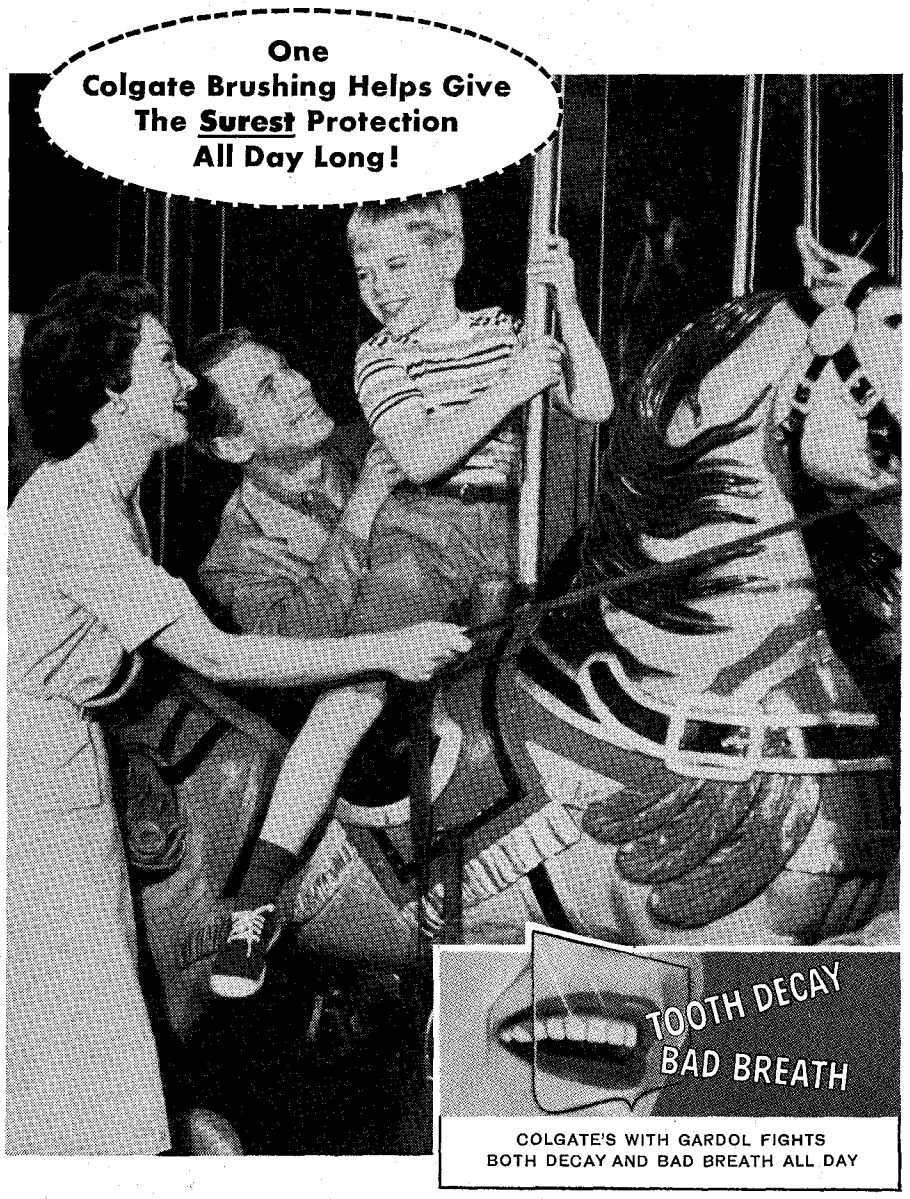

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Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Letters

Uh-one, Uh-two, Uh-Welk

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for your good article on gentleman Lawrence Welk [I CALL ON LAWRENCE WELK, by Pete Martin, June 21].

DR. WILBUR E. HOFFMAN
Charleston, W.Va.

Dear Sirs:

I'd like to get this over just as fast. I *don't* like Lawrence Welk's music. . . .

In addition, I never have been able to understand the tendency to compare Welk with the brigade of bearded and bereted bopsters. Why not compare Welk with just another dance band—Les Brown, the Elgarts, etc.?

STAN BRENNAN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

● *If it's beards that count, Welk's music supervisor George Cates can qualify. (See below.)* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Regarding the interview, "Pete Martin Calls on Pete Martin," which was humorously titled I CALL ON LAWRENCE WELK—the article mentioned nothing that had not already been printed about Welk.

Of course, Pete Martin's piece did tell what Pete Martin thinks about music, Welk and Pete Martin.

But does anyone really care?

BOB ELLISON
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin calling on Pete Martin might not be such a bad idea at that.

JAY JEROME WILLIAMS
Gales Ferry, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

May the Lord take a liking to Lawrence Welk and keep him in our homes for many years.

CLYDE E. STURDIVANT
Macomb, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I hope your article will help keep him on, and possibly succeed in encouraging the type of bands you mentioned—ones that play soft, sweet music—so that our nerves may get some chance to relax.

JEANNE L. CRIDER
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

A million toasts (champagne of course) to an entertainer who does everything possible to give the audience a clean, wholesome show.

EDWARD CLARKE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin said, and was not challenged by anyone apparently, "the *hoi polloi*."

"*Hoi*" is the English form of a Greek word which [means] "the." So when you say "the *hoi polloi*," you are saying "the the *polloi*." To the purist, that just ain't nice. I have seen it often, heard it in Hollywood productions, and often groaned at it.

My knowledge of Greek really is very limited, but I do want to share this much of it with you.

DOANE EATON
Skowhegan, Mair

● *Concerning the* hoi polloi, *Reader Eaton is absolutely right.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I originated Lawrence's "Champagne Music" slogan . . . while writing continuity at WCAE for his William Penn Hotel broadcasts. . . .

Incidentally, I am also guilty of "A Rhythmic New Deal by Dick Stabile" which that orchestra leader used for several years.

PHILIP L. DAVIS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It is difficult to remember details of events that happened some twenty years ago and we can understand the inaccuracies in Mr. Welk's anecdote . . . about his brief entry into the chewing-gum business. However, he does say that he quit because he was faced with the possibility of a lawsuit against him by the Wrigley Company. . . .

The facts are these: On March 14 1935, Mr. W. H. Stanley (not "a M Wrigley in Chicago"), then secretar of the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company, wrote to the Middlewest Brokerage Corporation, Yankton, South Dakota, calling their attention to the similarity b

(Continued on Page

RETORT TO A RETORT

Thoughts While Cutting Grass

I've nothing good
To say for snow
Excepting this:
It doesn't grow.

—May Winkler Goodman
(from July 13, 1957, Post)

Retort While Shoveling Snow

Though grass is not
My chief delight,
It doesn't fall
On walks at night.

—Philene Hammer
(from Jan. 4, 1958, Post)

Dear Sirs:

I understand
Just how she felt.
But grass won't shrink
And snow *will* melt.

MAY WINKLER GOODMAN
Cleveland, Ohio

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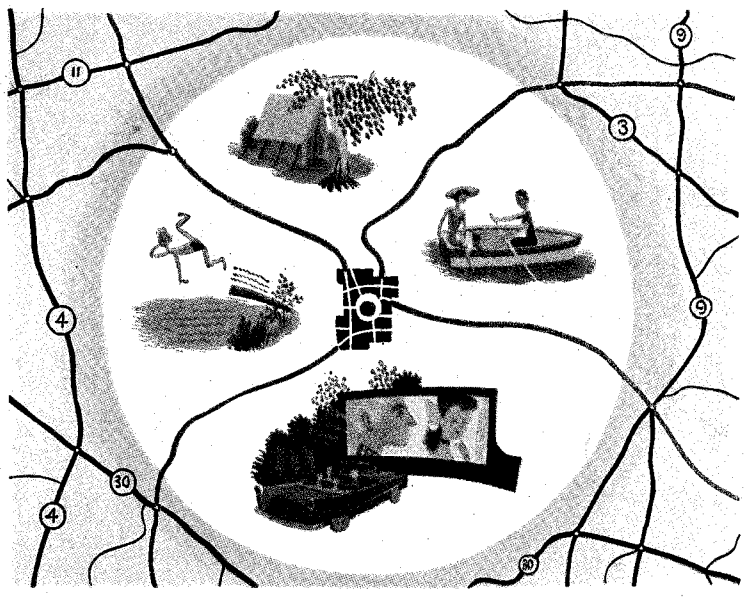
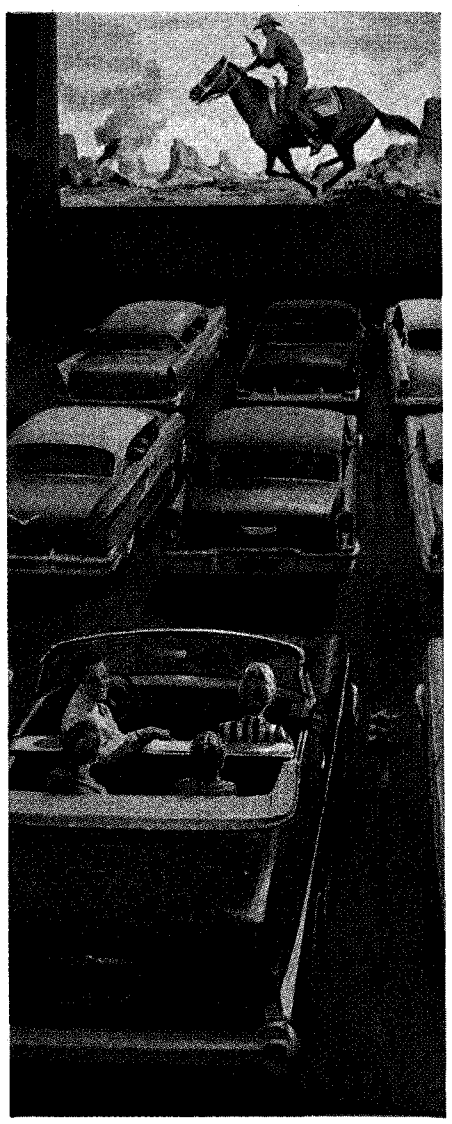
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

Just turn your car out of your driveway. You'll find yourself surrounded by some of the easiest, breeziest summer living ever.



Cool off by car these summer days. Get out where the air is fresh and fun-filled. See what's new in scenery.



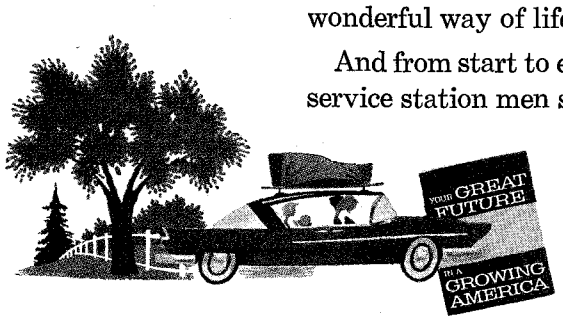
Try the easy entertainment of a drive-in movie. After the show, there's always that cool ride home.

Run away to sea. Wherever the water is, your car takes you to it. Fishing, boating, swimming—it's yours.

Head for a shady woods. Find new picnic spots. Or take along camping gear. Your car makes it easy.

It's easy to take the swelter out of summer when you take off by car. Your Magic Circle makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life.

And from start to end of any excursion, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure.



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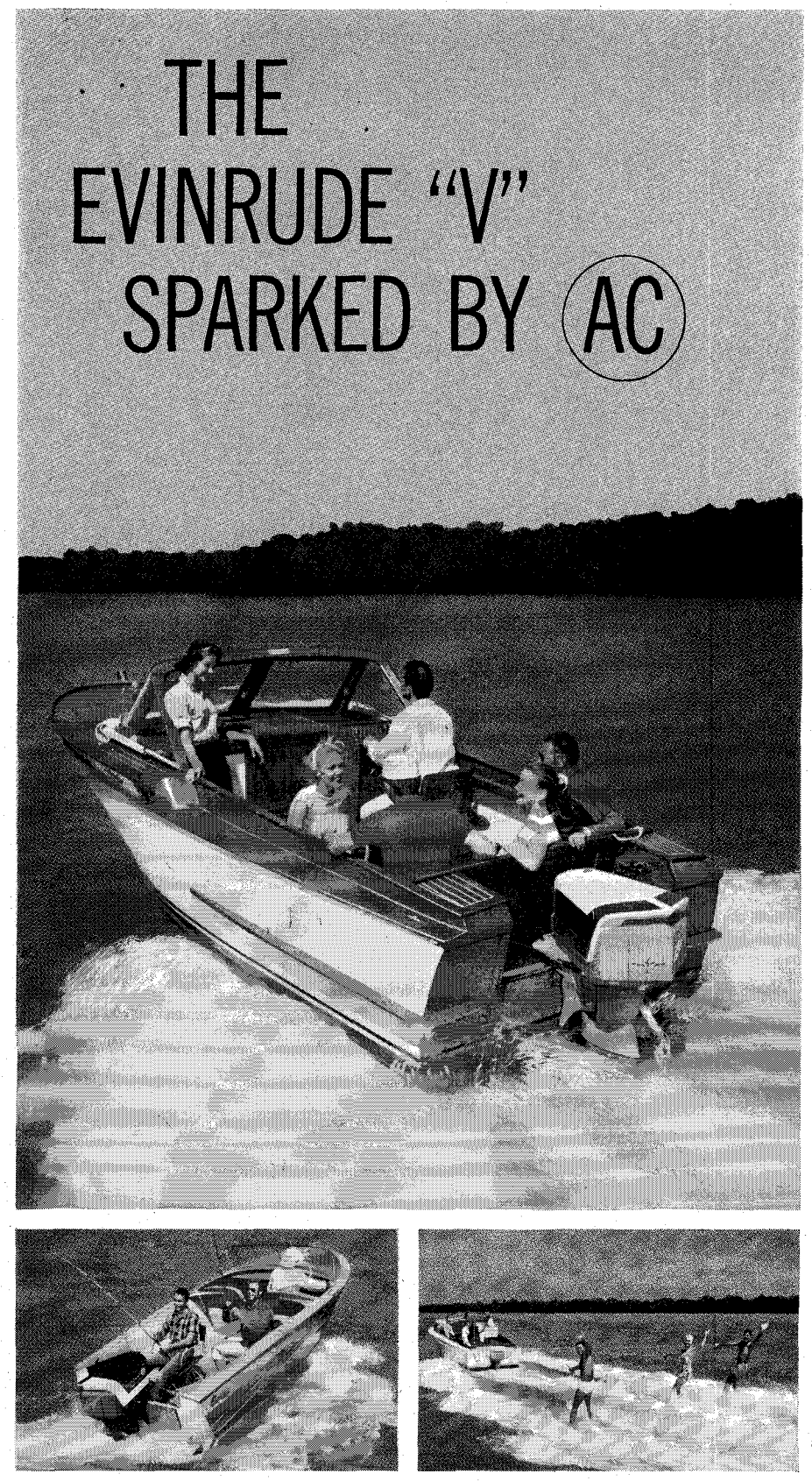

You'll get purr-fect purr-formance from your Evinrude Outboard with AC Marine Spark Plugs!

"Whisper while we work!" is the hit song of the 1958 Evinrude Outboards . . . they put the purr in purr-formance. You'll find they'll sing a sweeter song—trolling, cruising or water skiing—with AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs! That's why they're factory-approved for the complete Evinrude Line.

AC Spark Plugs are marine engineered for outboard or inboard use. They're rustproofed to prevent corrosion and they're packaged in AC's new waterproofed "Spare-Pac" to stay factory-fresh. The exclusive AC "Hot Tip" heats up fast to burn away combustion deposits as soon as they form . . . stays clean longer. So, for faster starting, smoother performance and greater economy, install AC Marine Spark Plugs in your outboard or inboard motor for the season's "start!"

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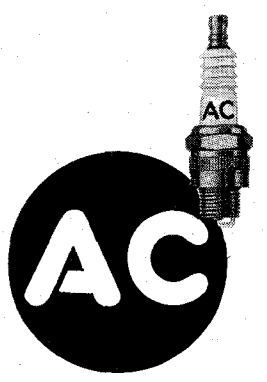

HOT TIP MARINE SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG ✱ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

tween their Lawrence Welk's Spearmint Chewing Gum label and the label used for many years for Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum. . . . The confusion was caused by the use of the same background, the same colors and the general layout and printing.

Our letter referred only to Welk's Spearmint, not to his Honolulu Fruit or his other brands and we did not claim confusion with our Juicy Fruit label design. . . .

Shortly after this, for reasons unknown to us, Mr. Welk apparently discontinued the sale of all the Lawrence Welk brands of gum and went out of the gum business entirely.

L. E. HARLAND, *Asst. Secretary*
Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company
Chicago, Ill.

"Plastered" Defined

Dear Sirs:

As representatives of the plastering industry in Massachusetts, we strongly object to the cartoon on Page 91 of the June 21 issue [by Larry Katzman, below]. . . .

"You call for a plashterer?"

This is also very unfunny to the Acme Plastering Company of Boston, one of our membership. . . .

We in this industry wince every time anyone labels an intoxicated person "plastered." It is our contention that plaster is a symbol of rigidity and an intoxicated person is seldom rigid.

WILLIAM F. MITTEN, *Executive Director*
Massachusetts Bureau for Lathing and Plastering, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Blinded at Birth

Dear Sirs:

What a marvelous and encouraging story for any family—MY SON WAS BLINDED AT BIRTH, by William J. McKee, June 14. It more than made up for the mess—Brigitte Bardot [BAD LITTLE BAD GIRL, by Toni Howard].

MRS. JAMES S. DRAKE
Phillipsburg, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I want you to know that not all parents of blind children feel the despair and inadequacy recorded by this father. . . . I feel compassion for this man who was sent a problem he was not equipped to handle. But I feel the Post has set its sights rather low in publishing such an article. . . .

Because we have always been able to accept our son's blindness, others have accepted him, and we know that he has done more for us than we shall ever do for him. He has given us an opportunity to grow and to prove our worth and we are grateful for this privilege.

MRS. HERBERT P. MOORE
West Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

We, too, have such a son. . . .

I want to thank you for this article because I don't feel quite so alone in looking after him and teaching him.

MRS. J. ROBERT ROSENFELD
Wheatley, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Two of our boys might have been Lorne McKee. . . . Both boys were in an incubator for six weeks with a minimum of oxygen intake. . . . Lorne and the many others like him inspired the medical profession to study the cause of blindness in premature infants. Because the doctors studied, our boys can see.

MRS. JOHN W. MARCH
Wellesley, Mass.

● *The medical breakthrough on this threat to "preemies" was reported by Contributing Editor Steven M. Spencer in a June 11, 1955, article entitled* MYSTERY OF THE BLINDED BABIES. *The article won for editor Spencer an Albert Lasker Medical Journalism award.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article made me stop and say a special prayer of thanks for my little son, who is normal in every way.

Is there anything a person like me can do for these handicapped children? I have no college training or special training in this field, but I do have love in my heart for all children.

MRS. JIMMY BEASLEY
Abbeville, Ala.

● *Volunteers can perform many important services for the blind—reading stories to children, for instance. Interested readers should contact their local agency for the blind. For referral to a local agency, write to: Department of Public Education, American Foundation for the Blind, 15 W. 16th St., New York 11, N. Y.* —*ED.*

Misspelled

Dear Sirs:

At long last I "made" the important pages of your illustrious publication [I CALL ON LUCY AND DESI by Pete Martin, May 31] only to have my name misspelled. On page 93, fourth paragraph: "Sylvia Hollow" instead of,

SYLVIA HAHLO
New York, N.Y.

● *Our apologies to theatrical agent Hahlo.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Sid Avery. • 13–Larry Fried. • 14–Wide World. • 15–United Press International; Wide World; Three by Larry Fried. • 16, 17–Earl Mayan. • 19–Philippe Halsman. 20, 21–Mac Conner. • 22, 23–Arthur Griffin. • 24–Sam Bates. • 25–Philadelphia Evening Bulletin; Harry Saltzman; Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. • 26–Gene Lester. • 27–Leslie Baker; Rapho-Guillumette (Sanford A. Roth); Penguin; David Scull. • 28, 29–Lynn Buckham. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–Bruce Bomberger. • 32, 33–Joern Gerdts. • 37–Edwin Georgi. • 60–Larry Fried. • 79–Wide World. • 84–Anonymous; Hammond and Irwin; Curtis Photo; The Raleigh Times (Burk Uzzle).

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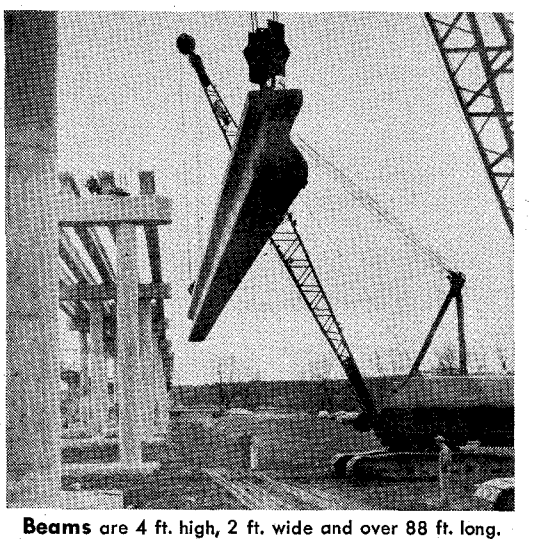
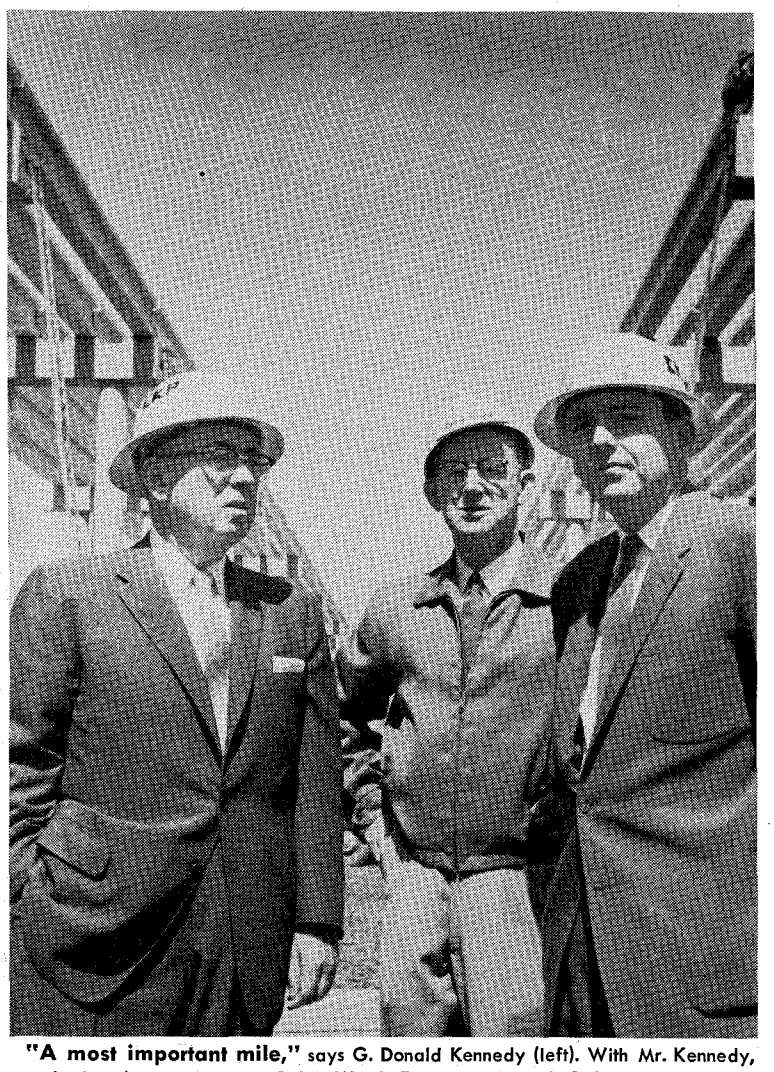
45-ton prestressed concrete beams are trucked in.

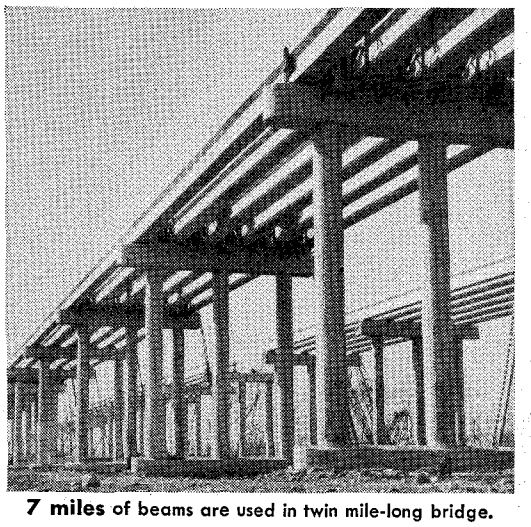


Beams are 4 ft. high, 2 ft. wide and over 88 ft. long.



"A most important mile," says G. Donald Kennedy (left). With Mr. Kennedy, reviewing the progress . . . Ralph Ward, Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer and (right) Jack Cunningham, Vice President of Condon-Cunningham Co.

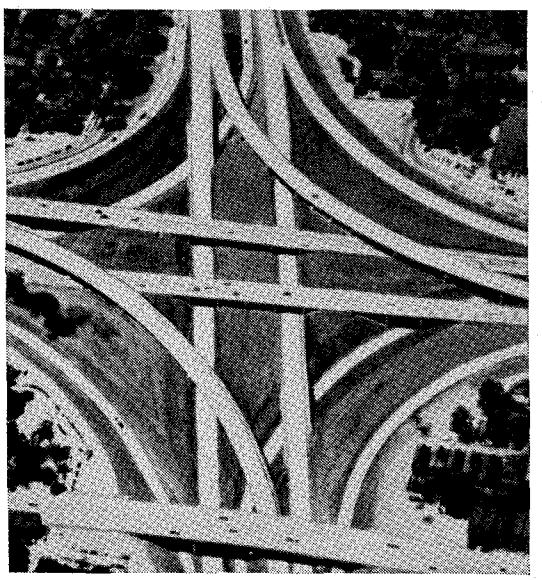
Cranes can set a beam on the girders in 15 minutes.



7 miles of beams are used in twin mile-long bridge.

Why is this one-mile stretch of highway so important in a country that has more than 3,360,000 miles of roads?

Wausau Story



"This interchange of the Detroit Highway System is another symbol of how our highway program is going forward with tremendous impact. Fortunately, the results can be seen all over the country. The need is apparent when you realize the number of vehicles on our roads has increased 78% within the last 10 years."

by **G. DONALD KENNEDY**
President,
Portland Cement Association

"Here in a single mile of the Illinois State Toll Road, you'll find many answers to the challenging problems of making our highway system safe and adequate for both present and future needs.

"This section is a bridge . . . two bridges, in fact. Each of the double-lane structures will carry traffic over a railroad yard, two main railroad lines, two canals and a river. Precast concrete beams, 456 of them, are used in this mile-long pair of bridges. The photographs at the top of this page show you how big they are and how rapidly they go into place. You'd have to have a close-up, however, to see that the beams contain steel cables running from one end to the other. These tightly stretched cables permit the use of longer unsupported spans than ever before without sacrificing strength. Here is an example of the latest trend toward simplified and economical design . . . of modern materials and techniques being used for good, rapid road building.

"Here's an important example, too, of how some unique services are aiding the builders of our highways. Our organization, the Portland Cement Association, has worked with the engineers here. I guess you'd say we serve as the engineers' engineer. And Employers Mutuals are on the job, too, serving their contractor-policyholders in what I understand is a typical way for them. As one contractor says—and he's done business with Employers Mutuals for more than 20 years—"These are people you can rely on. Their approach to on-the-job safety is really practical. That's why I say they're good people to do business with'."

. . . . . .

The Illinois Toll Road fits into the pattern of the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. Joint Contractors for this project are Condon-Cunningham Co., Peter Kiewit Sons' Co., and Paschen Contractors, Inc. With offices throughout the country, Employers Mutuals of Wausau serves these contractors along with many others on many different construction jobs. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We also write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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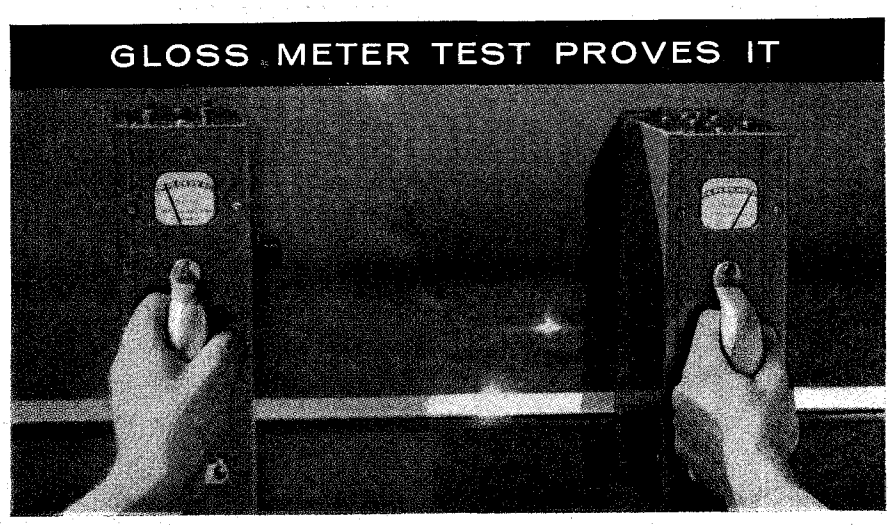
New color brilliance now so easy

with color enriching DU PONT №'7' POLISH

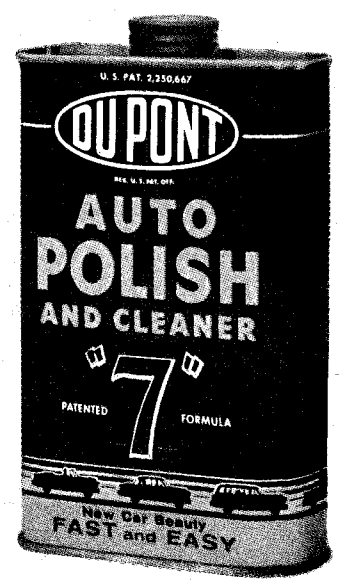


Weathered finish at left gives a gloss reading of only 25. After use of Du Pont No. "7" Polish, it reads 91 – equal to new-car color brilliance!

Faster, easier, because color-enriching Du Pont No. "7" Polish *pulls grime away from paint.* As you spread it on, special ingredients loosen every speck of dirt, grime, traffic film, make cleaning easier. Then the drying polish *lifts up* the grime so you can whisk it off easier! Exclusive in Du Pont No. "7" Polish. At service stations and auto supply stores. Only $1.50.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



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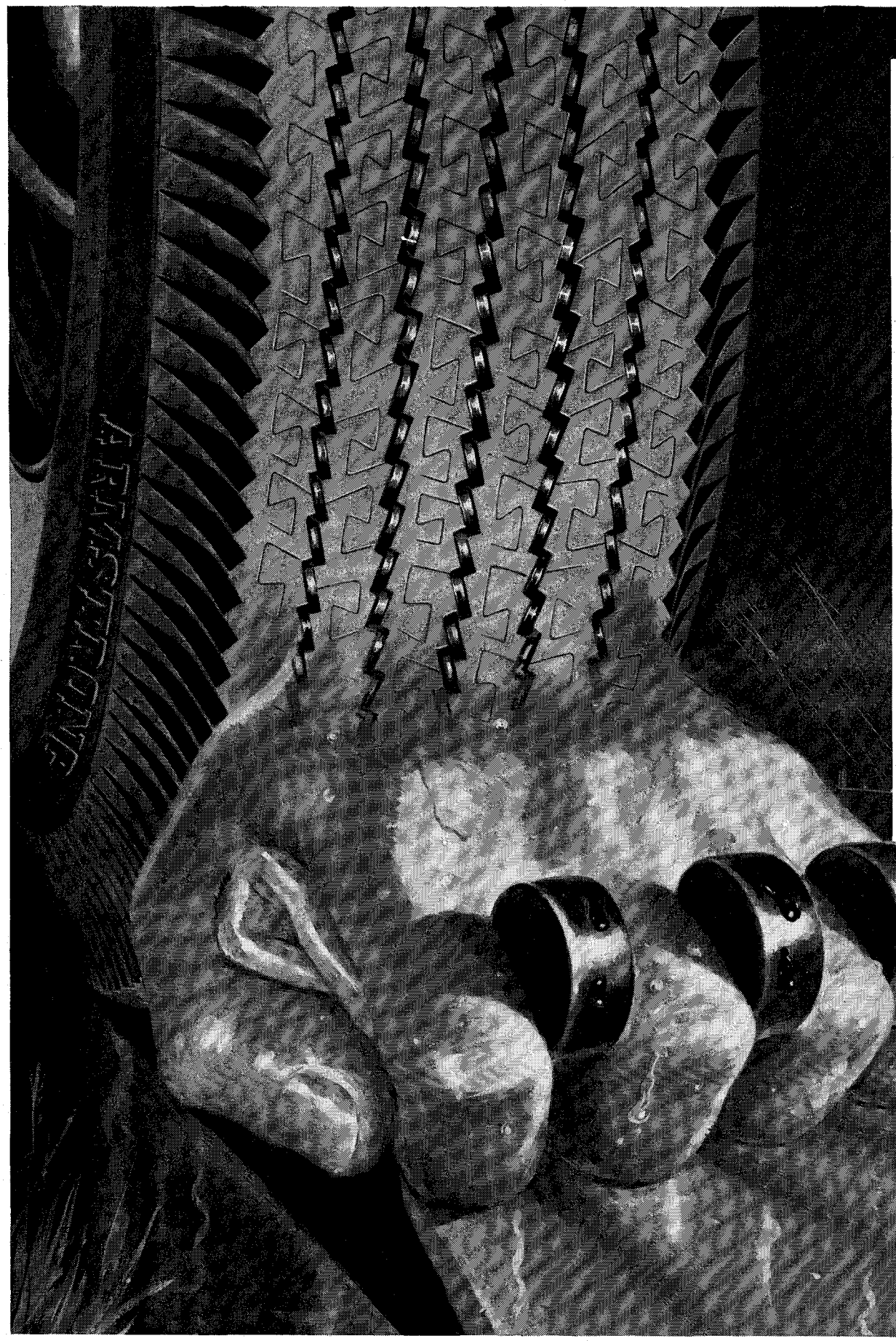
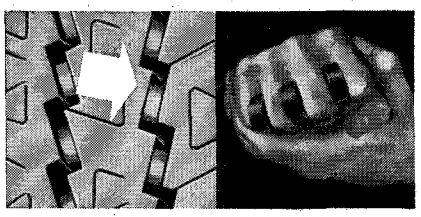
ARMSTRONG TIRES'

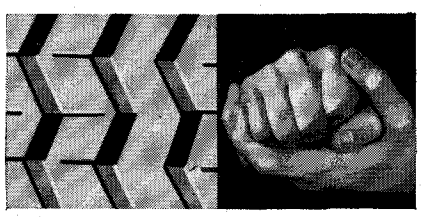
"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



PATENTED SAFETY DISCS STOP DEADLY SKIDS... as no other tires can!



- **ONLY ARMSTRONG TIRES** have Safety Discs between tread ribs (arrow).
- They keep the tread ribs apart, just as discs in the fist above keep the fingers apart. Tread can't squeeze shut!
- Result: No matter how hard you brake, Armstrong tread stays open, always ready to grip the road to stop deadly skids.



- **COMPARE ORDINARY TIRES,** with no Safety Discs to keep the tread open.
- Braking pressure can squeeze tread ribs together, like the fingers above.
- Result: Gripping edges disappear . . . tread becomes smooth, slippery . . . and you skid! Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs to stop deadly skids.

LIFETIME ROAD HAZARD GUARANTEE! — not 12, 18, 24 months, but for as long as you use the tire

Compare the Guarantee Armstrong gives you with that on ordinary tires! "Rhino-Flex" construction makes Armstrong Tires so rugged they are guaranteed *for the entire lifetime of the tire* (adjustment, prorated for used tire tread) . . . even against such extreme road hazards as spikes, potholes, etc. Armstrong Tires cost no more.

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

Find Your Armstrong Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING—HOME OFFICE, WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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Editorials

Can We Defend U. S. Interests Under U. N. Rules?

By CAPT. W. D. PULESTON
U. S. N. Ret.

Whether or not American foreign policy needs "drastic reappraisal," it very much requires more lucid presentation to the people whose destiny depends on it, and particularly to the members of the Armed Forces, who may be required to carry it out. As matters stand today, the United States, either through its membership in the United Nations or under the terms of treaties and agreements, including N.A.T.O., is committed to the military defense of countries beyond our natural strategic area. These commitments are assumed to be vital to our national interest, but we appear to have limited our military obligation of carrying them out to whatever action is permitted under the U. N. Charter!

Our intervention in Korea in 1950 ought to alert the public to the risks of leaving protection of an important strategic concern to the United Nations. The fact that the United Nations could take any action at all was due to the temporary absence of the Soviet delegation. Had the Russians not previously "taken a walk," but had been on hand to impose a veto on Korean intervention (granted that they wished to do so), the United States would have faced a tough decision: Act on its own, or abandon South Korea to the Reds.

Since the end of the Korean war, our commitments have become more numerous without gaining in clarity. Mr. Dulles deserves all praise for his efforts to put off the summit conference, perhaps until understanding of its disastrous possibilities permeates even our allies. But his efforts to explain and justify our helter-skelter military commitments too often compound the confusion instead of dispelling it.

President Eisenhower in 1955 obtained Congressional authority to employ armed forces "as he deemed necessary to protect Formosa and the Pescadores." This was clear enough, especially to the Chinese Communists. In 1957 he obtained Congressional authority to oppose Communist penetration in the Middle East. Among the reasons for seeking this latter authority the President cited the refusal of the Kremlin to withdraw Red troops from Hungary as requested by the General Assembly, an attitude which convinced him that the United Nations "cannot be a wholly dependable protector of freedom when the ambitions of the Soviet Union are involved." Therefore, he concluded, ". . . a greater responsibility now devolves upon the United States."

The President left it to Secretary Dulles to explain why, after joining the United Nations, and negotiating mutual-security treaties with some forty nations, and bilateral treaties with the Republic of China, the Philippines and South Korea, it was necessary to guarantee the territorial integrity and political freedom of the Middle East.

In doing so, Dulles added a startling surmise. Answering questions by Senator Humphrey, he said, "Perhaps we may end up with . . . what you might call a universal doctrine reflected in multilateral treaties or multilateral world-wide authority from Congress," which would permit the United States to maintain peace and security in any area of the world "in co-operation with the nations of the threatened area," whenever a Kremlin veto prevents intervention by the United Nations.

Mr. Dulles emphasized that the United States could not assume U.N. responsibilities unless our actions were consonant with its Charter and recommendations. This would prevent the use of American armed forces until a hostile "armed attack occurs." When Senator Fulbright observed that Mr. Dulles' interpretation of our obligations under the U.N. Charter would prevent the President from using all his powers as Commander-in-Chief to defend the vital interests of this country, Mr. Dulles stated simply that this limitation "upon the President occurs in the Charter."

In a subsequent address Mr. Dulles justified our action in the Suez crisis by saying acquiescence in forcible action would have "involved disloyalty to the U.N." Furthermore, the President has announced that a greater responsibility devolves upon the United States when the United Nations is unable to act. But if this responsibility can be exercised only in accordance with the U.N. Charter, as Mr. Dulles has stated, there are certain to be occasions when action in the national interest becomes all but impossible.

This apparent willingness of the President and the Secretary of State to subordinate the United States to the United Nations needs fuller explanation. The situation calls for a thorough probing of the country's obligations, whether incurred by act of Congress, by treaty or executive act, for the better comprehension of all of us.

Editors' Note: Capt. Puleston is the author of The Influence of Force in Foreign Relations (Van Nostrand).

Americans Aren't as Dim-Witted as the Fund for the Republic's Boss Seems to Think

There are intelligent men and women who say things worth hearing about one of our challenging problems—how mankind can get along with the great machines and industries it has created. But the words of these well-informed persons usually receive little notice. On the other hand, Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, can generally make headlines. He can produce vivid similes and metaphors with the greatest of ease.

For example, he asserted recently that Americans are not interested in civil liberties any more, because industrialism is producing men "who are not free in any real sense and who may not even want to be free." Three misstatements in a few words.

First of all, Americans are more interested now in civil liberties than they ever were. And civil liberties now have their best protection in American history. College teachers today can freely say or write things which as recently as the 1920's would have endangered their jobs. Union leaders have their say on every sort of subject. Even a Communist conspirator can't be kept in jail, once the Supreme Court hears of his incarceration.

Next, the notion that men and women who work in industry "are not free in any real sense" is so far from the truth as to arouse a suspicion that Hutchins simply doesn't know any industrial workers.

As for his statement that they "may not even want to be free," just watch them at the polls on Election Day. Listen to them discussing politics or sports. See them at the ball game or the beach. Where does Hutchins get the idea that a factory worker or a railroad fireman or a truck driver is a timid menial without a mind or a will?

"The aim of industrialization," says Hutchins, "is to get rid of men altogether, except as consumers, and in the meantime to make them interchangeable parts of the industrial machine. . . . But the interchangeable man is not a man."

Imposing as that may sound, it is totally hollow. The aim of industrialization is short and simple: to make money. That is the aim in any economic project. Longfellow's village blacksmith had the same aim. So has the blacksmith's successor, the garage owner or mechanic in your neighborhood; also the grocer and the barber and the farmer.

The men who manage a big or little industry, or a store, or an office, are not trying "to get rid of men." They are trying to use their employees for the very same purpose for which those employees are trying to use their bosses: to make money.

And if a truck driver quits his job and goes to work for another company, does that mean he is an "interchangeable part of the industrial machine"—and that he is an "interchangeable man"? Hutchins used to work for universities. In recent years he began working for foundations (Ford and Fund for the Republic). Did he thus show he was an "interchangeable part"?

The fact that a foundation employee has the liberty to cut loose with vague and mystical generalities against industrialism is a further proof that industrialism isn't scalping our liberties.

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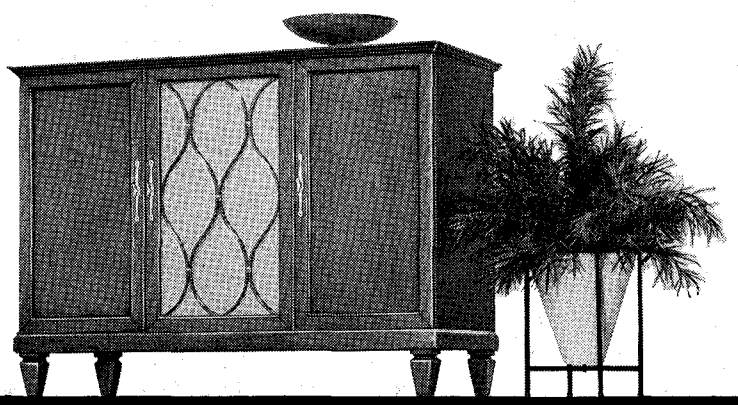
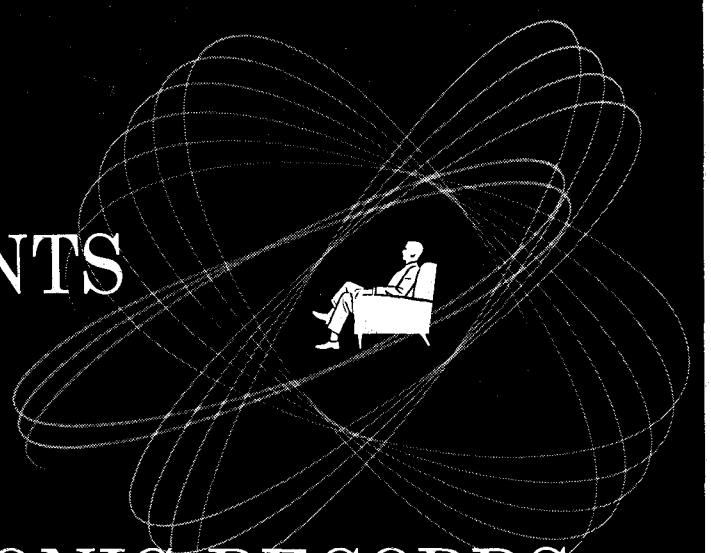
NEW FROM ZENITH!



THE ANDANTE—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity with FM-AM radio—has two 12-inch speakers with 13-ounce magnets, two exponential horns. Dual amplifier has 40 watts of undistorted power output. Diamond stylus for LP and stereophonic records; manufactured sapphire stylus for 78 r.p.m. records. In mahogany veneers and hardwood solids, Italian Provincial styling, Model SF 2575, $750.*

HEAR THE FINEST HIGH FIDELITY INSTRUMENTS EVER CREATED PLAY THE NEW STEREOPHONIC RECORDS



Totally new, especially designed and engineered to bring you the wonder of sound in depth, these remarkable instruments play all your present records; plus the new stereophonic records, with a new dimension.

Unlike so many high fidelity phonographs that are merely "converted" to accommodate stereophonic records, these new Zenith Stereophonic High Fidelity Instruments were specifically developed to bring you the new rounded sense of depth, the new life-like sense of direction and movement that is stereophonic sound at its very best. These, indeed, are the finest high fidelity instruments ever created—not only for the new stereophonic records, but for all of your present library of recordings.

ONLY ZENITH HAS ALL THESE ADVANCED HIGH FIDELITY FEATURES

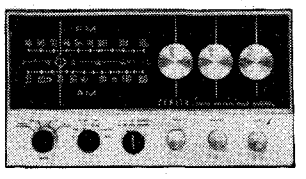
Components balanced and matched—each pair of speakers, each amplifier, is tested for compatibility by Zenith sound research engineers.

Zenith dual-channel amplifiers have 40 watts undistorted power output, up to 80 watts peak; are designed especially for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.

Powerful speaker systems employ at least four high-rated Zenith-quality speakers. Woofers have heavy Alnico 5 magnets.

Crossover networks, usually found only in the highest priced custom-assembled component systems, separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems, assure true tonal balance of "highs" and "lows."

Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel—a Zenith exclusive—gives you precision control of tonal response, virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's Presence Control circuit which brings out and separates the human voice and solo instruments from the background music; Stereo Balance Control which adjusts separate speaker systems to correct balance for best stereophonic sound.



Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer has four speeds. Zenith's all new Cobra® Tone Arm—with its dual-needle cartridge for stereophonic sound—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.

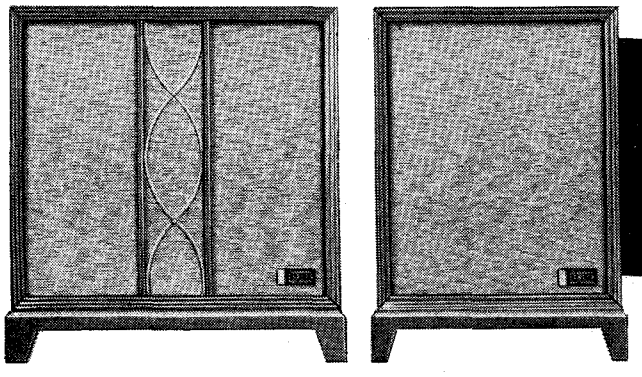
ZENITH QUALITY INSTRUMENTS START AT $199.95*

Zenith Full Stereophonic High-Fidelity Instruments—in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets—are self-contained units. Zenith Stereophonic-equipped High Fidelity Instruments have companion speaker cabinets which you may add now or later for full stereophonic sound. Zenith Stereophonic-equipped Instruments are priced as low as $199.95*. Stop in at your Zenith Dealer's now—hear sound as live as the minute it was recorded.

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

THE CANTATA — Stereophonic-equipped High Fidelity (at left)—has two 12-inch heavy magnet speakers, plus one 5-inch and one 3½-inch high fidelity cone-type tweeter. 20 watts of undistorted power output. Model SF 125, in mahogany or walnut colors, $239.95*; in blond oak color, $249.95*. Companion Stereophonic Remote Speaker System (at right) may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound, Model SRS 10, $125.00*.

ZENITH



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THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON®

40 years of leadership in Radionics, exclusively.
Also makers of television, radio and fine hearing aids.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

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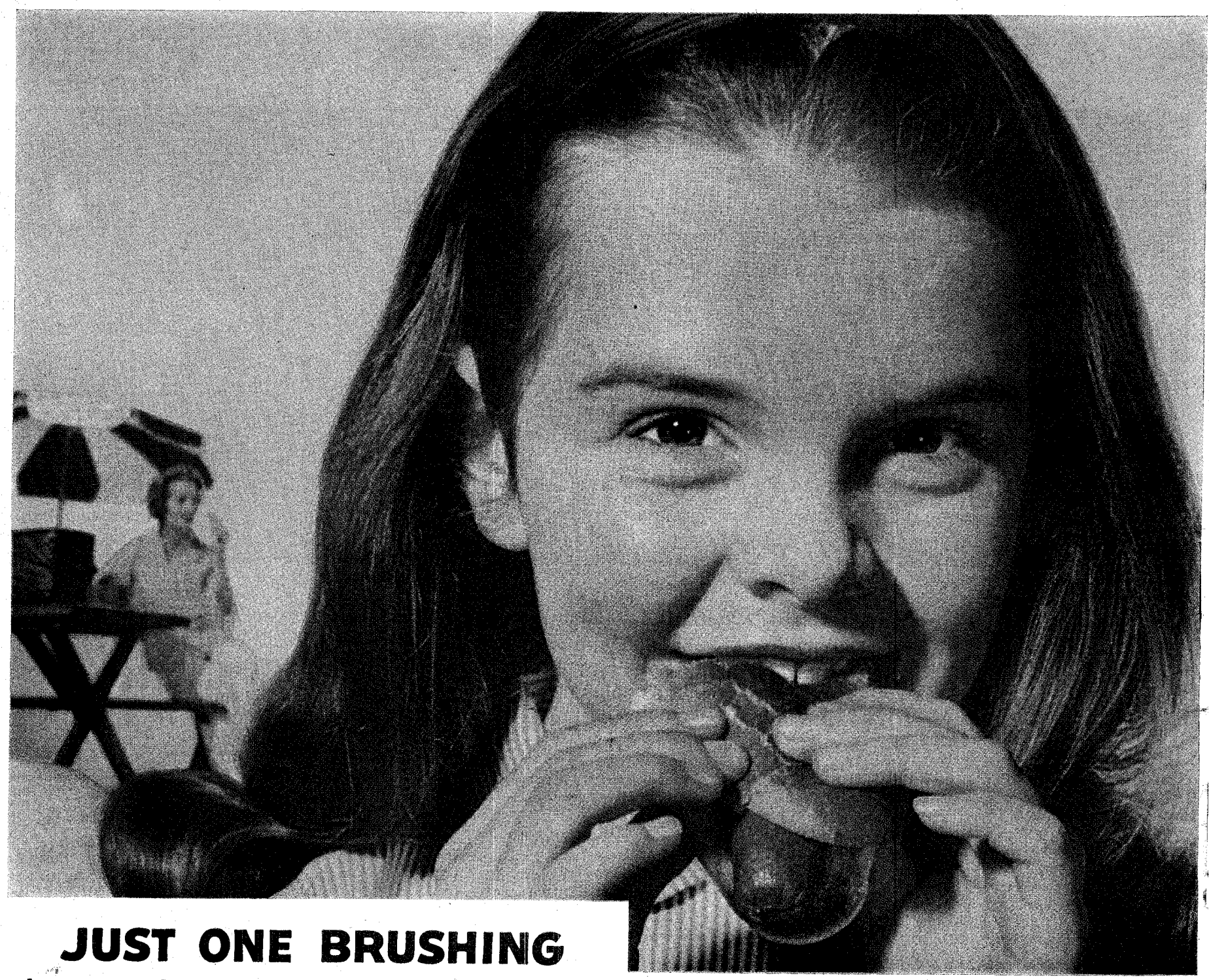
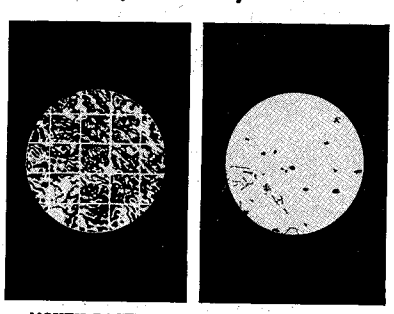
She uses only GLEEM - the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like Mary, can't brush after meals—even though it's best—take a tip from Mary's mom. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN BOTH TUBE AND NEW PUSH-BUTTON PACK

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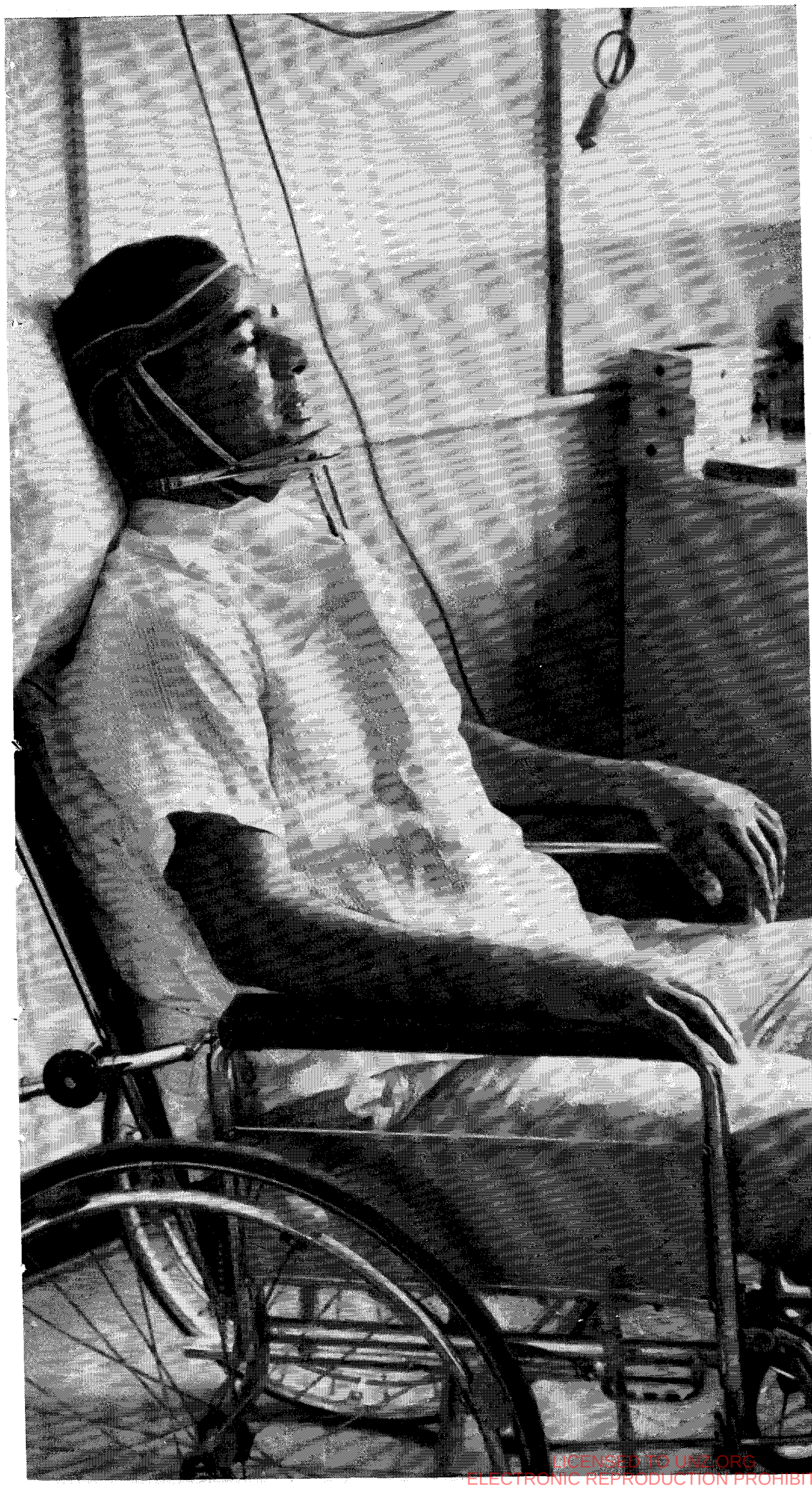
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The Dodgers' great catcher tells of his agonizing and lonely battle which began on a night last winter. He lay paralyzed in an overturned car with the motor running, but when "I reached to turn it off—I couldn't."



I'LL WALK AGAIN

By ROY CAMPANELLA

First of Two Parts

Don't feel sorry for me. I've had a little tough luck. But it is something I think I can handle with the help of the good Lord. I know that He will help me if I help myself. I'm willing to do whatever is necessary, as much as necessary, to get on my feet again.

It's like baseball. When you're in a slump, you don't feel sorry for yourself. That's when you have to try harder. You don't quit. You've got to have the faith, hope and conviction that you can lick it.

I have confidence in the Lord, in my doctors and in myself. I pray every day now, as I have every day of my life. I used to say a prayer before each game, just before the national anthem. I didn't pray for victory. The good Lord's not out there to win a ball game for you. You shouldn't ask Him for that kind of help. I prayed that I would stay healthy and not get hurt.

I consider that I was very lucky in being able to play professional ball for twenty-one years, ten of them in the big leagues. On the Dodgers I got to play with and against some great ballplayers. Later on I'll be saying which ones I think were the greatest. And then there were some I saw in the Negro leagues earlier who were just as great, but never got the chance to go to the majors.

I know the Lord hasn't turned His back on me. Twice since my accident last January, He has pulled me through. I could have died from pneumonia my first couple of days in the hospital. Before that I could have been burned up

"I still can't move my neck, which was broken in one of the hardest places to heal," says the author. This photograph of Campy was taken June 27 at the Rusk Institute of New York's Bellevue Hospital.

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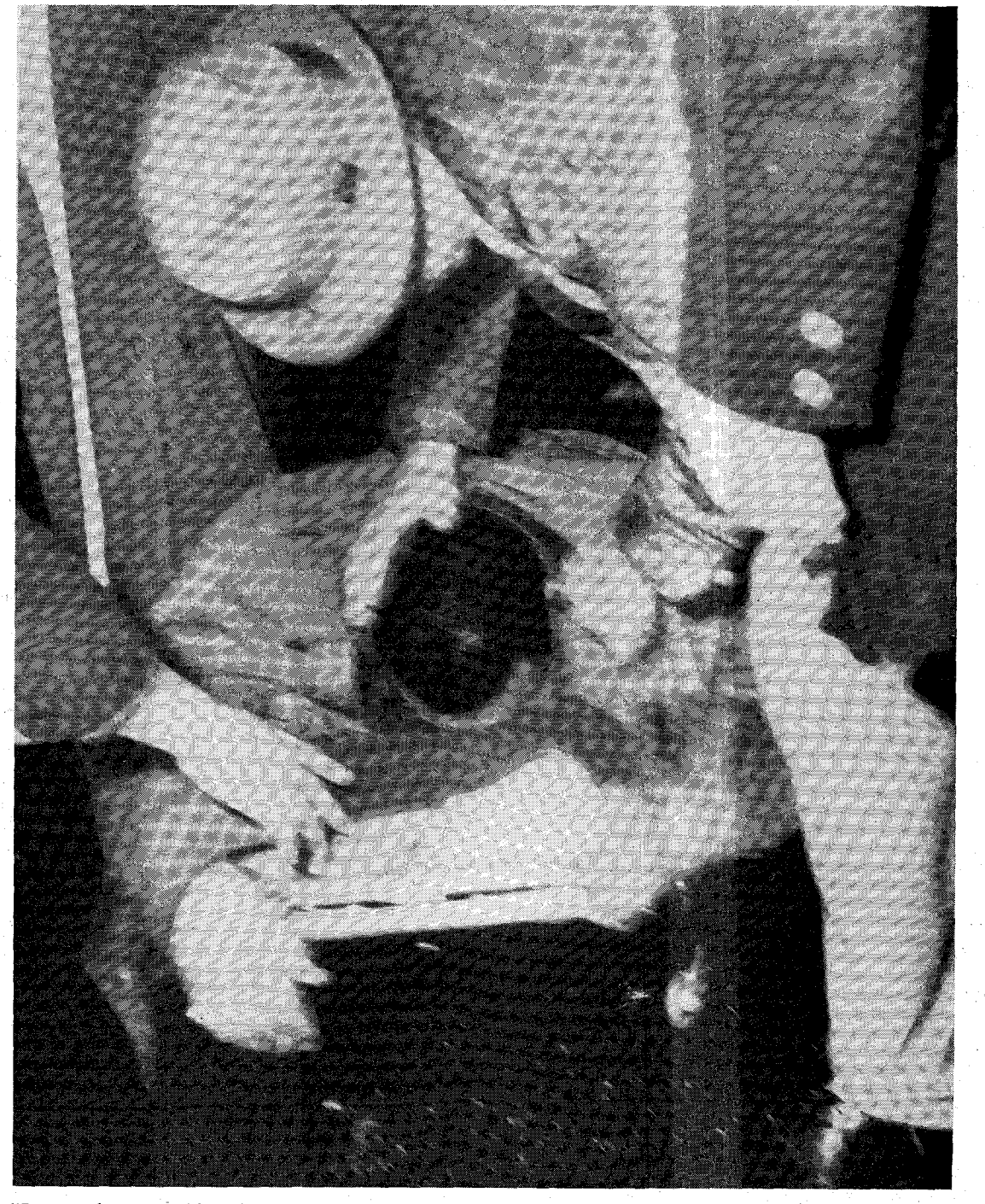
This is the auto (shown above after it was righted) in which Campy was trapped for half an hour after it skidded and upset last January 28. He was on his way from New York to his home in Glen Cove, L. I.



"I remember everything that happened that night until I was removed from the car," says Campanella. Here rescuers place him on an ambulance stretcher before taking him to the Glen Cove Community Hospital.

in my automobile. The car turned over and the engine kept running for I don't know how long. The gasoline could easily have leaked out and caught fire, and I couldn't have done anything about it. I tried to turn off the ignition with my left hand. I couldn't move my arm. I couldn't move anything. That's when I knew my whole body was paralyzed.

I am still paralyzed from the waist down as I tell this. I'm talking into a tape recorder. I am in the Rusk Institute, which is part of the New York University Medical Center in Bellevue Hospital. I have made progress—definite progress. My spinal cord was not severed, and I know I'll walk again. It will take a long time. With nerves, you can't rush them. But I can move my arms, and I have feeling in my thumbs and chest now. In the early weeks after the accident, none of those things were so.

I have been sitting in a wheel chair for a while each day since late in May. I had not been out of bed in over three months when they transferred me here May fifth from Glen Cove Community Hospital, Long Island, where I was taken on the night of the crack-up. For a long time there I did nothing but look at the ceiling all day, and I was really low.

This is a special hospital for people who have injuries like mine. They first got me out of bed by strapping me to a tiltboard. Just getting out of that bed made me feel so much better.

I'm told they usually start you off with only ten or fifteen minutes on the board, twice a day, and they do not tilt the board up too high at first, because the blood might rush down and make you black out. But thank the good Lord I was able to go up real high the very first time—I'd say at about a seventy-five-degree angle—and I was able to stay up on the board for half an hour.

I did black out just a little bit, but I passed that first stage very good. I had no aftereffects either, and the doctors were surprised. I could stay on it longer each day. After three weeks of that, the doctors decided I was ready to sit up in the wheel chair. I've been able to do that since May twenty-sixth.

Dr. Howard Rusk, the head of this fine place, came in to see me every day. He started this kind of rehabilitation, and he was satisfied with the way I was progressing. My neck was broken in one of the hardest places to heal. An inch higher and I would have been killed instantly. I had to wear a large jacket-type neck brace, like those helmets the knights used to wear in battle. It fitted over my head and down on my chest like a vest, so that my neck was held perfectly still.

In June the doctors told me that I could switch soon to a neck collar which would be a lot less cumbersome, and certainly less awful looking. They said I'd probably have to wear the collar for at least a year.

When they first put me in the wheel chair, I was able to sit in it for two and a half hours—an hour in the morning and an hour and a half in the afternoon. Soon I was spending a great part of the day in the wheel chair. I have two men attendants who lift me into it. They are LeRoy Newsome and DeWitt Newhouse. I'm a big man, yet they lift me up like a feather. I've lost some weight—I used to be over 200 pounds—but I still weigh around 180 or so.

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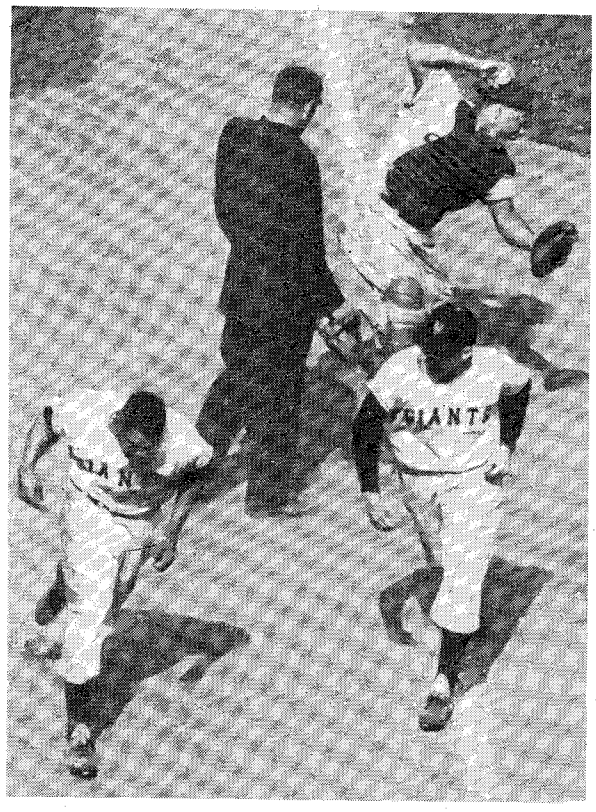
I have had fine care here. At Glen Cove the people were wonderful too. I had nurses around the clock—Miss Thelma Stuthard, Mrs. Evelyn Murphy and Mrs. Frances McAuliffe. They couldn't do enough for old Campy, and I am very grateful to them. They kept my body in wonderful condition. I have no bedsores after lying in bed there at Glen Cove for almost 100 days. My skin and body are just as clear today as when I was playing.

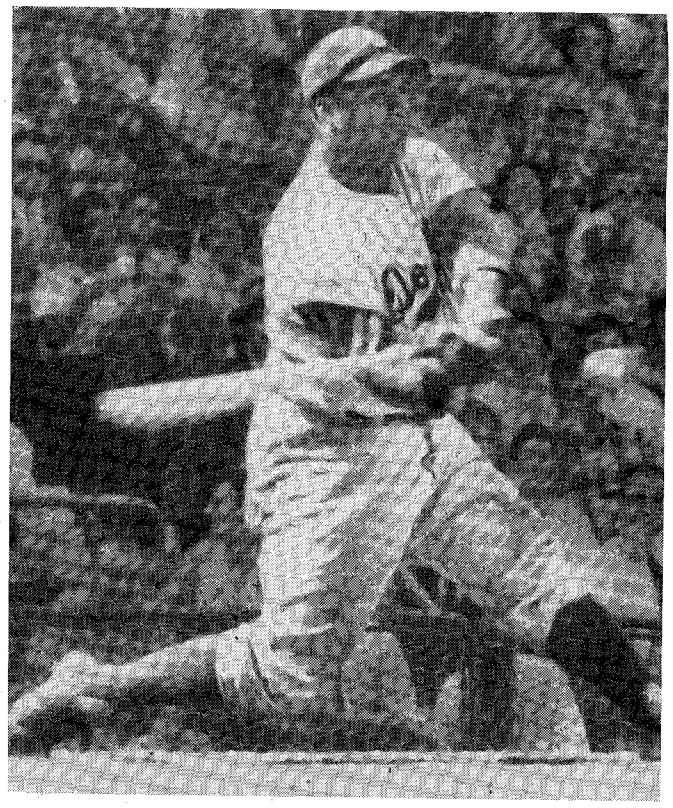
At Bellevue I've been following a daily routine. I'm up at seven and have breakfast at eight. I start work at nine o'clock, doing hand exercises. I can move my arms and I have feeling in my thumbs, but I can't hold anything solid. They've rigged up a gadget so I can feed myself. They strap it on my right wrist. I can lift my arms and have learned to feed myself that way.

I have lunch at noon, then exercise again from one to four. Then my program for the day is through. I have dinner at six o'clock. I listen to the radio and watch television. I can read now, and that helps. I'm also permitted to have visitors.

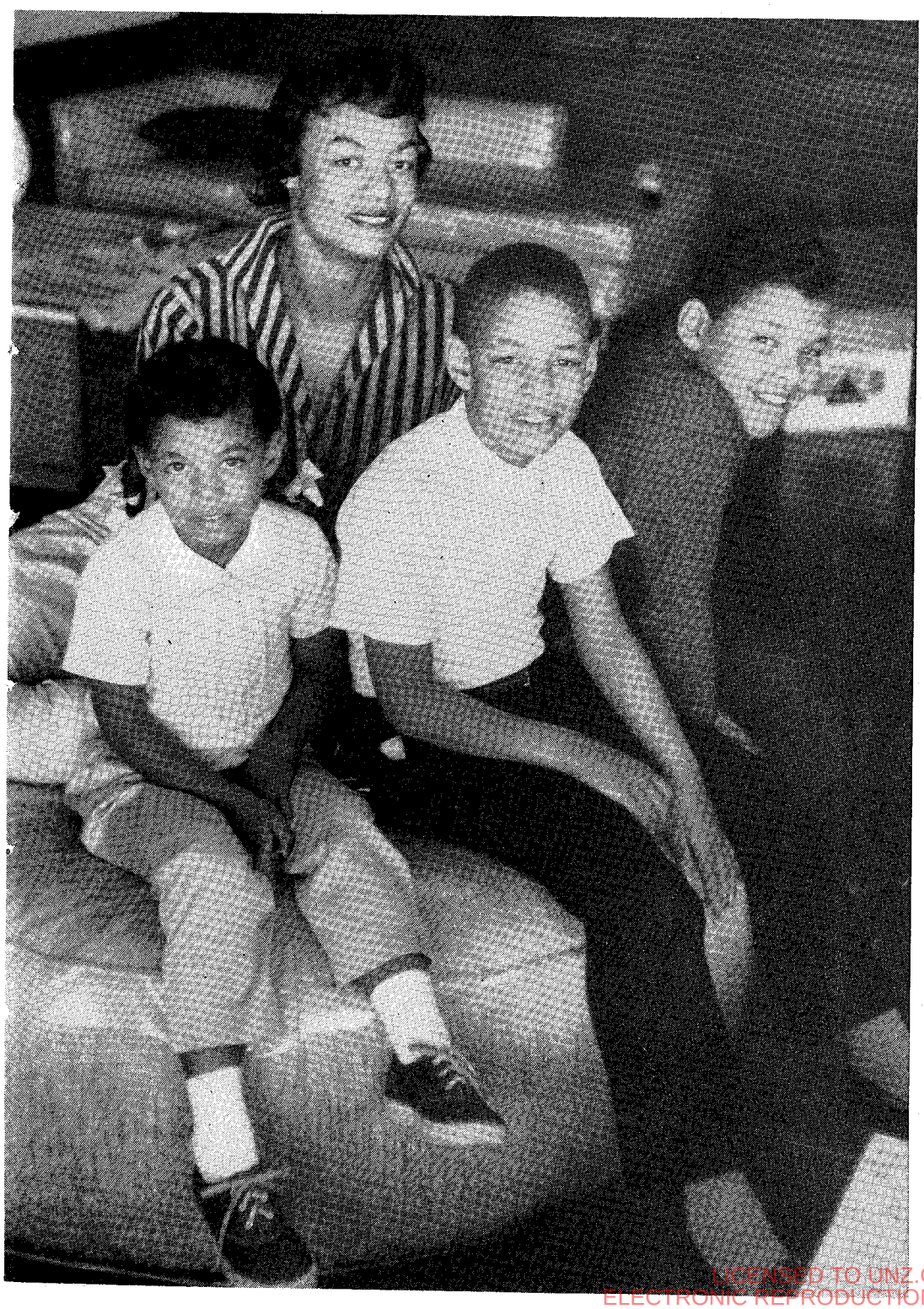
What a difference from those first hundred days in bed at Glen Cove! The first few days after the accident, my only objective was to breathe. I had (Continued on Page 79)



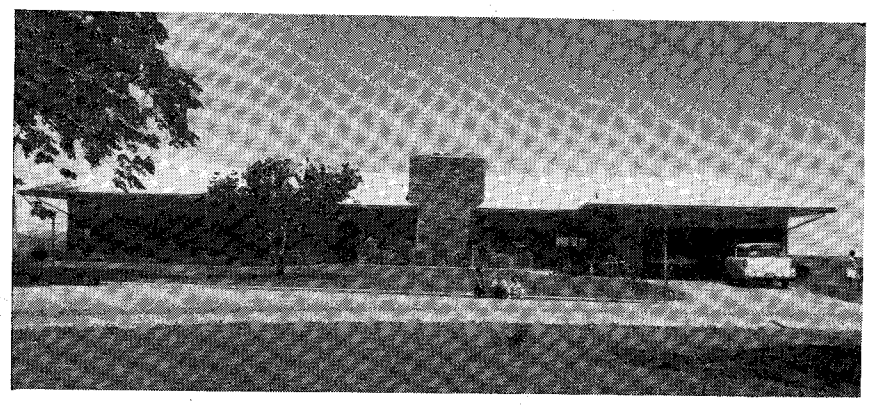
"I never did have too much trouble with the umpires," says Campy. But sometimes, as above, he blew his top.



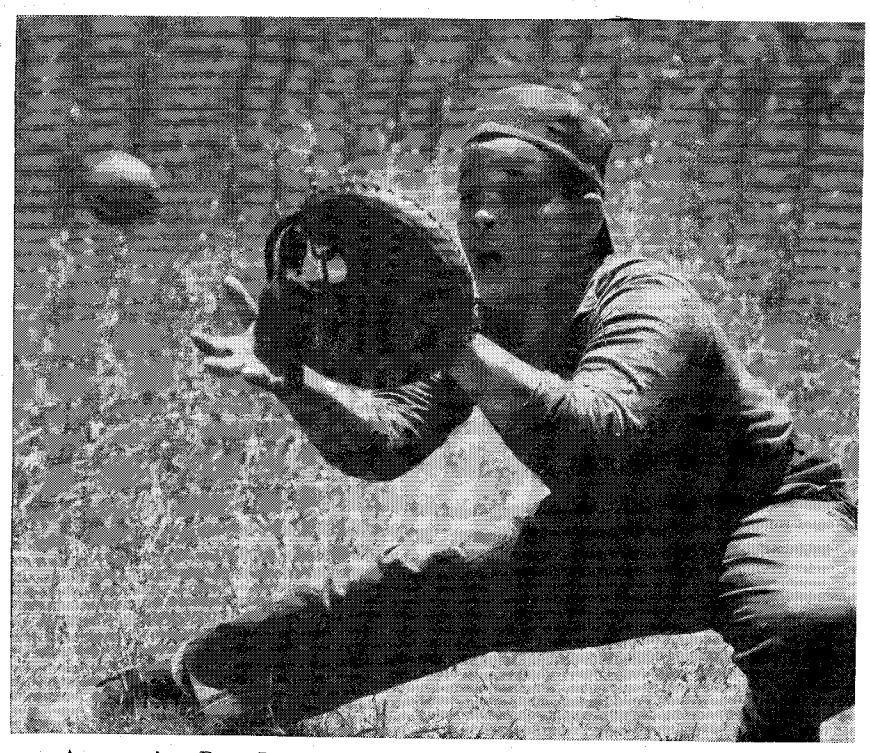
Campanella's batting style when he connected was characterized by the low right knee.



Campy's wife Ruthe and the three youngest of the six Campanella children. From left, Princess, 4, Anthony, 7, and Roy, Jr. Absent are Joyce, 18, Beverly, 17, and David, 15.



This is Campy's home on Long Island Sound, near Glen Cove.



At age nine, Roy, Jr., as catcher on a local ball team, already shows the signs of following in his famous father's footsteps.

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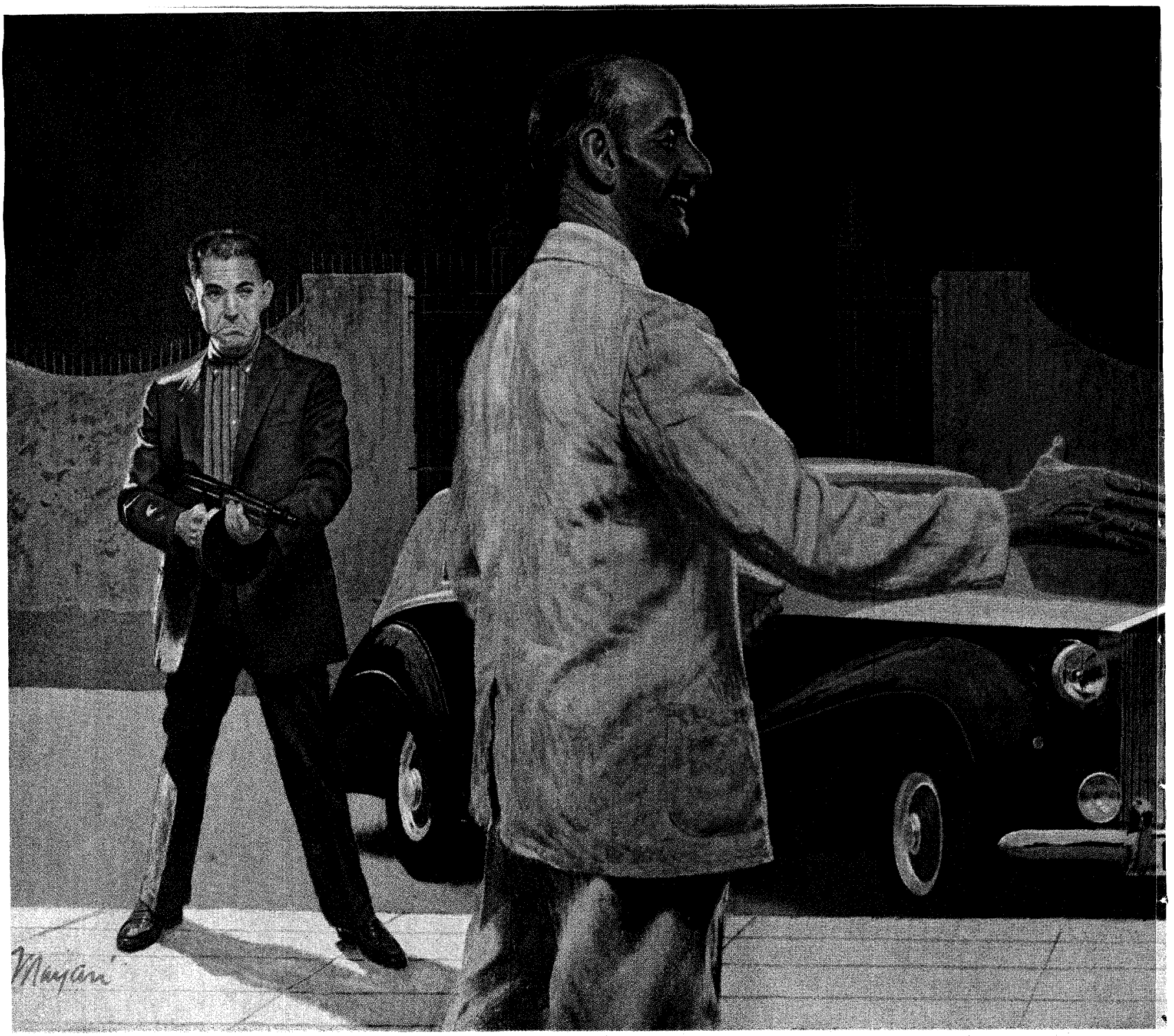

THE DURABLE DICTATOR

By ROBERT STANDISH

How a comical tyrant prolonged his life beyond all expectations . . .

William Denzil Freeman Stanley George Douglas Gore-Blindly, seventh Earl of Titterton, a gloomy man in his middle sixties, sat drumming his fingers impatiently on the table in the breakfast room at Titterton Castle. It was a large room, facing east. In the days when staff had been available to remove the cobwebs from the windows, an occasional ray of watery sunlight had been known to brighten the room. In the time of the sixth earl there had been talk of turning it into a squash court, but it came to nothing. Extremely heavy expenses had been incurred in 1842, when the plumbing had been completely modernized in the face of much hostile criticism. On this arctic morning in January, 1956, the earl was—considered dispassionately—entitled to be gloomy.

At a small table in the window of the breakfast room, almost lost to view in a haze of blue

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"Welcome to Titterton Castle," said the earl stiffly.

smoke emanating from a frying pan of incinerated bacon, and burning her fingers in an endeavor to make toast over a temperamental gas ring, stood Lady Letitia Perkins, the earl's sister, huddled shiveringly in a grease-spotted magenta dressing gown. Life had not been kind to Lady Letitia. When in 1922 she had married Major Horace Perkins of the Duke of Clarence's Own Yeomanry and Perkins' Pale Ale, it had been assumed that she was marrying the brewery. But it turned out otherwise. Perkins was given a small pension plus unlimited beer on condition that he stay away from the brewery premises for life. Horace Perkins had met death bravely in the saloon bar of the Titterton Arms while defending his title as local beer-drinking champion. His pension had died with him, leaving Lady Letitia almost penniless and with no choice but to return to the dank squalor of Titterton Castle.

"Good morning, William," said Lady Letitia, giving her brother his breakfast and taking her own to the far end of the table. He was a distressingly noisy feeder, having been taught his table manners in an age when the really blue-blooded aristocracy, caring nothing for the opinions of lesser people, had not troubled to eat daintily.

"What's good about it?" he replied, thrusting his feet more deeply into a fur-lined bag.

Lady Letitia then gave her attention to the Daily Mirror, trying not to hear the farmyard sounds from the other end of the table.

The earl, having mopped the last vestige of cold bacon grease from his plate with a crust of toast, poured out his third cup of coffee and addressed himself to The Times. "What was the name of the place Charles went to all those years ago?" he asked, looking up from the newspaper.

"San Felicidad," replied his sister. "Somewhere in Central America, I think. Why?"

"This year, it seems, they're celebrating the centenary of the Republic's foundation," the earl replied. "You know, Letitia, I never did understand that cock-and-bull story about why he went there. It didn't make sense. Tell it to me again."

"I wish dear Charles would come home," said Lady Letitia dreamily. "I had a letter from him the other day."

"You didn't tell me. What did he have to say for himself?"

"I didn't tell you, William, because you're always so unpleasant, so unbrotherly when his name is mentioned. Charles was always so high-spirited, a little wild perhaps. . . . I am very fond of dear Charles."

"That's because you haven't seen him for twenty-seven (Continued on Page 38)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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The Appalling Taste of the Age

By RANDALL JARRELL

When a man looks at the age in which he lives—no matter what age it happens to be—it is hard for him not to be depressed by it. The taste of the age is always a bitter one. "What kind of a time is this when one must envy the dead and buried!" said Goethe about his age; yet Matthew Arnold would have traded his own time for Goethe's almost as willingly as he would have traded his own self for Goethe's. How often, after a long day witnessing elementary and secondary education, School Inspector Arnold came home, sank into what I hope was a Morris chair, looked round him at the Age of Victoria, that Indian summer of the Western world, and gave way to a wistful, exacting, articulate despair!

We say that somebody doesn't know what he is missing; Arnold, pretty plainly, didn't know what he was having. The people who live in a Golden Age usually go around complaining how yellow everything looks. Maybe we, too, are living in a Golden or, anyway, Gold-Plated Age, and the people of the next age will say ruefully: "We never had it so good." And yet the thought that they will say this isn't so reassuring as it might be. We can see that Goethe's and Arnold's ages weren't so bad as Goethe and Arnold thought them: after all, they produced Goethe and Arnold. In the same way, our times may not be so bad as we think them: they have produced us. Yet this, too, is a thought that isn't so reassuring as it might be.

A Tale of Two Cities begins by saying that the times were, as always, "the best of times, the worst of times!" If we judge by wealth and power, our times are the best of times; if the times have made us willing to judge by wealth and power, our times are the worst of times. But we still judge by more: by literature and the arts, science, education. How are literature and the arts, and their audience, and the education that helps to prepare this audience, getting along in the United States?

In some ways this audience has improved tremendously. Think of that small, round, profitable thing, the long-playing record. Today it is as easy to get Falstaff or Boris Godunov or Ariadne auf Naxos, or Landowska playing The Well-Tempered Clavier, or Schnabel playing Beethoven's sonatas, as it used to be to get Mischa Elman playing Humoresque. Several hundred thousand Americans bought Toscanini's recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Some of them played it only to show how faithful their phonographs are. But many more really listened *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)*

About the Author

Randall Jarrell, a native of Nashville, Tennessee, has been literary editor and poetry critic of the Nation and poetry critic of the Partisan Review and the Yale Review. He has taught literature at Princeton, Sarah Lawrence and the Salzburg Seminar in American Civilization, and is now professor of English at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. During a recent leave of absence he served as Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress. His own writings include five books of poetry, a book of critical essays, short stories and a novel—Pictures From an Institution. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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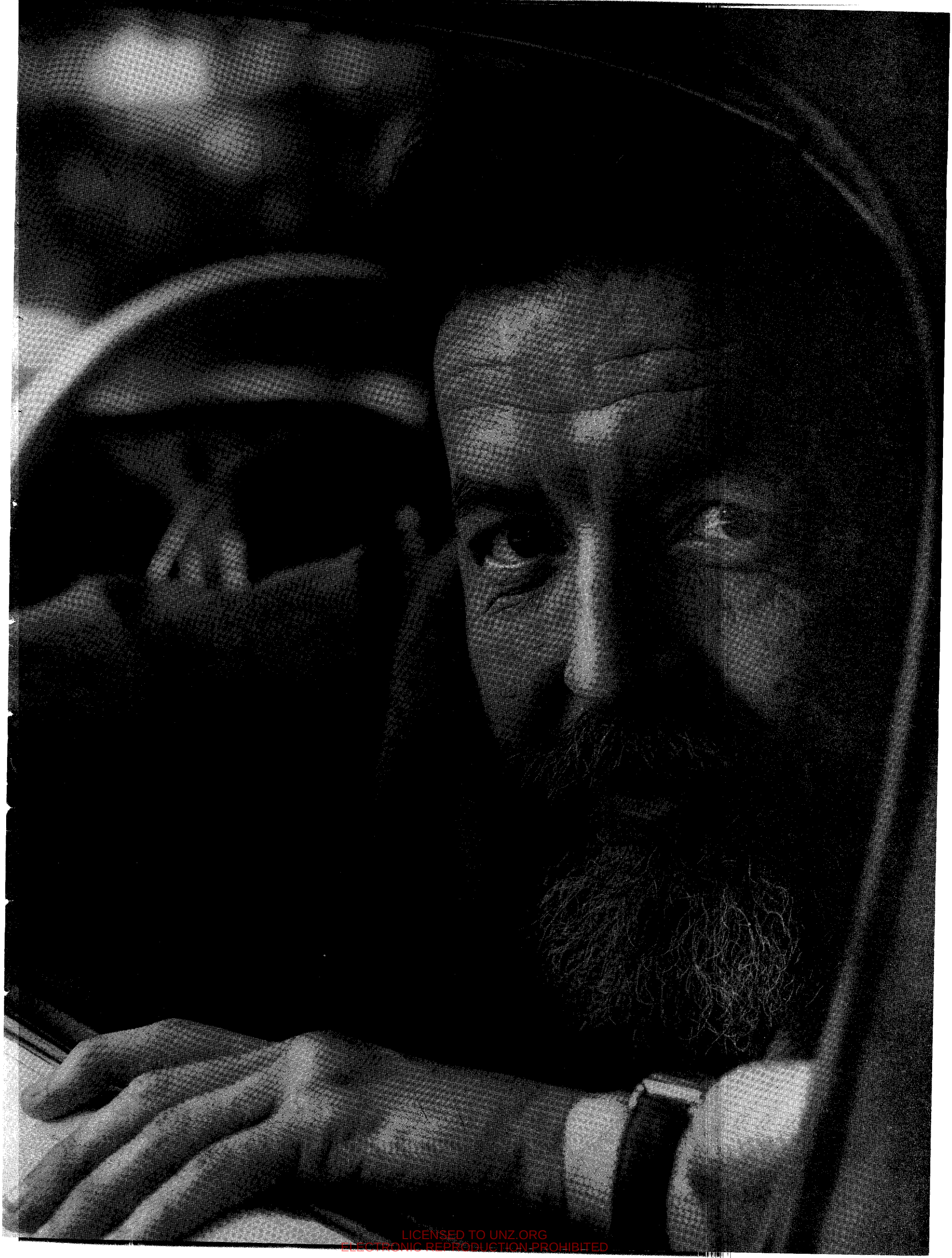

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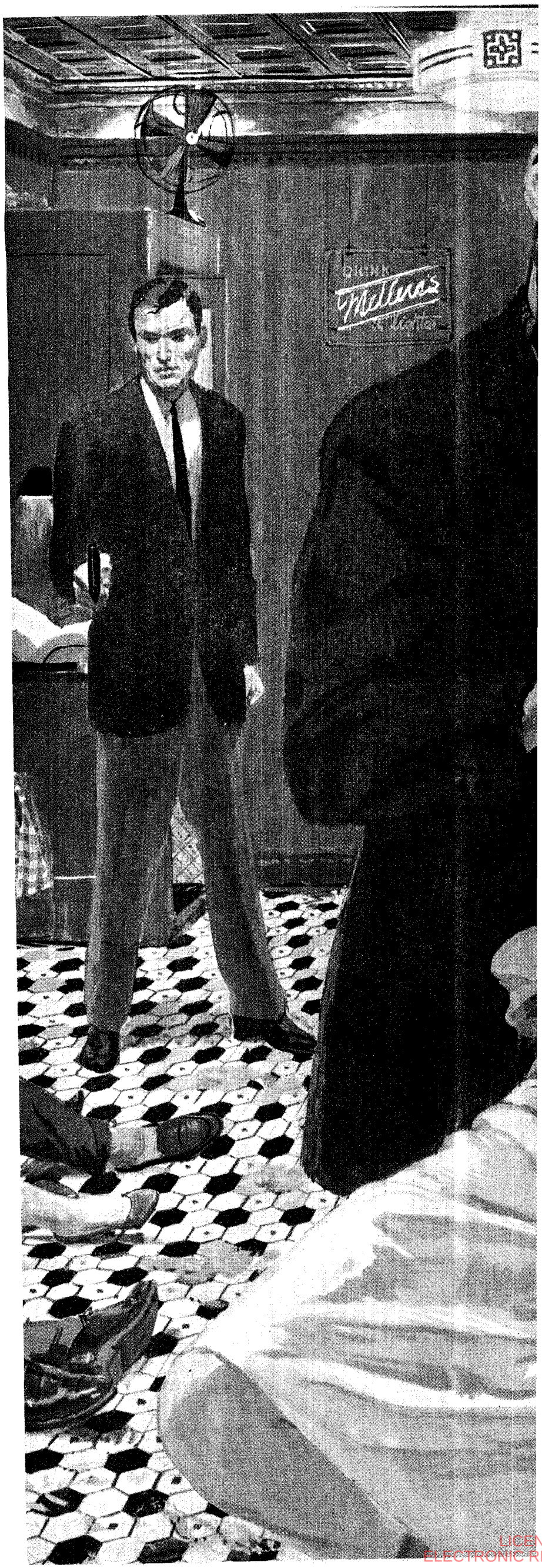

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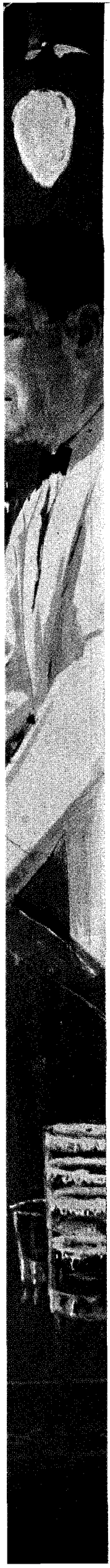

Crisis at Cleary's

By RICHARD MACAULAY

These hoodlums wanted more than just the money in the cash register.

It was only nine o'clock at Cleary's, but old Tom's feet already were aching, and three A.M. seemed like a long way off. It was a slow weeknight on First Avenue, and everything was always worse when things were slow—the aches and pains, the dragging tedium of the hours. There were only seven customers in the place—four at the bar, all regulars; and three men, strangers, in earnest conversation at one of the tables.

It wasn't that "old Tom" was old at all—he was only forty-eight. It was his feet that were old. For thirty years, dating back to the speakeasy days, they'd been supporting him for long hours behind the stick. He'd been on this one job since Cleary had opened the place in 1936. The bar was a long one, but up to a couple of months ago, Tom had always manned the plank himself. In the old days, in case of a sudden rush, Cleary had come behind to help. But nowadays, what with having passed sixty-five, and having a house on Long Island and another house in Florida, Cleary wasn't around much any more.

A couple of months earlier, Cleary, before going off to Sarasota, had said, "Tom, you need help. I'm going to get you a full-time man."

What with all the new customers from the big apartment buildings, there were nights when Tom did need help, so he didn't protest. He just told Cleary, "Whoever it is, let him be big and young. I can't ask that he have any brains, or he wouldn't be in the business."

The new bartender's name was Andy, and he was certainly big enough and strong enough, and for this Tom was grateful. Quiet as Cleary's usually was, it was still axiomatic that wherever alcohol was sold over the counter, something eventually was going to happen. Tom was a big man himself and, up to now, he'd always been able to take care of these somethings. But lately, around closing time, he'd look at a couple of young, broad-shouldered strangers and wonder how old Tom would do if ——

Tom shifted his feet painfully on the duckboards; then, as he absently wiped the old mahogany, his eye fell upon Andy, the new bartender, who was polishing freshly washed glasses.

Tom frowned slightly. It wasn't that he disliked the young man, or was in any way dissatisfied with his work. The thing was, Andy just didn't belong behind a bar. He was a nice-looking young man, with a good head of wavy blond hair. He was saved from being too good looking by a nose, which, at one time or another, had come into contact with something hard and unyielding. And he spoke well—nothing la-de-da—he just spoke well.

Andy never talked about his background, so Tom could only guess at it; he'd never ask. Nevertheless, Tom thought it a shame that a man in his middle twenties, looking good and speaking well, should be content to stand night after night behind the stick, catering to the whims of a bunch of people who, no matter how nice, were nearly all alcoholic in varying degrees.

Around ten, business suddenly picked up. The bar filled from end to end, and several of the tables were occupied. Tom was busy, but not so busy that he couldn't tell that Mr. Hamish, a regular, had already exceeded his capacity before coming into Cleary's.

"Sorry, Mr. Hamish," Tom murmured, so that none of the other customers would hear.

Hamish, a big, florid-faced man didn't argue. He faded back from the bar and, when he thought Tom wasn't looking, started down toward Andy's station. Tom saw this out of the corner of his eye, however, and called to Andy, "Eighty-six!"—the barman's code for a customer who was to be cut off. Still out of the corner of his eye, Tom saw Andy handle the situation quietly and pleasantly. Mr. Hamish stalked out of the place, a picture of injured dignity.

After a while, things leveled off to a drowsy hum again, and once more the minutes dragged. Then the door opened (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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The Face of AMERICA

Valley of Tradition

Vermont, like Texas, was once an independent republic. She used to coin her own money and naturalize citizens of foreign countries, such as New York. Independence is still the quality most prized by her people. Historians claim she was the first sovereign power in all history to make every kind of human slavery unlawful, and she was the first state in the union to give every male citizen the right to vote. Raymond Jewell, his ancestors and his children have farmed the fields shown at right for nearly a century, and this green valley has changed little in that time. The village is East Corinth (not to be confused with Corinth or West Corinth) and it lies on the Waits River, about halfway between Massachusetts and Canada, and a dozen or so miles west of the New Hampshire line. Today Ethan Allen and all his bold company, who fought for Vermont first of all and only incidentally for the Continental Congress, lie discharged from a memorable campaign. But this happy corner of America retains an identity peculiarly its own. An 18th-century traveler would not be bewildered in East Corinth. Not even a tractor's growl disturbs the calm as a horse-drawn rig mows that square-cut hayfield. Vermont would reassure a visitor from the past. In the essentials it is still the same.

● Photograph by Arthur Griffin

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"You can do it, Mr. Bailey," they whispered.

The Comeback

By LEE McGIFFIN

The odds were against him, but Bill Bailey had to make the big time once more.

The man with the tired face lay quietly in the high hospital bed and looked at the three neatly splinted fingers of his right hand. He looked at the expensive trumpet in its travel-scarred case on his bedside table. And he knew without looking at his shabby wallet that he had ten dollars and a hospital bill marked paid.

Doctor Bruce had said he was lucky to be alive. Sure, how lucky could a trumpet player get with three fingers that would be stiff for six months! "Take care of that ankle, too, and get plenty of rest. You can leave today." That's what the man had said.

But where did you go from a small college town in the middle of Texas? How, Bill Bailey asked himself, did a man get back to New York when he had paid off his bandmen and sold his bus for junk after a highway accident? And what did a guy do when he had played a trumpet for twenty years?

Well, the trumpet would go into hock again, and his watch. He was trying to stretch his slim assets to cover a New York bus ticket when a cheerful voice hailed him from the open door.

"Bill Bailey? Glad to hear you're getting out today. I'm Doctor Blanshard, president of Brazos College, here in town."

Bailey shook hands clumsily with his left paw. "Sit down, Doc." He looked at the short, round man with the thatch of white hair and wondered what the angle was. Could he play a benefit dance, probably.

"Doctor Bruce tells me you won't be able to play that hot trumpet for six months or a year."

"Yeah," Bailey said. "That's it."

"You see, I'm in a spot, Bailey. Man in our music department was drafted. Now that it's October, I can't get a replacement. The term has already started. We couldn't pay much. I know you're big time and used to big money, but ——"

Doc began to slow down, the pleasant hope slipping off his ruddy face. "I just thought maybe you'd like to rest up, say, until June. You wouldn't have to use your fingers to teach. Hours are mostly your own. Direct the choir, get the band in shape, and teach trumpet and clarinet." (Continued on Page 73)

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In this Philadelphia field a college student accidentally found the cardboard box containing the boy's blanket-wrapped body. Police never ascertained how long it lay here undiscovered.

A BOX, a BLANKET and a SMALL BODY

A year and a half after a shocking murder, these mute pieces of evidence still hold the secret of Philadelphia's most baffling crime.

By EARL and ANNE SELBY

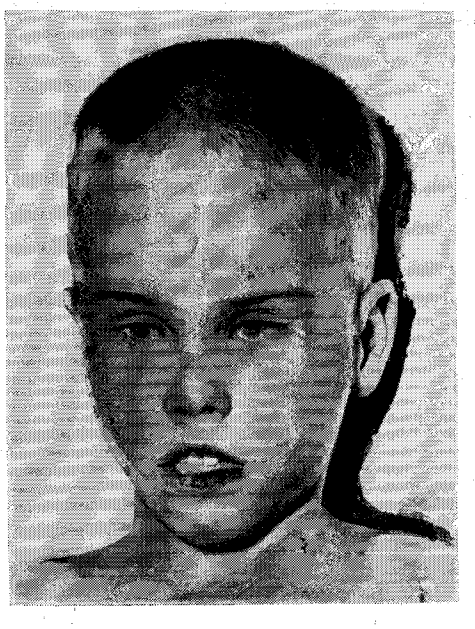
Spring sometimes comes early in Philadelphia, but by late February of 1957 there was still no sign of warm weather. In the last week of that month the temperature ranged from the chilly twenties to the brisk forties. In Philadelphia's most incredible murder mystery, that tiny fact may be the most important clue of all. When the thermometer stays in that range, human bodies do not decompose rapidly. And, as a result, there was no telling how long the body of a little boy had lain in a box in a rubbish-strewn field.

The boy—perhaps four, maybe five years old—had been beaten to death, but the police have never determined when, where or by whom. In a big city, murder is commonplace and seldom an enduring puzzle. In the usual course of their investigation, police rapidly learn the name, home address and cronies of the murdered. Rarely do they lack a suspect. In this case the mystery is so complete that detectives have never been able to identify the body.

This is a mystery almost without parallel. How is it possible for a murderer not only to escape justice but even to shroud the identity of the victim?

Somewhere in his life the boy must have been known, not (Continued on Page 56)

Poignant epitaph in the city cemetery.



The editors publish this post-mortem photograph in the hope that somewhere someone will remember who he was.

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I'm Always Surprising Myself

Second of three parts

I Learn to be a Playboy

As a young British officer, irrepressible David Niven was never out of hot water. Things really began to happen after he accepted an American millionairess's invitation to visit New York.

By DAVID NIVEN
as told to Dean Jennings

"I never deliberately headed for either Broadway or Hollywood," says Niven (rear). Here he is with Edith Goetz, his wife Hjordis (center) and actor Rock Hudson at the 1958 Academy Awards ceremonies.

In the souvenir book published by Mr. Bennett Cerf for the picture Around the World in 80 Days, there is a description of me which is unfounded, libelous and certainly not what my wife had in mind when she agreed to become Mrs. Niven. It says I am "impeccable, urbane and unperturbable."

This kind of thing could disillusion millions of people. They might look at an actor who's impeccable, urbane and imperturbable, and flip the knob to a channel where there's action.

I am so impeccable, for instance, that half the shirts in my wardrobe have enormous patches in the back where I snipped out pieces of cloth to make new collars. Most people can buy new shirts, but I have an affection for the old ones, especially those long-tailed flannels which belonged to my grandfather. As George Gobel used to say, you can't hardly get them no more and, despite the wailings of the wardrobe department, you'll see me wearing them in my new picture, Separate Tables.

My impeccable house needs a new paint job. I forget to put the cap back on the toothpaste tube. I am always tying together broken shoelaces, and I can stall off a haircut for weeks at a time. I have accumulated dozens of wire coat hangers and they are cluttering up my clothes closets because I don't know what to do with them. I also have several thousand photographs waiting to be stuck into an album.

I am certainly not urbane. In fact, I am suburbane. I am basically an outdoor man, and it is not generally known that I was once considered a fox-hunting expert. Years ago, when I was literally broke and hungry in Canada, I read a fine book by a man called Drake, entitled Fox Hunting in Canada. I copied four or five chapters from the book verbatim, put my own name on them and sent them to a big Canadian newspaper. By return mail I got a check and a note which said: "Send more."

I think I could have made a lot of money, because that was a long book; but I fled to New York, appalled by what I had done, and wondering how many years I might get for plagiarism. I apologize to Mr. Drake herewith, and will be glad to take him fox hunting—not in Canada, but in Beverly Hills, where there are plenty of foxy characters running loose.

The problem of my imperturbability is something my agents, managers, directors and fellow actors might like to avoid. My reputation for being imperturbable under pressure goes back twenty years or more, when Warner Bros. was casting Charge of the Light Brigade, a picture starring a newly discovered swashbuckler named Errol Flynn. By coincidence, this new star was also my roommate, and he suggested that I try out for the

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The Secret of Loch Lure

By DAVID WALKER

The hoax hoaxer was about to be exposed.

Jock Dunblane provided of an impoverished ma idea that could save Gle itors. The idea was Mo Monster. Moosie, an eng manufactured by Colin a the sensation of tourists. Lady Violet, Colin's uni ganized guided tours Smashing Garden in Al Half a Crown"—with a

Then Miss Diana Trai an American magazine, der orders to get a pic kilted Colin was enslavec the first time she calle honey." Although he fe know too much about resolved to help her by pearance of the "monster" for the powerful lens of Diana's camera.

CONCLUSION

Colin McLure came at two to take Diana Traill swimming. He rowed across Loch Lure because he did not want to do the smallest thing to cause Diana Traill displeasure, and she hated outboard motors. She sat beside her camera with the mighty lens, waiting for a glimpse of Moosie, the Loch Lure monster.

"Didn't see a sausage all the morning long," she said, and then she added, not without a hint of menace, "You wouldn't take me for a ride? You wouldn't play me for a sucker, would you, honey?"

"Ride, yes," he said, and thumped the thwart. "Not sucker, never ever no." Tonight's appearance was arranged. "Afternoon's quite safe. Early evening's time for Moosie always lately."

She stood. "O.K.," she said, and turned, supple as sponge rubber, dived into her orange tent, emerged with the white bathing suit and towel, strode to the water's edge, then bit her lip, looking discomfited for the first time in their brief acquaintance. "Didn't you bring trunks?"

"Trunks?" he said. "Luggage for an afternoon?"

"A swim suit, idiot!" she snapped.

Actually, he had found them in the attic in a trunk. He felt himself suffuse with color now, fiery hot all over. "Wearin' 'em," he said.

She laughed, her carefree self again. "Skin diving in the kilted league," she said obscurely,

roedeer, and said, hat horrid motor." this departure from ought Lady Violet. ike the laird's gone ng Yankee lady— sie, full of fun, and senses from him. —"

Violet. "The glen at charming child. t. Life will be pure Jock!"

ged behind respec- secret beach," she the sun and swam sinuous rhythm of he nippy waters of Loch Lure. He puffed like a mottled grampus, and endured the cold for her sake.

"I must say," she said, "you're not the best swimmer in the world. But a man can't have everything, now, can he, honey?"

"No," he said. "Not everything."

And then she dived and tipped him up with some adorable jujitsu trick.

"Oh, how I love this Highland drizzle!" Diana said, standing atop the tower.

The afternoon sped on. A breeze came from the north to rob the sun of warmth. "Goodness!" she said. "It's nearly five. What do you mean by not telling me?"

"Forgot," he said. "I'm sorry."

"You're the sweetest and best-looking thing," she said. "But I do wish you'd be cross with me just sometimes. That's what a willful girl like me needs. Kiss me, then!"

She was the boss about loving too. She wanted it and unwanted it, and said, "We absolutely have to go."

They changed behind respective bushes. They boarded the boat and ran under power for the National Globe Review tent which would be her home until tomorrow. The loch was choppy. The tourist cars moved slowly round the shore. Colin McLure and Diana Traill were perhaps two hundred yards from her tent when all the cars stopped and all the picnickers stood up and pointed, danced, gesticulated.

On the starboard beam, perhaps four cable lengths away, or nearly half a mile, Moosie of Lure had broken surface. He forged in all his splendor—shaggy head, two separated humps, the thrashing splashing tail.

"Hurry!" she screamed.

Colin gave full throttle to the motor. The motor spat and died, as horrid outboard motors will. He struggled vainly with the motor. She seized the oars and rowed. Moosie of Lure sank slowly to the depths.

First class in every way except that final dive, not too convincing, Colin thought before the full import of events had penetrated him; before Miss Traill's attack was launched upon his addled head.

"You cheated! You did it on purpose! You deliberately ——"

"I didn't know," he stammered. "I thought the evening ——" He had ordained the evening. A slow black rage was mounting in him. Jock and mother, he would teach them.

"You didn't know. You thought the evening —— You asterisk dash doublecrossing dopey blank! How dare you cheat me of my picture! And what is Burton I. Carruthers going to say, knowing I was here on duty? 'You flunked!' That's what he's going to bark. 'You failed me, Traill. You're fired!'"

The boat bumped heavily against the shore below her tent. Diana Traill sprang out, and so did he, and now his rare slow rage possessed him—against Jock, against his mother, most of

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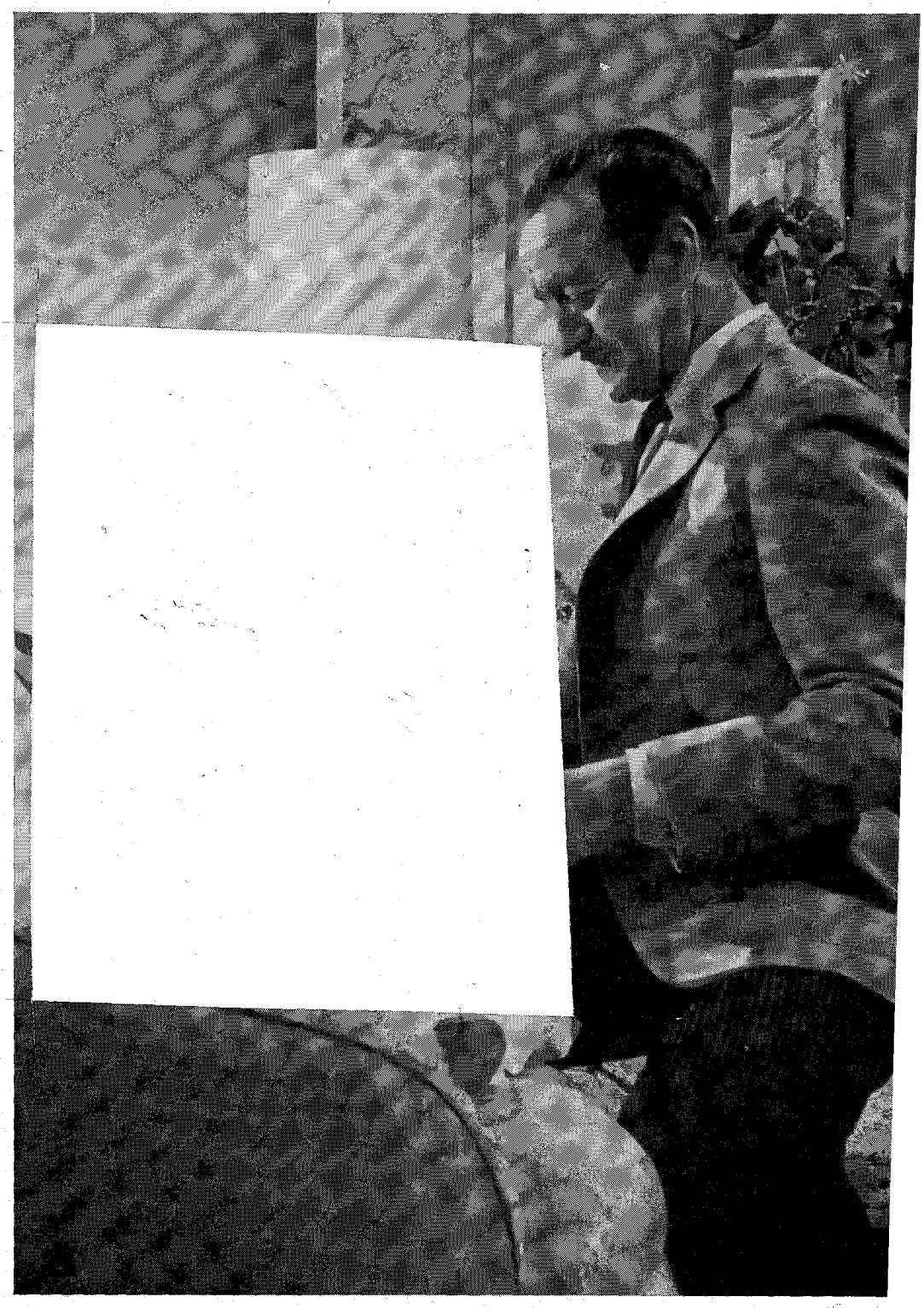
After six years' service in the British Army during World War II, Niven—above, sans mustache—met Sir Anthony Eden in London before resuming his Hollywood career.

In 1938, Niven starred with his Hollywood roommate Errol Flynn (left) in Dawn Patrol—"the picture that graduated me into the major leagues."



In My Man Godfrey (1957) Niven played a butler to actress Martha Hyer (above). But in his first 27 pictures he was relegated to nonspeaking parts in "bang-bang" Westerns.

important supporting role of the young captain. There were a dozen candidates for the job, and Michael Curtiz, the great director, glossy in a silk scarf and smooth riding boots, was running the tryouts. After listening to the first seven pros skillfully try the scene, each reading the same lines, I knew I'd never make it.

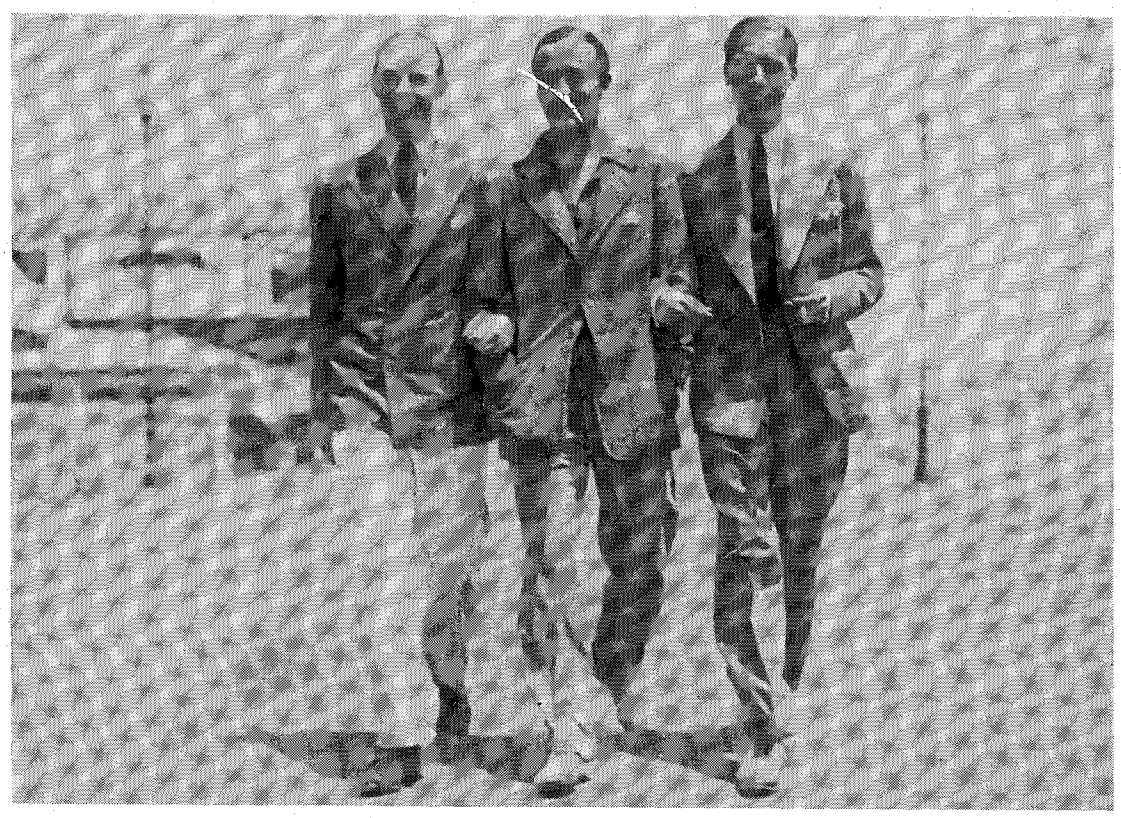
I was No. 8, and as I stepped up before the camera Curtiz asked, "Where's your script?"

"I know the part," I said, hoping I did.

"Where's your script?" he repeated impatiently.

"I left it in the make-up tent," I said.

"Run and get it!" he snapped. "And I do mean run." (Continued on Page 80)



Young Niven (center) on the Atlantic City boardwalk in 1934. With him are Ian Galloway and Dennis Bingham, who later took Niven under his wing in Hollywood.

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Diana Traill clung to Moosie for dear life as he forged ahead in all his splendor.

all against this angel fury. He took angel fury by her arms below the shoulders and he shook her until her teeth were rattling together, and her lovely self was quivering and her hair flew out and back and up and down.

"You and your idiot boss," he grunted, shaking her. "You and your damned daddy's camera!"

But then her eyes were midnight blue, and some bad magic happened to his underpinnings. He was felled. He hit his head upon a rock most painfully.

"Softy muscle man, I hate you!"

Within two hours Diana Traill had flown away, and Jock Dunblane had been dismissed, and Lady Violet McLure had been reduced to tears. "I loved that child," she wept. "I only did it for the glen."

The glen seethed with rumors of this rift. And yet the triumvirate had kept the secret of Moosie of Lure so faithfully that not a soul suspected the true cause. Bruised sanity returned to Colin before Jock's oath and loyalty had been tried too long.

He sought him out the next morning. "Jock," he said, "I apologize. The fault was mine entirely. It won't occur again. Fact is, I was hypnotized by that—by that woman." He said the "woman" with venom. He fingered the bump that had restored his wits.

"She was a grand young Yankee leddy," Jock said. "The laird should not be speaking in that tone of voice about her." It was a long time since the people of Glenlure had all agreed about anything. But, with one exception, they were in unanimous accord about the wild and wonderful Miss Traill. To them she was America as America should be—rich, trusting, vital, free;

(Continued on Page 67)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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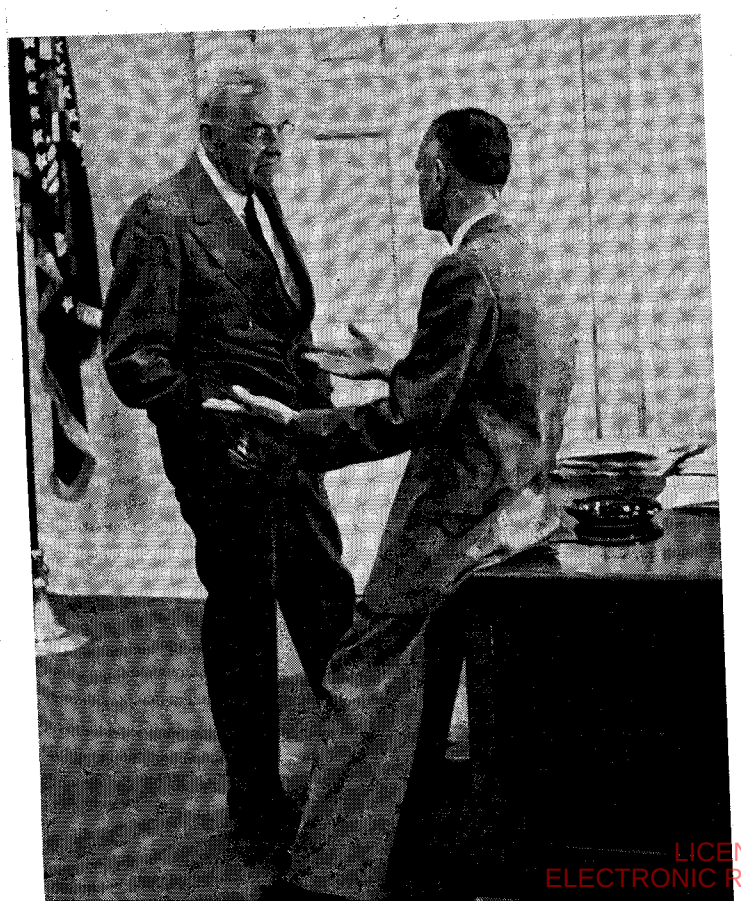
Ike's pet Weimaraner, Heidi, and Thomas E. Stephens, guardian of her master's crowded appointment book.

Stephens (left) with his boss after an official greeting ceremony last month in the White House's Rose Garden.

The Man to See if You Want to See Ike

By JOE ALEX MORRIS



Stephens sits on his desk chatting with Secretary of State Dulles, who awaits the word to enter door to the President's office (rear).

Tom Stephens is virtually unknown outside the White House. But as the President's appointments secretary, this whimsical man holds down one of the world's touchiest jobs.

The man with the most exacting and, in some ways, the most difficult job in Washington is a slight, handsome and seemingly nonchalant Irishman named Thomas E. Stephens. He guards the President's time.

As White House appointments secretary, Stephens sits at a seven-foot-long desk just outside the big white door to President Eisenhower's private office and holds in check literally hundreds of persons who attempt every day to see, telephone or otherwise get in touch with the Chief Executive for highly important or completely nonsensical reasons. He can and frequently must turn away a cabinet member with the same gracious excuse—"There just isn't any time left"—that he gave recently to a high-school music director who wanted the President to listen over the telephone to a rendition by his choral group. He is the only person in the world except a personal secretary who can pick up the telephone and call the Chief Executive directly at his desk.

In six years on the job Stephens has made countless friends and apparently performed the incredible feat of making no enemies among the nation's top political brass, but a casual observer might be puzzled by the reasons for his success. A soft-voiced man with a Lincolnesque undertone of sadness in his large hazel eyes, he presents a deceptive impression of relaxation. He moves quietly and effortlessly, keeps out of the spotlight and can, in private, elevate his feet to a desk and slump down in a chair until he seems as limp as a rag doll.

He is devoid of personal political ambition and his high boiling point enables him to take the political

(Continued on Page

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Apache Raid

Would he risk the lives of a woman and child to save his own hide?

By JOHN PRESCOTT

After the massacre I came to live with my Uncle Harlan and Aunt Martha Allen. I was their nephew, Uncle Harlan being my mother's older brother when she was living. Since our families were among the early settlers in the valley, coming out from Illinois when the war ended, the places bordered on each other. Yet the ruins of my folks' place couldn't be seen from Uncle Harlan's and Aunt Martha's, and I didn't have to look at them.

They lay deserted a long time. Uncle Harlan now and then rode over to tend the graves and see what time had done, but I didn't. I knew that grass filled the rooms, and that weather had washed the smoke and ash from the walls and fallen vigas, but still I shied off.

I was twelve now, but I was still afraid; and didn't want to have so sharp in my mind all I'd seen on that day, or smelled or heard—what Uncle Harlan called the butchery.

Just the word made a picture. Anyone who knows that grassy country along the Sonoita and Babocomari can imagine our life there. Save Tucson, seventy miles around the Santa Ritas, there were no towns. At times, a month or more would pass with no human being even going by, unless it was some Indian skulking through the hills, well out of rifle range.

Maybe the ones we saw most often were circuit riders. They might show up any time, coming through the valley every season, at least, stopping at each ranch to pray and hymn, and maybe baptize a child. Sometimes there was dead to read over. Sometimes they'd make right what had been going on between some girl and her cowboy lover.

As you'd guess, these visits were looked for the most by Aunt Martha, while Uncle Harlan could take them or leave them, it depending on the preacher—how much he ate, and carried on afterward. Uncle Harlan joked about them, and often scandalized Aunt Martha.

"Feller smells pulpit clear to here," he might say, when one turned up toward our dooryard.

Or, "They always come in time to feed, yet they never fill out. A puzzle." (Continued on Page 76)

The deacon was wobbling now, and the Indians were close behind, yelling wild.

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My Push-Button Garden

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

The author shows his grandsons how to fertilize two acres of garden merely by turning the valves on his dual-purpose sprinkling system, which carries the mixture right to the plants.

If you are averse to back-yard drudgery, consider the author's ingenious methods of producing flowers, vegetables and a lawn without working very much.

Photographs
by Joern Gerdts

One of my neighbors, a horticulturist who knows his trees, dropped by one day last winter when I was pruning the family orchard.

"Aren't you nipping those trees back pretty close to the roots?" he asked, cringing every time I whacked off a limb. "What's the theory?"

"Well, I don't like to tote a ladder around when I gather fruit," I explained. "I'm just lopping off the limbs I can't reach with my feet on the ground."

He looked with sorrow at my mutilated trees. "They're your trees," he said; then added, "Rather, they were your trees until you operated on them, doctor."

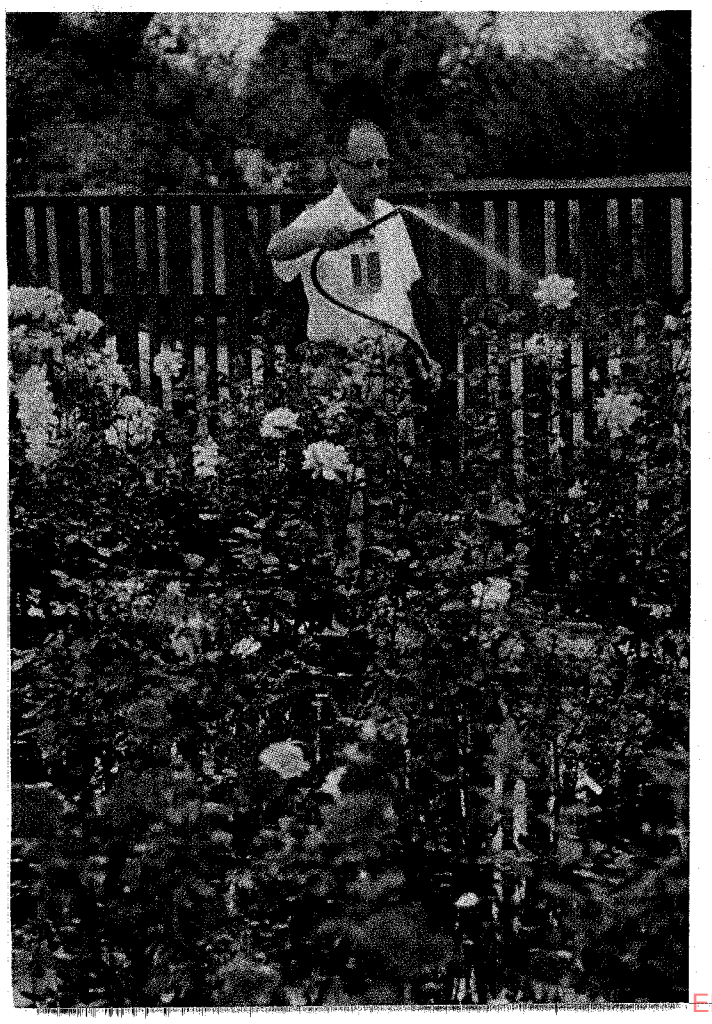
The way I figure it, we might possibly grow more peaches and pears and apples on taller trees, but we get larger fruit and pick all we want of it more easily from low, dwarfed trees. All the equipment I need to gather the crop is a basket.

Another visitor caught me one day intently watching the water spurting out of a hose and irrigating nothing in particular right after a rainstorm had drenched the countryside. "Now what's the idea?" he asked dubiously.

"Just waiting for this water to turn pink," I told him, checking my watch. "Got some dye in the line. I'm timing it to see how long it takes to get here from that injection pot over there."

"Some more of your lazy man's gardening?" he queried. (Continued on Page 49)

Inventor Stanley Hayes demonstrates his garden-hose spray gun for both fertilizers and insecticides.



The author's wife, Kay, used to call her husband's unorthodox gardening methods "applied daydreaming." Here she gathers a dinner-table centerpiece of luxuriant sweet peas, planted "so close there's standing room only."

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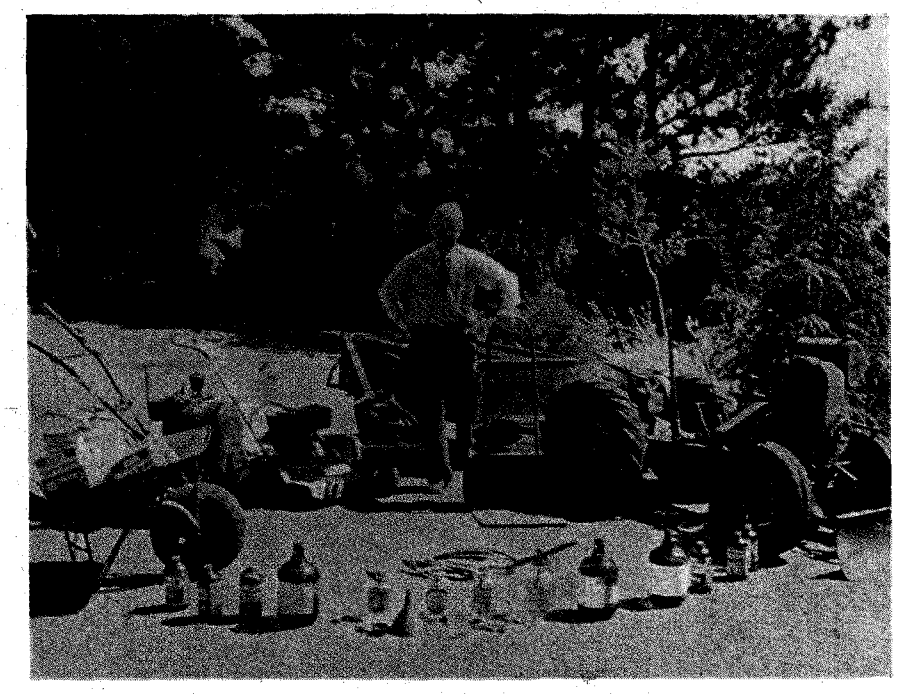
zy-gardening investment I've made," he says. Buried pipes keep his lawn lush in dry months.



These are some of the gadgets it takes to garden by the author's "minimum-effort" way. Taylor's equipment includes a power tiller, two types of mower, and a tractor and trailer.

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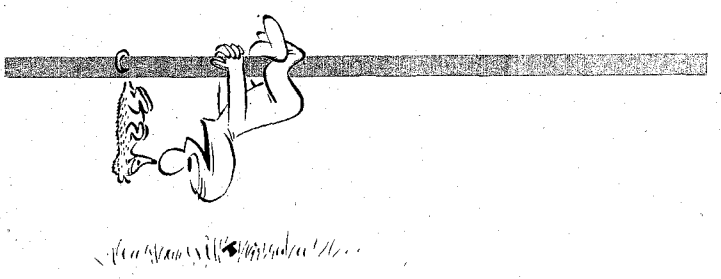
Post Scripts



The Story So Far

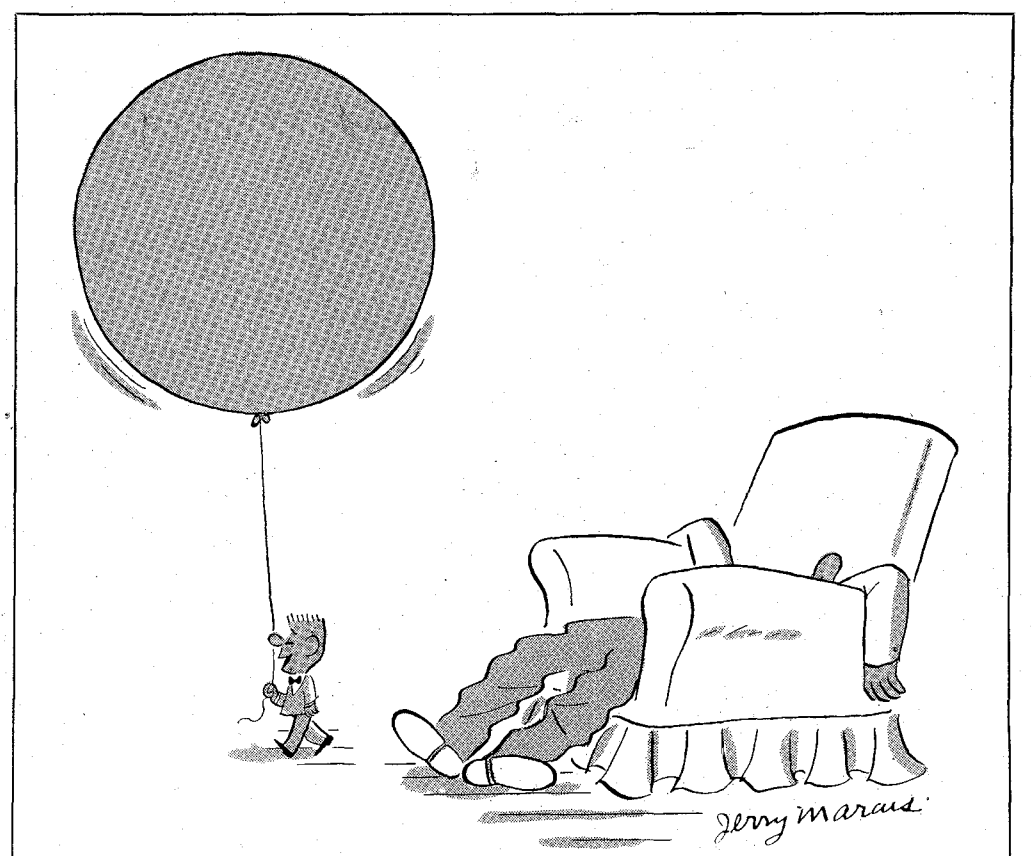
Beauteous young Judy Moody refuses to marry Jud McSpade, the town's rich and ruthless banker. In revenge he forecloses on her grandmother's mink ranch, ruins her brother by having him declared unfit for military service, and smashes her blind father's violin. Destitute, Judy supports her invalid mother by fusing Catherine wheels in a fireworks factory owned by McSpade. He surprises her working alone one night, and maddened by her beauty shining through the flecks of cordite, attempts to kiss her. In the struggle he upsets a heavy rack of fireworks and is pinned to the floor. Panting, Judy stands by the door holding a lighted fuse. "You wouldn't dare," he sneers. "You haven't got the nerve." (Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER SIX

Ka-BOOM! ZzzzzWHAM! WHoooosh! BA-raaang! ZooooM! BANG! CaRASH! Whooosh!

THE END

DICK ASHBAUGH



"Thanks, Pop!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Osculate Than Never

Though Science warns in a threatening tone
  That a kiss can spread bacteria,
Poor Science, my love, was never alone
  Like this in the moonlight neria.

For could the thought of the germs I had missed
  Ever make up for the chilly
Aseptic fate of going unkissed?
  Kiss me and don't bacilli!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The Gentleman Tackles the Patio Shoppe

"May I help you, sir?"

"Well, I've never been much for this outdoor cooking, but now the wife and kids are putting the heat on, and I guess I'd better ——"

"Certainly! They know that Living is Gay, the Barbecue Way! Just wheel this Little Giant Outdoor Super-Chef into the patio and ——"

"Well, it isn't a patio really; it's more like a small back yard, but I figure if we shut the garage doors there might be enough room to ——"

"Room and to spare, sir! She folds like a campstool, rolls on blowout-proof tires, and look at those hydraulic brakes! Complete with king-size Whizzo rotisserie, interchangeable flapjack griddle and ice-cube trays, plus . . . ."

"No, that sounds like more than ——"

"PLUS your E-Z action copper hood that means In Every Clime it's Barbecue Time!"

"You mean people actually cook outside when it's rain——"

"And if you prefer that real old-time smoky flavor, just shut the hood, and yum-yum, good!"

"Say, that must be what's the matter with the neighbors. They had us over for some barbecued chops and you'd have sworn they'd been through a four-alarm fire. But what I was ——"

"I know! Don't say it! You're wondering how to light that charcoal. And here's your handy-dandy Electro-Char-Co-Glo; just pennies more per week! Simply run another 220 line into the house, bring your lead wire out into the back ya—— patio, and ——"

"No, that's too —— I mean, I just finished paying for the doggonedest double-oven kitchen stove you ever saw, controls like a jet bomber, and I don't want to go into ——"

"But, sir, Barbecue Weather Keeps Families Together! Surely you ——"

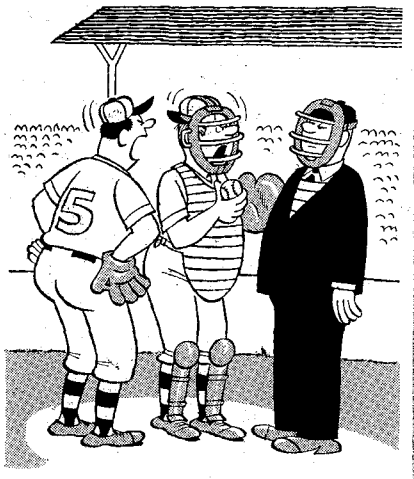
"No, here's the thing: the kids like hot dogs, and I thought if you had some rig that cooks a bunch of hot dogs at once and doesn't cost too ——"

"Surely you realize —— Hot dogs? You said hot dogs? Man, I get your message! Now, there's one thing you can't louse up, no matter what you cook it on. I tell you what you do. You know those old-fashioned wire-basket popcorn poppers—one in every attic. Well, sir, she'll hold a good eight-ten hot dogs. Put 'em in, see? Then build a fire, see—in the fireplace, maybe—that's what my wife and I do—and then ——"

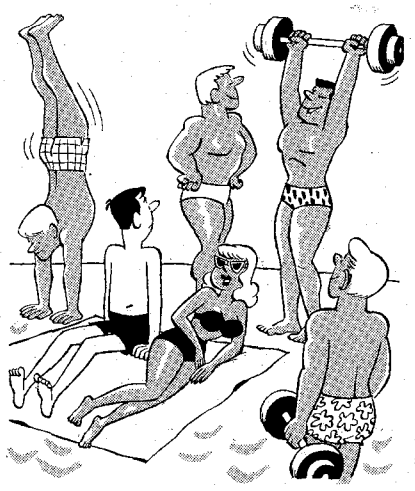
PEG BRACKEN

GUESS WHO By BILL HARRISON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



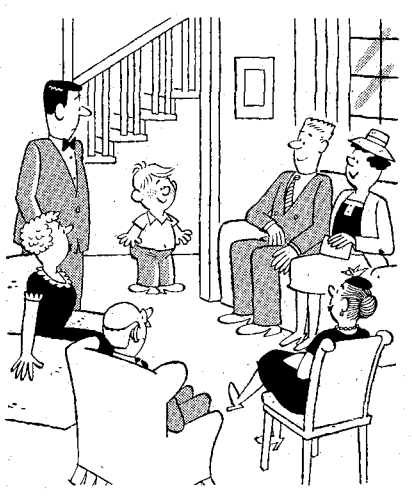
. . . will win the argument



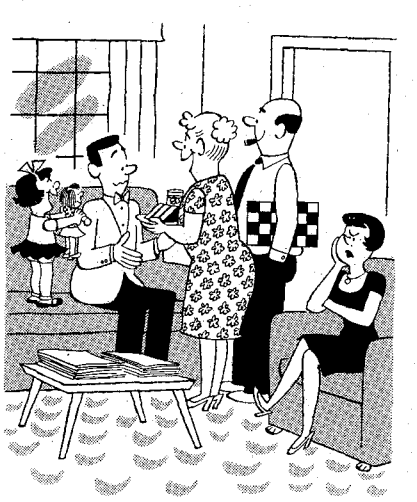
. . . will suggest moving

. . . was not invited to play

. . . forgot her pocketbook



. . . asked everyone to stay for dinner



. . . he came to see

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The 6-passenger Brookwood Station Wagon. Every window of every Chevy is Safety Plate Glass.

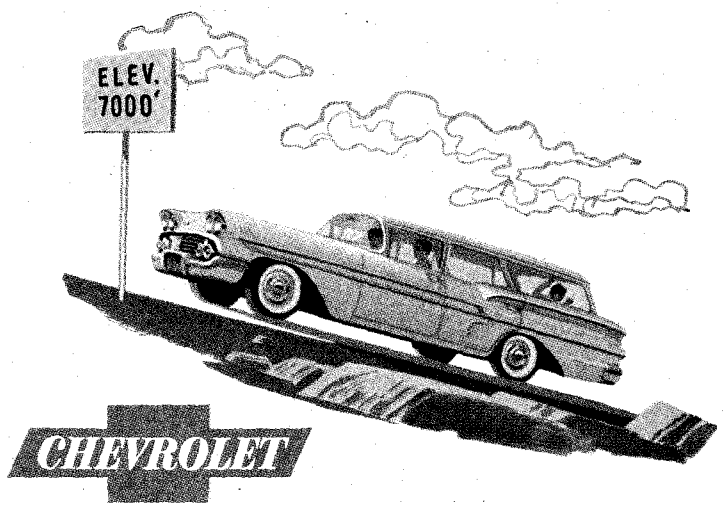
CHEVROLET FITS BEAUTIFULLY INTO YOUR LIFE, *whether you're off for two weeks of adventure or hustling on errands in town. Its zestful response and restful ride put a real kick in your driving. And Chevy's style does you proud wherever you go.*

There's something about this new Chevy that makes friends fast.

You like its clean, eager looks right off. And once you've slipped behind the wheel and really got acquainted, you have the feeling that no other car can quite take its place.

You'll find the entire family shares this feeling, too. Just watch their faces the day you ease the low-swept silhouette of one of these new Chevrolets into your own driveway. The gentleness of Chevy's new kind of ride and the fineness of its Fisher Body interior have a winning way with wives. And its gull-wing glamor and quick-responding power are enough to put a special glow of pride in any youngster's eyes —as well as his dad's.

If you haven't yet got to know this new Chevy, your dealer will see you get the right kind of introduction—complete with the kind of price that'll make you want to hear more in a hurry. And, no matter where you travel, you couldn't be moving in better company. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



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10W-30 sounds like a shirt size to her,

but she's buying High HP Purelube along with PURE Gasoline because she knows she can

BE SURE WITH PURE

WHY YOU, TOO, CAN BE SURE WITH PURE OIL PRODUCTS

Poor mom! It's not enough that she's a cook, nurse and psychologist—now they expect her to be a chemist-engineer too!

That's where PURE comes to the rescue. We *know* that many of the terms used to describe gasoline and motor oil sound confusing (although they really are necessary to show technical differences). So we try to simplify your choice by making sure that every one of our products is as good as the best—plus a little bit more.

Take High HP Purelube, for instance. Our technical men are a conservative lot, but they tell us it's the finest multigrade motor oil on the market today. Teamed with PURE Gasoline, it's *sure* to give superior performance in your car.

You'll find the same top quality in all PURE products at any of PURE's nearly 16,000 stations in 24 states. Nice feeling, that . . . to know you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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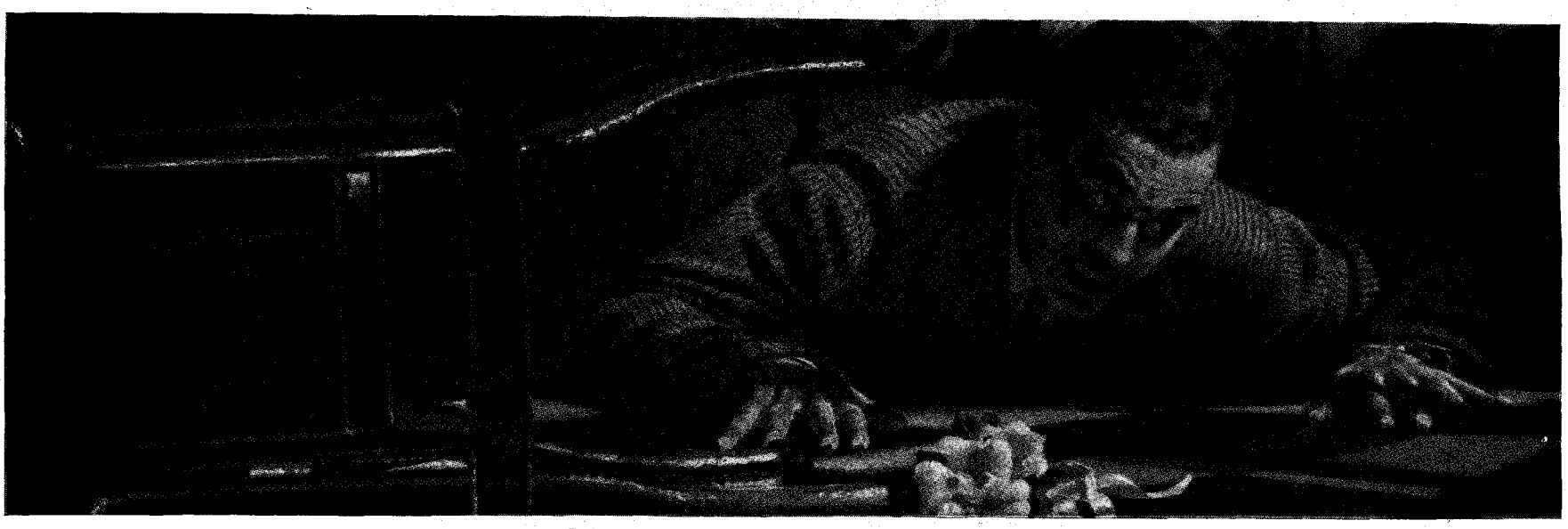

I threw myself to the floor and rolled over twice.

I MARRIED MURDER

There was someone in the living room with a gun.

Someone who wanted to kill me.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"Remember that corsage in the icebox, Mike—it wasn't mine," Mousie confessed to me on Saturday night during a dance at the Menasset Yacht Club.

Mousie started the conversation by filling me in on Roberta Allison's relationship to Stella—my newly married wife and Mousie's older sister. She explained that Roberta was the sister of Stella's former husband, who, as I knew, was mysteriously murdered one night after returning home from a business trip. I also knew that Stella was suspected of the murder because the orchid corsage found in her icebox apparently hadn't been given to her by her husband. George Duncan, an old friend of mine, successfully defended Stella. She testified that the corsage belonged to Mousie, who was visiting for the weekend.

Now, Mousie denied that the corsage was hers. Suddenly George's cordial attitude toward Stella seemed ominously meaningful to me. I had a sickening suspicion that I had married a murderess.

III

Mousie must have lied, I thought. Mousie had been jealous of Stella since childhood. Stella had been the favored older sister while Mousie had been left in the care of an aunt in her formative years, with no living object for a child's awakening affections other than a goldfish and a small dead mouse.

That day when we had returned from our honeymoon cruise we had found ourselves assigned to separate rooms, and if Mousie was responsible, as I now thought likely, it could have been another manifestation of an irrepressible jealousy. Perhaps Mousie was also responsible for the newspaper clipping and for

A woman stepped up to Stella and slapped her face there on the pier, there in the bright sunlight.

"Murder Will Out." Surely what she had told me was no more than a neurotic fabrication. Stella had always had the best of everything and the jealous younger sister had tried to insert a wedge; Mousie wanted to deny Stella happiness. Of course, this was a lie, I thought.

"Let's go back in," I said.

Mousie turned slowly and murmured, "I've thought a lot about it, Mike. I never intended to breathe a word, but as I got to know you better I knew that someday I'd have to. I couldn't watch you stumbling along, knowing that something was wrong and probably blaming it on yourself. Don't you see?"

"Mousie, it's all right," I said.

"When I saw Norm Allison here I knew I had to warn you," she said. "If there's a way for Roberta to make trouble, depend on it, she will."

"Mousie, let's not talk about it," I said. "Come on, let's dance."

We made one circuit of the dance floor, and when Sam Bevans cut in, I went in search of George Duncan. I found him alone at the bar. As always, he was faultlessly dressed. He had a way of moving an arm or a shoulder that called attention to the cut of his jacket, a way of bending a knee that only emphasized the crease of his pants. His smile was urbane, and even though his manner was comradely, there was somehow an air of condescension about it; the reason, I thought, was that George never really seemed to listen; his attention seemed to be divided, as though there were something on his mind more important than anything you might have to say.

"Been playing tennis, Mike?" he asked. "You seem to have worked up a sweat."

"I am in a sweat, George," I said.

I met his eyes and he returned my gaze so steadily that I was the first to glance away. Somehow I have never trusted men who meet your gaze unwaveringly; it is a trick of pitchmen and confidence men, a characteristic of men either completely satisfied with themselves or men who are studying what advantage there might be in you for them. George, of course, was a lawyer, and as such was trained to study his fellow man—in the manner of confidence men, but for a more acceptable social reason.

"You seem to have something on your mind, Mike," he said. (Continued on Page 61)

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The Durable Dictator (Continued from Page 17)

years, that's all," said the earl. "At five thousand miles distance it's possible to keep one's illusions about Charles, but if he came back here, my girl, you'd soon lose 'em. All the same," he went on, "I'd like to know what he's been up to all these years. Now tell me that story again."

"Well," began Lady Letitia, "it was like this. Charles and I had been lunching that day in the West End. At the Peregrine, I think it was."

"Dashed expensive, the Peregrine was in those days. Where did he get the money?"

"He didn't, since you must know. I paid for lunch. It was the week when Bertie's horse, The Bandit, won a race at Ascot at sixty-six to one. I had five pounds on it ——"

"You never told me about that!" exclaimed the earl in horrified tones.

"I didn't tell Horace either," replied Lady Letitia with a reminiscent smile. "But anyway, all through lunch there were three swarthy men looking like Spaniards, who kept staring at Charles. They couldn't take their eyes off him. Then we took a taxi after lunch to go for a walk in Kensington Gardens ——"

"A taxi! I call that chucking money away when you could have taken a bus from the door."

"Does it matter now? You might have taken a bus, but we took a taxi, and as we were getting into it the three Spanish-looking men hailed another. When we got out of ours just by the Albert Memorial, they got out of theirs, and for the rest of the afternoon they trailed us like bloodhounds. Charles didn't notice them at first. Then, not far from the Peter Pan statue, Charles turned to me and said, 'Lettie, old girl, we're being followed.' Charles went over to them and I heard him say, 'Which way are you three blokes going, because we're going the other way?' Then one of them, who seemed to be the leader, whipped out a card and gave it to Charles. The card—I forget his name—said that he was the San Felicidadian ambassador. He was most apologetic and polite about having followed us and he asked if we would go to lunch at the embassy the next day. He had, he said, a most important matter he wished to discuss with Charles.

"Well, Charles went to lunch the next day and I didn't, so I don't know what happened. Highly seasoned food doesn't agree with me. Horace and I once had lunch in Nicaragua, or Guatemala, I forget which, and I was upset for days. Horace had a theory that his high blood pressure dated from then. But, of course, it was the beer."

"Well, you should have gone," snapped the earl, "and then there wouldn't be all this mystery. Didn't Charles tell you anything?"

"Only that he was sailing for San Felicidad in a few days on what he called a dangerous and highly confidential mission. I couldn't get him to say another word."

"He always was dashed selfish and inconsiderate," said the earl with a sniff. "A real dog in the manger!"

"What is there dog-in-the-manger about dear Charles living in San Felicidad?" asked Lady Letitia, flying to her favorite brother's defense. "At least you can be sure that he hasn't got chilblains there, which is more than I can say. If you can't say something nice about Charles, don't say anything at all."

"How can I say anything nice about a chap who goes off to the other side of the world leaving behind him a whole bin of Jubilee port—to say nothing of fifty dozen 1899 brandy—and takes the key with him? He won't drink it himself, but he locks it in a steel-barred cellar and spends twenty-seven years gallivanting in Central America. Do you call that brotherly? Here am I reduced to buying pink hogwash miscalled port at famine prices, to say nothing of fifth-rate brandy, while under my feet all that priceless stuff sits behind steel bars. I just don't understand Charles."

"Maybe not, William," replied Lady Letitia pointedly, "but it is quite evident that Charles understands you. Father laid down equal quantities of port and brandy for you both. Charles went off on a confidential and dangerous mission, while you sat at home and guzzled your share, and now you abuse Charles because he doesn't want to come home and find that you have guzzled his too. If you ask me ——"

The earl, tired of home truths, had left the room. That day he wrote a letter to his brother Charles, finding for the purpose one of the few remaining sheets of paper heavily embossed with the Gore-Blindly arms and the two words TITTERTON CASTLE. There was no address. You were supposed to know where Titterton Castle was and if you didn't you were *persona non grata* there. The letter is worth quoting verbatim, shedding as it does so much light on the writer's mood and attitude:

TITTERTON CASTLE
January 19th, 1956

Dear Charles: While I have no wish to pry into the affairs which keep you in San Whatsisname, I feel entitled as the head of the family to inquire as to your intentions. Are you ever coming home, and if so when? Letitia tells me that you are on a confidential and dangerous mission, which is sheer nonsense. Whatever you may be doing could be confidential (which could be another name for shady), but I will be shot if anything can go on being dangerous for twenty-seven years.

This letter is written in your interests. The Jubilee port needs attention. Some of it must be corked and the only way to save the rest is to have it rebottled. I would have done this years ago only you took away the key of your cellar. I don't care to think that you did this because of any lack of confidence in me, which is what I shall be compelled to suppose if you don't send the key at once. I finished my share just after the war and even then, I consider, it was past its prime.

Life here has become quite impossibly squalid and I don't mind admitting that an occasional glass of the '99 brandy would make all the difference. If you are not coming back to England at all and if you have the smallest affection for me, I implore you to let me get started on all that priceless stuff in the cellar. Better still (and before the doctors scare me off it altogether), come back and let us drink it together. The process servers never come here looking for you these days and the girls you got entangled with are now married, with grown-up children of their own.

Your affectionate brother,
WILLIAM

P.S. As you never answer my letters, I shall construe your silence for consent and have the cellar forced.

To: The Viscount Kettlebridge
c/o American Express
Santa Eulalia
San Felicidad

"That ought to get him," muttered the earl as he sealed the letter. "But what a hell of an address! Fancy living at the American Express!"

The next two weeks passed on leaden feet. The postman who brought Charles' reply asked if he could have the stamps for his small son's collection. Hastily ripping the letter out of the envelope, the recipient acceded to the request and made for the privacy of the library. The letter read:

c/o AMERICAN EXPRESS
Santa Eulalia,
San Felicidad
February 3rd, 1956

Dear Bill: I intend to drink every bottle myself, and if I find that you have tampered with my cellar I shall sue you. It was because of what you call lack of confidence in you that I had the steel door installed, and it is for the same reason that I don't intend to let you have the key.

My job here (and I count on your absolute discretion) is to make public appearances for Gomez, who has been president and dictator for nearly thirty years. You may gauge his popularity amongst the adoring citizenry by the number of attempts at assassination I have survived. My bullet-proof waistcoat (you try wearing one in this heat) looks as if it's had smallpox. I've had five hats shot off my head during the last year. There is a special cemetery for my ex-food tasters, and my private train has been derailed too many times to count.

Gomez is finding that his nerves won't stand the strain, and as soon as the centenary celebrations are over and he has stolen everything portable in the republic, he plans to retire to Switzerland. That will let me out, too, so just you forget any ideas you may have of guzzling my share of the guvnor's booze.

Gomez and I are the spitting image of each other. There is occasionally a little awkwardness because his girl friends can't tell us apart.

I have a lot of public appearances ahead, so keep your fingers crossed for

Your affectionate brother,
CHARLES

The Earl of Titterton
Titterton Castle
England

"There! What did I tell you," snarled the earl, passing the letter to his sister. "There's a nice kind of dog in the manger to have as a brother!"

"I believe the wine and brandy worries you more than the fact that Charles is in constant danger from those vile people," said Lady Letitia.

"Of course it does," snapped her brother. "Every time I go down to fetch a pail of coal I am reminded of all those bottles wasting behind the steel door. I'm not reminded of Charles because I never see him. Five hats ruined in the last year! I ask you. And here am I, maintaining the family home and dignities and haven't had a new hat since 1939. Charles has food tasters, droves of them, while I can't afford a cook. He's probably wallowing in luxury and begrudges me an occasional sip of port. Here am I, a belted earl, keeping my trousers up with braces Charles forgot to pack."

"The trouble with you, William," said Lady Letitia acidly, "is that you are a slave to your appetites and, as long ago as 1929, Charles knew it."

Even Lady Letitia found it hard to work up any real enthusiasm about the centenary celebrations in far-off San Felicidad, which commanded less news space in The Times than the first cuckoo of spring. Two or three members of parliament tried to get themselves a free jaunt by drawing attention to the "unfailingly cordial relations" which had always existed between Great Britain and the Republic of San Felicidad, suggesting coyly that it would be a delicate gesture of friendship if a parliamentary delegation were sent there to join in the rejoicings. But it came to nothing.

Then one morning at breakfast the earl paused as he was dissecting a kipper to exclaim lugubriously, "Poor old Charles. He'll never drink that Jubilee port now."

"Why not?" asked Lady Letitia, her voice cracked with anxiety.

"Charles has had it," replied her brother. "Blown to bits. Driving through the streets of Santa Eulalia in an open car—he always was a reckless ass. It says here that he was staying at the presidential palace as the guest of that chap Gomez."

Lady Letitia gave herself over to tears, for she had loved Charles. Reading between the lines of his infrequent letters over the years, she had built up a dream world, filled with variety and romance, in which he had done all the things which rich and conspicuous aristocracy should not do and impoverished aristocracy cannot, and she had rejoiced for him that he had escaped from the soul-destroying monotony of life at Titterton Castle. Even now, hearing that Charles had been blown to pieces by a bomb in an alien land, she found it in her heart to envy him.

A week after the sad news arrived at Titterton Castle, the postman delivered a letter in Charles' handwriting addressed to Lady Letitia Perkins. Wide eyed, she opened the envelope, reading aloud the contents (*Continued on Page 40*)

"He was first attracted to Bessie by her sense of humor."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Only one cigarette can filter best!

According to the new and superior method of testing for filtration...

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NEW PROOF HIT PARADE FILTERS BEST OF ALL LEADING FILTER CIGARETTES!

Using the latest method of testing that traps and weighs total smoke solids that ordinarily would reach the smoker's mouth, here is the most recent report based on analyses by Froehling & Robertson, Inc., one of the largest and oldest independent consulting laboratories in the country. This is the second independent laboratory to confirm that now Hit Parade filters best of all leading filter cigarettes!

With its radically new filter, Hit Parade gives you:

15% higher filtration than brand **A**
20% higher filtration than brand **B**
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37% higher filtration than brand **F**
40% higher filtration than brand **G**
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The two sizes of Hit Parade (King-Size in the familiar pack and Long-Size in the crush-proof box) were tested against competitive brands of equal length.

From a report dated June 20, 1958, by
FROEHLING & ROBERTSON, INC.,
a leading independent consulting laboratory

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JUNE 23, 1958

NO. F-178-5

INDIVIDUAL FIBER COUNT OF "HIT PARADE" FILTERS

MADE FOR: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
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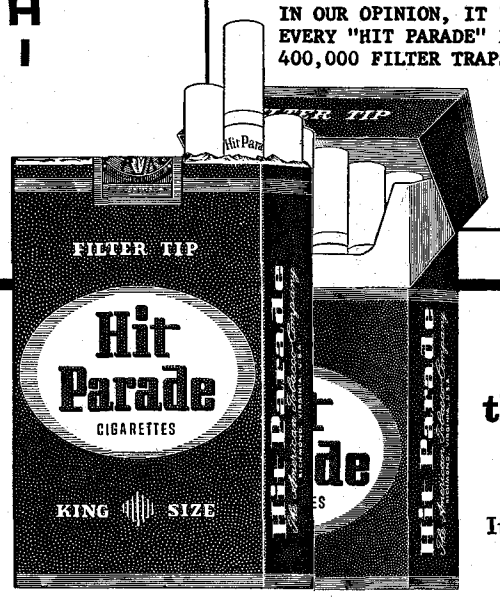
EIGHT COMPOSITE SAMPLES WERE RUN

THE HIGH COUNT WAS 597,000
THE LOW COUNT WAS 459,000
THE AVERAGE WAS 541,000

IN OUR OPINION, IT IS CONSERVATIVE TO STATE THAT EVERY "HIT PARADE" FILTER CONTAINS WELL OVER 400,000 FILTER TRAPS.

RESPECTFULLY,

FROEHLING & ROBERTSON, INC.



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1. Now a new and superior method of testing filter cigarettes has been developed. This method gives more accurate and uniform results.

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(*Continued from Page 38*) to her brother. The letter was written on blank paper without an address:

Dear Lettie: I have an idea that the next few days may be a bit tricky, so just in case of accidents, I have made a will in which you are my executrix. I know you will carry out my wishes regardless of any pressure brought to bear on you by Bill.

When this reaches you I am afraid the American Express won't know what to do with my mail, so don't bother to write.

Love,
CHARLES

It was a strange letter, but the enclosed will was an even stranger document. In it Charles left "everything of which I die possessed to my brother, William, except as herein stated. To my sister, Letitia, I give and bequeath for her sole use and benefit the contents of the wine cellar to which I fitted the steel doors before leaving England, with the condition that the cellar be not opened nor its contents touched until six months after proof of my death shall have been received. After the expiry of six months as aforesaid, my sister, Letitia, whom I hereby appoint my sole executrix, shall dispose of the contents of the wine cellar at her absolute discretion. She will find the key of the cellar hidden in the interior of the rocking horse in the nursery at Titterton Castle."

"'Pon my soul," remarked the earl testily, "I call that a most offensive missive to receive from the other side of the grave. He leaves me everything of which he dies possessed, which consists of a couple of saddles and a pair of riding boots that are too small for me, while to you who don't know the difference between cooking sherry and vintage port, or grade B embalming fluid and fine old brandy, he leaves that wonderful stuff down below. It's heartbreaking, that's what it is. I wouldn't have done that to him."

"You couldn't have, William, because you drank your share at such a disgusting rate."

"I suppose," continued the earl, "that you will adopt a—well, a reasonable attitude about it all."

"That is my intention, William. When a decent interval has elapsed, I am sure Charles would have wished you to have an occasional glass of port."

"And what, may I ask," said the earl hopefully, "do you consider a decent interval?"

"I haven't thought of it, William," replied his sister, "but a widow who remarries under two years from her husband's death is considered—er—lacking in respect to his memory."

"Quite so, Letitia; quite so. But allow me to point out that I am not Charles' widow. Nor do I wish to remarry. Once was quite enough, thank you. I am Charles' older brother and I hope—not unreasonably, you will agree—to drink peace to his ashes in something fit to drink."

"Charles wasn't burned, William. He was blown to pieces. So there aren't any ashes."

"Don't be so confoundedly literal-minded!" snapped the earl, realizing that he was making poor headway. "Where are you going?" he asked, observing her move toward the door.

"To the nursery, of course. Where else? Then I am going to the bank to put the key—where it will be safe."

"It's been perfectly safe for twenty-seven years in that rocking horse, so why not leave it there a bit longer?"

"I leave you to guess why, William," was Lady Letitia's parting shot as she set off in the direction of the nursery.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The row of asterisks denotes the slow passage of six months. Swift months for happy folk, but almost interminable for the Earl of Titterton.

Then, once again, the breakfast calm was shattered by the arrival of a rich-looking envelope, impressively sealed, bearing the stamps of San Felicidad. It was addressed to the earl. The letter was written on the embossed stationery of the presidential palace at Santa Eulalia. It said:

Sir: I am desired by His Excellency the President to inform you that he will be in London during the month of September. At the request of your brother, the late Viscount Kettlebridge, for whom His Excellency entertained the highest regard and affection, he will give himself the pleasure at a time convenient to your good self, of spending a weekend at Titterton Castle. Doubtless, you would like to have at firsthand some account of your brother's sad and heroic end.

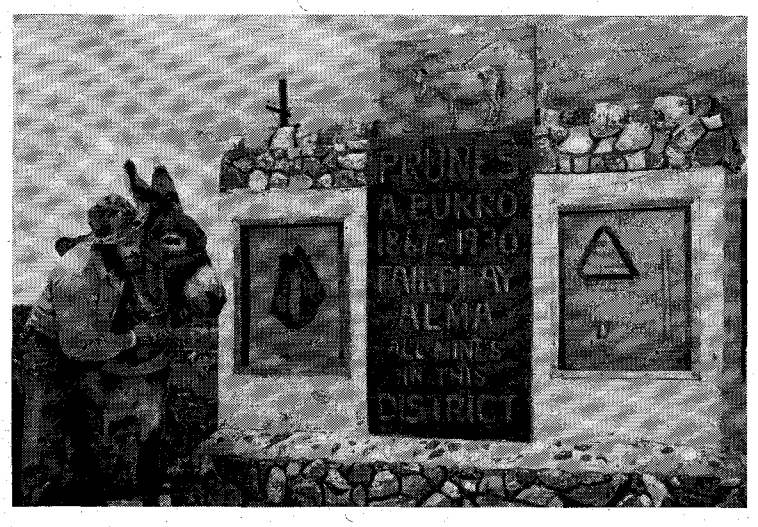
If you will be so good as to acquaint His Excellency the San Felicidadian ambassador with the convenient dates the necessary arrangements will be made.

His Excellency the President will be accompanied by a small staff, including myself, his valet and two bodyguards.

I am, Your Lordship's obedient servant,
FELIPE DE SANDOVAL
Private Secretary

The Right Honourable the
Earl of Titterton, A.A.
Titterton Castle
England

So We Commemorate



A LOWLY BEAST OF BURDEN

A weary human and a bedraggled burro will stagger into Fairplay, Colorado, this Sunday in a climax which may make the lucky person as much as $1100 richer. They will be the winners of the tenth world's-championship pack-burro race, a sweaty salute to the little beasts that helped early prospectors to rove through the mountains. The 23.7-mile endurance test is run from Leadville to Fairplay over a rocky old stagecoach trail more than two mile above sea level. It involves a 3030-foot climb through Mosquito Pass and a downhill scramble of 3287 feet to Fairplay.

The race ends, appropriately, at a bronze-and-stone monument to "Prunes, a burro." Prunes, a shaggy black animal, was the faithful silent partner of Rupe Sherwood, an old-time prospector from Mississippi. The burro was old enough to vote—"and smarter 'n' some voters," his owner used to say—when Rupe bought him in 1889. Together the inseparable couple prowled the high peaks for forty-one years, finding much adventure but little gold. Prunes lasted, with remarkable durability, until caught in a blizzard in 1930. Rupe outlived his four-legged pal by only a year, dying at eighty-one. By his request, his rites were held beside the monument to Prunes. He was interred nearby, not quite in accordance with his wish. He wanted the urn with his ashes sealed into the burro monument.

The annual burro marathon, sponsored by the Fairplay Chamber of Commerce and the Leadville Lions Club, is open to both men and women. Contestants may pull, push or carry their burros, but are not permitted to ride them. For charity's sake, the sponsors conduct a $1000 guessing contest, at one dollar per entry, on the winning time. This year the Internal Revenue Service gravely considered whether guessing the speed of a burro constitutes a taxable lottery. It decided not.

Although burros are notoriously unpredictable and uncoaxable, the winners have cut the race time steadily. It took more than five hours in 1949. Last year, reflecting the modern trend for speeding all things, the winner whacked his burro up to an average of more than six miles per hour. He finished in less than four hours.

Aston J. Waters

"I wonder what A.A. stands for," said the bemused earl.

"Would it be Alcoholics Anonymous, William? I suppose Charles must have told him about your guzzling habits."

"I don't know how in blazes we are going to entertain these people," grumbled the earl, pretending not to have heard his sister's reply to his rhetorical question. "Who's going to clean the place up?"

"We'll give the president the Blue Suite," said Lady Letitia excitedly, "which he can share with his secretary and valet. The bodyguards will have to shift for themselves in the stables.

"There's a firm in London that will undertake everything. I'll go to see them next week. They'll clean whatever rooms are necessary, install an electric cooker in the kitchen and do all the catering. We'll do things in style, William, just like the old days. I'd like to see fifty people sit down to dinner just once more, hear music from the gallery, see long rows of shining cars in the drive. It used to be like that, William. They were splendid days. Let's live them once more, before the curtain drops forever. The title dies with you unless Charles married, so let it go out in a blaze of splendor."

"All very nice, my dear," said the earl sadly, "but who's going to pay for this frivolity? Not that president chap, you can be sure. It seems to me that if he's so dashed grateful to Charles for stopping the bomb intended for him, the least he could have done would have been to do things in style at some London hotel and at his own expense."

"I will pay for it all, William," said Lady Letitia.

"What will you use for money?"

"I shall sell some of mother's jewels ——"

"Sell heirlooms to feed some banana president?"

"Why not? What good are heirlooms without heirs? All this dies with us, William. I never wear mother's tiara. It's terribly old-fashioned, but the stones are good. I refused two thousand pounds for it years ago. If mother were here now she would approve. She loved a party."

"The creditors will be down on us like a flock of vultures if we start giving parties."

"All right, let them," replied Lady Letitia. "Who cares? Let them have the castle. When the party is over, let's just walk out and leave the doors open and the lights blazing and never come back again."

"Like hell!" said the earl indelicately. "What about Charles' port and brandy? Have you thought about that? A fine sort of executrix you've turned out to be. Sooner than let strangers drink all that bottled nineteenth-century sunshine I'd burn the castle down."

But, despite her brother's opposition, Lady Letitia had her way. The weeds choking the drive were cut down. Fallen trees were removed. Windows were cleaned. Vacuum cleaners sucked vast quantities of dust from tapestries and curtains. The elm floor of the dining and reception rooms shone with new wax. Fires everywhere dried out the damp-stained walls. A dingy mausoleum became once again a home, a place to be lived in, to be proud of. Forgotten memories peopled the grim corridors, whispered in corners, recalling the halcyon days when to be a child born to the purple in Titterton Castle had been no mean thing.

Everyone in the county who was anyone was coming. Charles, regarded by many of them as the ne'er-do-well of the family, had died bravely at the hand of an assassin, and Lady Letitia was resolved that it should not be forgotten.

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"This president person must be presentable," she told her brother, "or he would not have so closely resembled Charles, who was such a splendidly handsome boy. The girls couldn't resist him."

"I know more about that than you do, Letitia," said the earl somewhat sourly, "because I had to tidy things up afterward. I don't think we want to rake that up. Don't forget that Charles spent twenty-seven years in San Whatsisname and, Charles being Charles, it's inconceivable that he didn't form some undesirable attachments there. Wouldn't it be tragic if a widow appeared, contested his will and got hold of the port and brandy?"

"Can't you think of anything else but poor Charles' wine and brandy? I don't understand you, William, I don't understand."

"Yours, my dear Letitia," retorted the earl, "is the attitude of someone who is tone deaf and fails to understand why people make such a dashed fuss about Beethoven. Outside Titterton Castle, won't you see, there aren't more than a few hundred bottles of Jubilee port left. While that brandy! The thought of it makes me want to cry like a baby.

"My palate, I would have you know, is a delicate and highly sensitive instrument, considered by those who know what they're talking about to be among the eight best in the kingdom. And if, Letitia, you find me hard to understand and hard to live with, as apparently you do, I suggest that you reread the story of Tantalus. It might make you a little more human and understanding."

Nearly sixty people had been invited to dine with President Gomez. There was to be a reception with cocktails first. "Then, William," Lady Letitia explained, "I thought that after dinner we might give them a few glasses of Charles' port and some brandy. What do you think?"

"I think you are out of your mind, Letitia, mad as a hatter, to say nothing of being most unsisterly. Charles—or at least what was left of him—would turn over in his grave at the thought of all that cocktail-swilling riffraff lushing his booze. Let me remind you, too, that this is my home. I am still master here, even if you do hold the key of the only part of it that contains anything worth having, and I will not permit this indiscriminate casting of pearls ——"

There was a lot more, tending to be somewhat repetitious. Lady Letitia forthwith made arrangements with the caterers to provide all the wines for the dinner.

A few mornings later at breakfast the Earl of Titterton paused in the dissection of a kipper to utter a deep, sepulchral groan. He had just seen a newspaper picture of President Gomez emerging from an airliner at London Airport. It was the picture of a pompous shiny man with a drooping black mustache plastered to his face. He wore the kind of toothy smile favored by political candidates anxious to appear beamingly benevolent on a baby-kissing expedition.

"What a shocking-looking tick!" exclaimed the earl. "Well," he continued, "I take back some of the harsh things I may have said about poor old Charles. I consider that he showed a very proper consideration for us by remaining in San Whatsisname for twenty-seven years."

"I don't see the connection," snapped Lady Letitia.

"Then let me draw a diagram for you," said her brother with labored sarcasm. "Charles must have looked like this"—he tapped the newspaper with exaggerated emphasis—"or he wouldn't have been given the job of this chap's stand-in. Shocking! Positively shocking! It's a pity Darwin didn't live to see it. If he had, he wouldn't have written all that nonsense about heredity. Charles, twenty-seven years ago and with all his faults, was an English gentleman. Look, I ask you, look what eating hellfire sauces and drinking *aguardiente* did to him. No wonder, looking like that, the poor chap didn't come home to drink his share."

"I must admit," said Lady Letitia with masterly restraint, trying not to feel disloyal to her favorite brother, "that it didn't improve him."

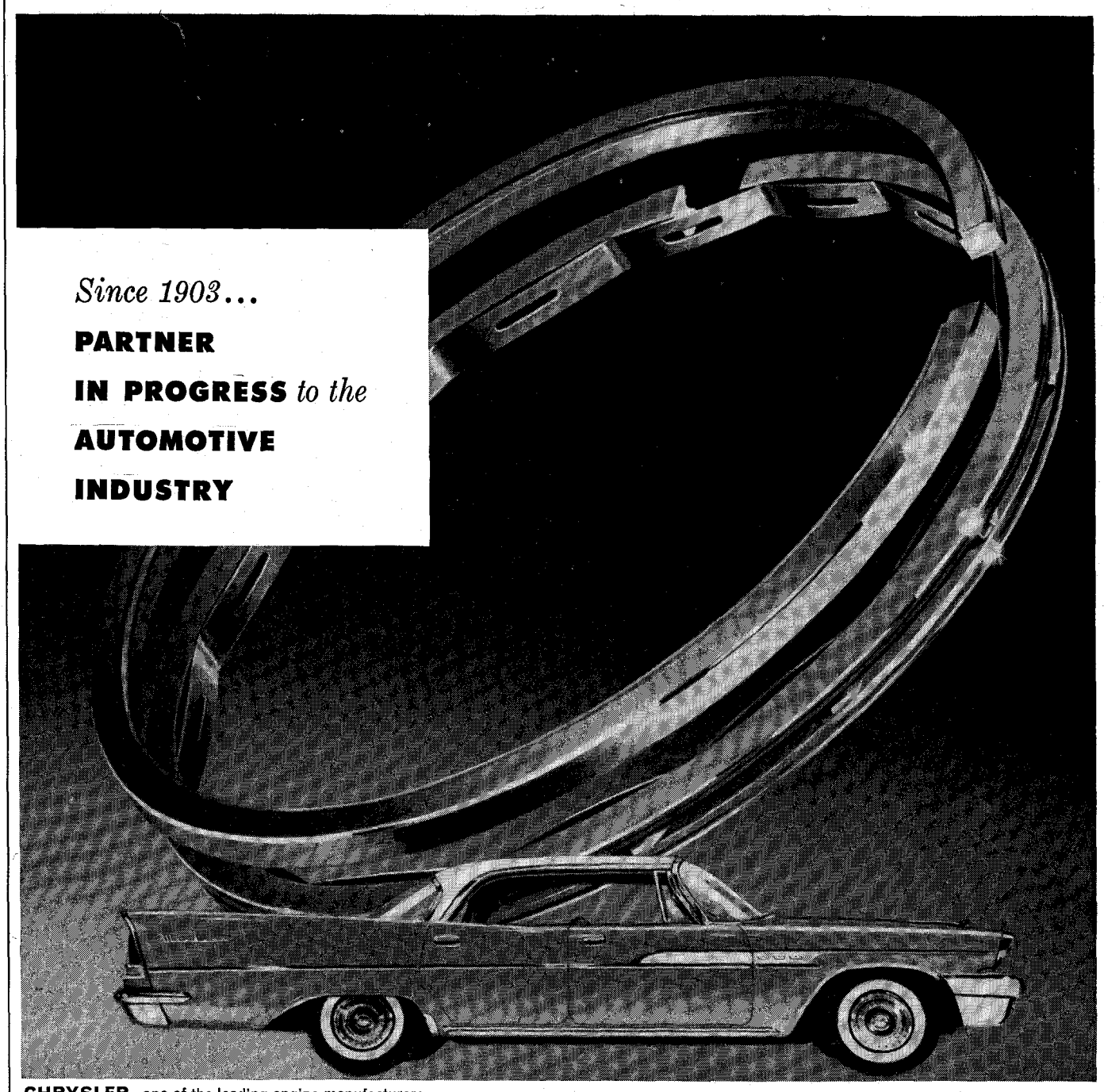
In the gloom cast by these reflections, the earl resumed the dissection of his kipper, which was now cold. "Well, thank God nobody knows but us," he said sadly.

The dinner in honor of President Gomez was set for a Saturday evening. The president himself, by prior arrangement, arrived before lunch. A huge black limousine threaded its way through the crowds assembled outside the castle gates. Out of it jumped two gray-clad, extremely agile men, carrying Tommy guns at the ready. With a swift encircling movement they flushed the grounds for would-be assassins and, satisfied that none lurked there, opened the car door for Gomez to alight.

"Welcome to Titterton Castle," said the earl stiffly. "Those chaps lost something?" he added, nodding in the direction of the two tommy-gunners.

"In my country," replied Gomez in thickly guttural Latin-American accents, "careless presidents do not last long."

"You do not need to remind us of that, Your Excellency," said the earl. "But here you are quite safe. The last time a guest was assassinated here was in 1547, and even (*Continued on Page 44*)



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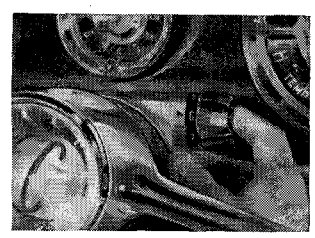

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2 *10-Year Warranty.* Twice as long as the guarantee on any other refrigerator.

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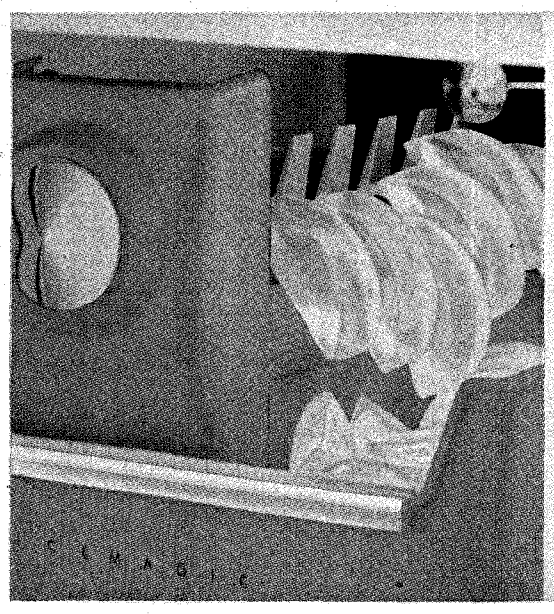

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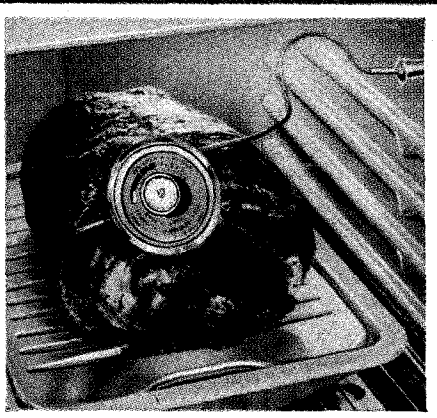
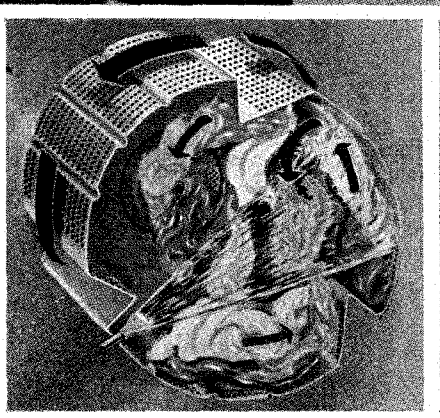
ON THE RANGE—AUTOMATIC GAS TOP BURNER. A unique thermostat controls this miraculous "Burner-with-a-Brain." Moment the chosen degree of heat is reached, the flame drops down—automatically. If pan cools, flame goes up again—automatically. Food just *can't* burn on an RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas Range.



IN THE OVEN—AN AUTOMATIC BUILT-IN MEAT THERMOMETER. Put the thermometer into the roast, and don't open the oven door again until the meat is just the way you like. The meat thermometer built right into the oven automatically registers "doneness" of the meat on an indicator panel on top of the range.



IN THE COMBINATION GAS WASHER-DRYER—wash, rinse, dry an entire load in one continuous operation. Filter-Stream washing action gets clothes cleaner, rinses them clearer—automatically. And when it comes to drying, an RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas Washer-Dryer automatically creates an atmosphere of safety-controlled air. There are five special time-and-temperature selections to give you the heat and drying time just right for every kind of fabric. And the dryer's special cooling-off period finishes even newest wash-and-wear fabrics air-fluffed and smooth. RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and Gas dryers are available in separate units, too!

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RCA Whirlpool Gas Appliances For The Home

Whirlpool Corporation, St. Joseph, Mich. (Use of trademarks RCA and RCA authorized by trademark owner, Radio Corporation of America.)

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(*Continued from Page 41*) that was a case of sheer political necessity."

Formal entry into the castle was delayed until two large black dispatch boxes, allegedly containing state papers, had gone up to the Blue Suite.

Lunch was drawn out interminably because Gomez insisted upon observing the effect of each dish upon his secretary before tasting it himself. "I suppose," he said over the coffee, "that you have drunk all that 1899 brandy? Charles and I promised each other that one day we would drink some together."

"On the contrary," replied the earl stiffly, "my brother's share has never been touched. But fancy him telling you about that. Letitia, my dear," he went on casually, "where is the key of Charles' wine cellar? I'll pop down and get a bottle."

Realizing that she had been outmaneuvered, Lady Letitia surrendered the key. Her brother disappeared, returning some ten minutes later bearing in trembling hands a bottle of the '99 brandy. Spurning all offers of help from the hired butler, he wiped off the cobwebs and dust with a clean napkin and, the devotion and reverence of an acolyte in his bearing, withdrew the cork.

"This will be far too good for fellows like that," said Gomez, dismissing his secretary and bodyguards with a wave of the hand.

Lady Letitia, unnoticed by her brother and Gomez, crept sadly out of the room.

The two men sat on in ecstatic silence, sipping the golden fluid from goblets which they held cupped in their open hands. "What beats me," said the earl, breaking a twenty-minute silence, "is how Charles, knowing that all this wonderful stuff was here, could have been happy in San Whatsisname for twenty-seven years."

"A-a-a-h!" said Gomez, making the ejaculation sound like a groan of despair.

Even the Earl of Titterton was able to shed some of his gloom that evening as he, his sister and President Gomez received the guests at the top of the stairs. The hands of the clock went back; the splendors of the past were revived. Lady Letitia, once again a girl in Edwardian England, glowed with excitement. Wearing a gown of ruby-colored chiffon, the sunray-pleated skirt spreading gracefully, she moved regally among the guests, a gracious and lovely figure. This was the night of nights. Tomorrow could look after itself.

The dinner, considering the technical difficulties, was excellent, even if the wines were mediocre. "I suggest," said the earl when the last guests were gone, "that we take away the taste of that corked champagne."

From a cupboard in the library, where they had been warming since noon to something like room temperature, he produced several decanters of Jubilee port. With them, wiped clean, but unopened, was a bottle of the '99 brandy.

"To dear Charles!" said Lady Letitia with her first sip of port.

"To my good friend Charles!" echoed Gomez.

The earl took his first sip in thoughtful silence.

Lady Letitia made her excuses, leaving the two men together. She wanted to be alone with her memories. In a little while, exhausted by the excitement of the evening, she fell asleep with a smile on her lips.

Several hours later Lady Letitia awakened uneasily to unaccustomed sounds. Opening her door, she peered over the balustrade into the brilliantly lit hall, whence came sounds of revelry by night. Now, too late, she regretted having surrendered the key to her brother. The two men were evidently on the best of terms, for gusts of laughter came out of the library where she had left them. Donning her old magenta dressing gown, she crept downstairs to see what was afoot.

On the center table in the library, Gomez was unpacking huge piles of money from a black dispatch case and throwing them to the earl, who thrust them into the dark recess of the open wall safe. The earl, his sister observed with distaste, was uproariously drunk. Knowing how important it was for him to be abstemious, and caring nothing for her appearance, she went into the library.

"You must excuse me, Your Excellency," she said firmly, addressing herself to Gomez, "but my brother must not drink any more."

The only reply to this was a peal of laughter.

"I insist that you listen to me, Your Excellency," she said, stamping with anger. "Surely," she went on bitterly, "it is enough to have killed one of my brothers. Or must you kill the other too?"

This, too, was greeted with bellows of laughter.

"William," said Lady Letitia in sheer desperation, "you must come to bed, and tomorrow morning I insist that this—this Gomez leaves the castle. I regret that we invited him here."

"Don't be so dashed silly, Letitia," spluttered the earl. "Gomez isn't here. This is Charles, your brother Charles."

"But where is Gomez?" asked the bewildered Lady Letitia.

"Poor old Gomez was careless," his double replied, chuckling at the memories evoked. "He got suspicious about me and Carlotta—Carlotta was his girl friend. So what did the dashed idiot do?"

"Well, what did he do?"

"Nasty, suspicious mind, Gomez had. He tapped my phone and heard me making a date with Carlotta. Jealousy made him careless, see?"

"But what did he do, Charles, if you are Charles?" asked his exasperated sister.

"The silly ass pretended to be me, forgetting that he had given orders for me to be bumped off."

"But how can you be sure of such a thing, Charles?"

"Because the chief of police came to report to me that I'd been liquidated, that's how I'm sure. Made a wonderful job of it too. Took hours to gather up all the bits. But that's all water under the bridge. . . . And now it's good to be home again. Had to come, of course, because I knew it was only a question of time before Bill got hold of that key."

Salamander

By Herbert Merrill

Complain about it if you will.
Sweat and stifle, speak of snow,
Long for winter and the chill
Crawl of flesh when blizzards blow.
Conjure up December storm,
Dream of frozen pond and river;
If you feel July too warm,
Clasp a cake of ice and shiver.
But beneath the sun I lie,
Freckling myself all over,
Happy as a bird in sky,
Fish in water, cow in clover,
And you shall not wring from me
One small tear of sympathy.

The Appalling Taste of the Age (Continued from Page 18)

to it; many more bought, got to know and love, compositions that a few years ago nobody but musicologists had even read the scores of.

The greatest influence on American ballet, today, is the greatest choreographer who ever lived, George Balanchine; and we who, twenty-five years ago, would have had to say, "American ballet? What American ballet?" can say today, "Yes, American ballet. Is there a better?"

We Americans are producing paintings and reproductions of paintings, painters and reproductions of painters, museum directors and gallery goers, in almost celestial quantities. Most of the painters are bad or mediocre—this is so, necessarily, in any art at any time—but the good ones find shelter in numbers, are bought and looked at like the rest. A restaurant, today, will order a mural by Miró in as easy and matter-of-fact a spirit as, twenty-five years ago, it would have ordered one by Maxfield Parrish. The president of a paint factory goes home, sits down by his fireplace—it looks like a chromium aquarium set into the wall by a wall-safe company that has branched out into interior decoration, but there is a log burning in it, he calls it a fireplace, let's call it a fireplace too—the president sits down, folds his hands on his stomach, and stares relishingly at two paintings by Jackson Pollock that he has hung on the wall opposite him. He feels at home with them; in fact, as he looks at them he not only feels at home, he feels as if he were back at the paint factory.

This president's employees may not be willing to hang a Mondrian in the house, but they will wear one, if you make it into a tie or a sport shirt; and if you make it into a sofa, they will lie on it. They and their wives and children will sit on a porcupine, if you first exhibit it at the Museum of Modern Art and say that it is a chair. The great new art form of our age is the chair: if Hieronymus Bosch, if Christian Morgenstern, if the Marquis de Sade were living at this hour, what chairs they would be designing!

Our architecture is flourishing too. A mansion, today, is what it is, not because a millionaire has dreamed of the Alhambra, but because an architect has dreamed of the marriage of Frank Lloyd Wright and a silo. We Americans have the best factories anyone has ever designed; we have many schools, post offices and public buildings that are, so far as one can see, the best factories anyone has ever designed; we have many delightful, or efficient, or extraordinary houses. The public that lives in the houses our architects design is a tolerant, adventurous public: you can put a spherical gas tower on aluminum stilts, divide it into rooms, and quite a few people will be willing to crawl along saying, "Is this the floor? Is this the wall?" to make a down payment, and to call it home.

But in the arts that utilize words ——

But here you may interrupt me, saying: "You've praised or characterized or joked about our music, dancing, painting, furniture and architecture; yet each time you've talked about things that apply to hundreds of thousands, not to hundreds of millions. Most people don't listen to classical music, but to rock-and-roll or hillbilly songs or some album named Music to Listen to Music By; they see no ballet except a television ballet or some musical comedy's last echo of Rodeo. When they go home they sit inside chairs like imitation-leather haystacks, chairs that were exhibited not at the Museum of Modern Art, but at a convention of furniture dealers; if they buy a picture they buy it from the furniture dealer, and it was the furniture dealer who painted it; and their houses are split-level ranch-type rabbit warrens. Now that you've come to the 'arts that utilize words,' will you keep on talking about the unhappy few or will you talk about the happy many?"

About the happy many. I'll mention, and then leave for good, such inspiriting things as paper-bound books, off-Broadway plays, our many good writers. But when we talk about tens of millions of readers, hundreds of millions of hearers and viewers, we are talking about a new and strange situation; and to understand it we need to go back to the days of Matthew Arnold and Queen Victoria.

We all remember that Queen Victoria, when she died, in 1901, had never seen a helicopter, penicillin, television. Yet she had seen railroads, electric lights, the telegraph—she came midway in the industrial and technological revolution that has transformed our world. But there are many things that Queen Victoria never saw because she came at the very beginning of another half-technological, half-cultural revolution. For example:

If the young Victoria had said to the Duke of Wellington, "Sir, the Bureau of Public Relations of our army is in a deplorable state," he would have answered, "What is a Bureau of Public Relations, ma'am?" When he and his generals wanted to tell lies, they had to tell them themselves; there was no organized institution set up to do it for them. But of course Victoria couldn't have made this remark, since she had never heard of public relations; she had never heard of a commentator, a soap opera, a quiz program. Queen Victoria—think of it!—had never heard a singing commercial, never seen an advertisement beginning "Science says," and if she had, she would probably have retorted, "And what, pray, does the Archbishop of Canterbury say? What does dear good Albert say?"

When some comedian or wit told Queen Victoria jokes, they weren't supplied him by six well-paid gag writers, but just occurred to him. When Disraeli and Gladstone sent her lovingly or respectfully inscribed copies of their new books, they had written the books themselves. There they were, with the resources of an empire at their command, and they wrote the books themselves! And Queen Victoria had to read the books herself: nobody was willing—or able—to digest them for her in The Reader's Digest, to make movies of them, or to make radio or television programs of them, so that she

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d experience them painlessly and ef- tlessly. In those days people, so to ɔeak, chewed their own food or went ıungry; we have changed all that.

Queen Victoria never went to the movies and had an epic costing eight million dollars injected into her veins. She never Adjusted herself to her Group, or Shared the Experience of her Generation, or breathed a little deeper to feel herself a part of the Century of the Common Man—she was a part of it for almost two years, but she didn't know that that was what it was.

Isn't it plain that it is all these lacks that made Queen Victoria so old-fashioned, so awfully and finally different from us, rather than the fact that she never flew, or took insulin, or had a hydrogen bomb dropped on her? Queen Victoria in a DC-7 would be Queen Victoria still—I can hear her saying to the stewardess, "We do not wish Drama- ·ine"; but a Queen Victoria who listened ery day to John's Other Wife, Portia aces Life, and Just Plain Bill—that wouldn't be Queen Victoria at all!

There has not been one revolution, an industrial and technological one—there have been two; and this second revolution might be called the Revolution of the Word. People have learned to process words, too—words, and the thoughts and attitudes they embody. One sees in stores ordinary old-fashioned oatmeal or cocoa; and, beside it, another kind called Instant Cocoa, Instant Oats. Much of our literature is Instant Literature: the words are short, easy, instantly recognizable words; the thoughts are easy, familiar, instantly recognizable thoughts; the attitudes are familiar, already-agreed-upon, instantly acceptable attitudes. And if this is so, can these productions be either truth or—really—literature? The truth is sometimes complicated or hard to understand; different from what we expected; difficult to accept. Literature can almost be defined as the union of a wish and a truth, or as a wish modified by a truth. But this Instant Literature is a wish reinforced by a cliché, a wish proved by a lie. The makers of Instant Literature—whether it is a soap opera, a Saturday Evening Post serial, or a historical, sexual best seller—treat us as advertisers treat the readers of advertisements; they humor us, flatter our prejudices, pull our strings, show us that they know us for what they think us to be: impressionable, emotional, ignorant, somewhat weak-minded Common Men. They fool us to the top of our bent; and if we aren't fooled, they dismiss us as a statistically negligible minority.

The greatest American industry is the industry of using words. We pay tens of millions of men of words—writers, advertisers, commentators, politicians—to spend their lives lying to us, or telling us the truth, or supplying us with a nourishing medicinal compound of the two. We are living in the middle of a dark wood—a bright Technicolored forest—of words, words, words. It is a forest in which the wind is never still: there isn't a tree in the forest that is not for every moment of its life, of our lives, persuading or seducing or overawing us into buying this, believing that, voting for the other.

And yet, the more words there are, the simpler the words get. The words are processed as if they were baby food and we babies; all we have to do is open our mouths and swallow. Most of our mental and moral food is predigested, spoon-fed. E. M. Forster has said: "The only thing we learn from spoon-feeding is the shape of the spoon." Not only is this true; soon, if anything doesn't have the shape of that spoon we won't swallow it, we can't swallow it. Our century has produced some great and much good literature, but the habitual readers of Instant Literature cannot read it; nor can they read the great and good literature of the past.

Each year Harper's, The Saturday Evening Post, and the Sunday supplements seem more nearly the same magazine. Each year they depend less on fiction, on the writer's or reader's imaginative or creative powers, and more on fact, on familiar or unfamiliar information which efficient, indistinguishable authors organize into articles. Such articles are part of The Reader's Digest even before the Digest reprints them: they are, literally, pre-Digested.

If Queen Victoria had got to read The Reader's Digest—awful thought!—she would have loved it; and it would have changed her. Everything in The Reader's Digest sounds like everything else in The Reader's Digest: so, soon, Queen Victoria would listen to dear good Albert, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and would feel dissatisfied because they didn't sound like The Reader's Digest. Everything in the world, in such magazines, is a timely, reassuring, immediately comprehensible anecdote, full of human interest. Queen Victoria would notice that Albert kept quoting, from Shakespeare—that the Archbishop of Canterbury kept quoting, from the Bible—things that were very different from anything in The Reader's Digest: sometimes these sentences were not reassuring, but disquieting, sometimes they had big words or hard thoughts in them, sometimes the interest in them wasn't human, but literary or divine. After a while Queen Victoria would want Shakespeare and the Bible—would want Albert, even—digested for her beforehand by The Reader's Digest. And a little farther on in this process of digestion, she would look from them to some magazine the size of your hand, called Quick or Pic or TV Guide, and a strange half-sexual yearning would move like musk through her veins, and she would —— But I cannot, I will not say it. You and I know how she and Albert will end: sitting before the television set, staring into it, silent; and inside the set, there are Victoria and Albert, staring into the television camera, silent, and the master of ceremonies is saying to them, "No, I think you will find that Bismarck is the capital of North Dakota!"

But while she still reads, Victoria can get a rewritten Bible, Shakespeare in comic books. Only the other day I read of an interesting attempt to rewrite Shakespeare "for students":

Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 1 (AP)

Two high-school teachers have published a simplified version of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar and plan to do the same for Macbeth. Their goal is to make the plays more understandable to youth.

The teachers, Jack A. Waypen and Leroy S. Layton, say if the Bible can be revised and modernized, why not Shakespeare? They made 1,122 changes in Julius Caesar from single words to entire passages. They modernized obsolete words and expressions and substituted "you" for "thee" and "thou."

Shakespeare had Brutus say in Act III, Scene I:

> "*Fates, we will know your pleasures;*
> *That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time*
> *And drawing days out, that men stand upon.*"

In the Waypen-Layton version, Brutus says:

> "*We will soon know what Fate decrees for us.*
> *That we shall die, we know. It's putting off*
> *The time of death that's of concern to men.*"

Not being Shakespeare, I can't find a comment (*Continued on Page 47*)

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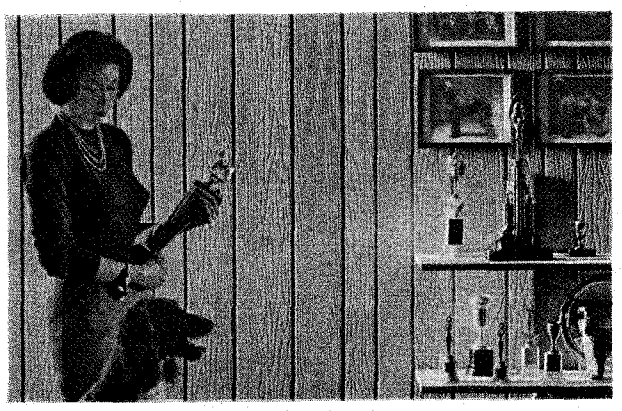

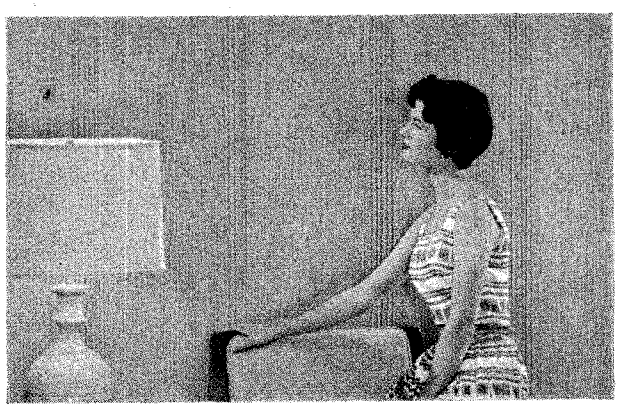

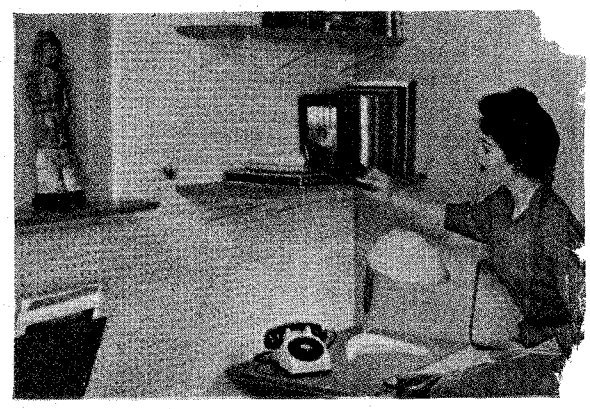

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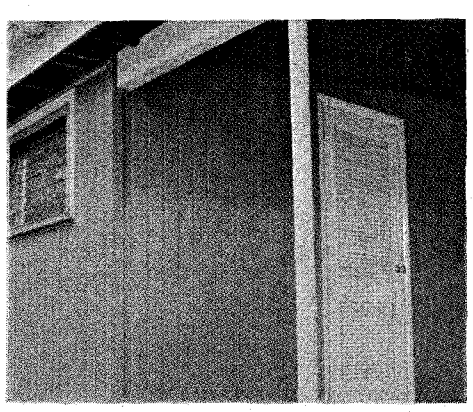

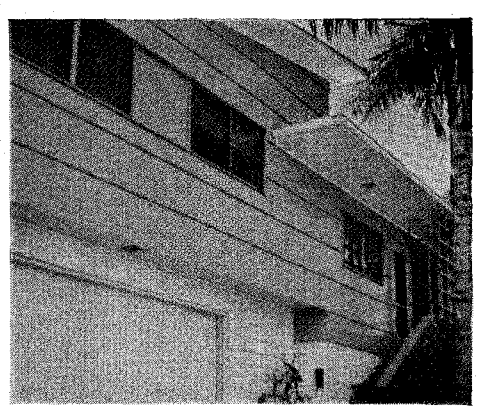

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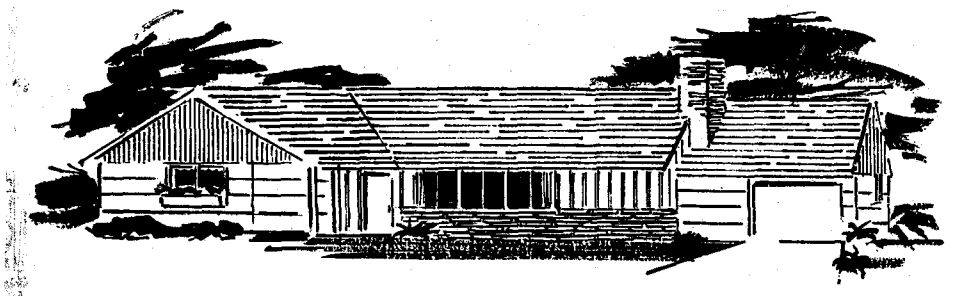

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(*Continued from Page 45*) worthy of this—project. I am tempted to say in an Elizabethan voice: "Ah, wayward Waypen, lascivious Layton, lay down thine errant pen!" And yet if I said this they would only reply earnestly, uncomprehendingly, reprovingly: "Can't you give us some *con*structive criticism, not *de*structive? Why don't you say *your* errant pen, not *thine?* And *lascivious!* Mr. Jarrell, if you *have* to talk about that type subject, don't say *lascivious* Layton, say *sexy* Layton."

Even Little Red Riding Hood is getting too hard for children, I read. The headline of the story is CHILD'S BOOKS BEING MADE MORE SIMPLE. Miss Olga Curtis has interviewed Julius Kushner, the publisher of children's books; he tells Miss Curtis that "nonessential details have disappeared from the 1953 Little Red Riding Hood story. Modern children enjoy their stories better stripped down to basic plot—for instance, Little Red Riding Hood meets wolf, Little Red Riding Hood escapes wolf." [Her name seems a nonessential detail. Why not call the child Red, and strip the story down to Red meets wolf, Red escapes? At this rate one could tell a child all of Grimm's Tales between dinner and bedtime.] . . . Modernizing old favorites, Kushner said, is fundamentally a matter of simplifying. Kushner added that today's children's books are intended to be activity games as well as reading matter. He mentioned books that make noises when pressed, and books with pop-up three-dimensional illustrations as examples of publishers' efforts to make each book a teaching aid as well as a story.

A great deal of the knowledge that educated—and many uneducated—people used to have in common has disappeared or is rapidly disappearing. Fairy tales, myths, history—the Bible, Shakespeare, Dickens, the Iliad—are, surprisingly often, things most of an audience won't understand an allusion to. These things were the ground on which the people of the past came together; much of the wit or charm or elevation of any writing or conversation with an atmosphere depends upon this presupposed, easily and affectionately remembered body of common knowledge. Because of it we understand things, feel about things, as human beings and not as human animals.

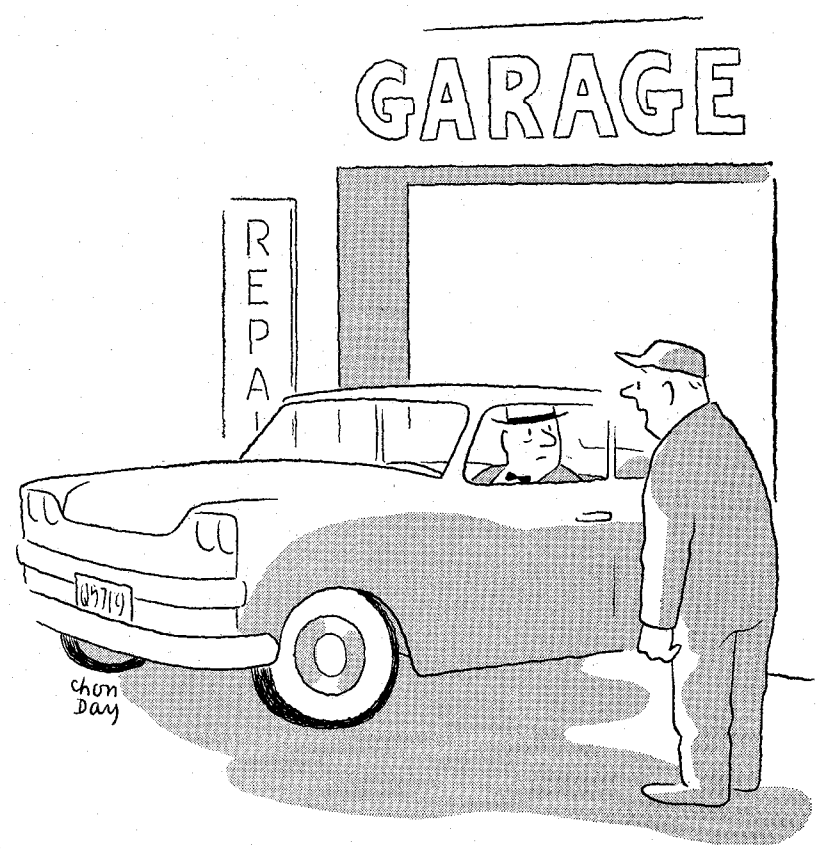
Who teaches us all this? Our families, our friends, our schools, society in general. Most of all, we hope, our schools. When I say schools I mean colleges and high schools and grammar schools. But the last two are the most important. Most people still don't go to college, and those who do don't get there until they are seventeen or eighteen. "Give us a child until he is seven and he is ours," a Jesuit is supposed to have said; our grammar schools and high schools have a child for ten years longer, and then he is—whose? Shakespeare's? Leroy S. Layton's? The Reader's Digest's?

College teachers complain about their students' lack of preparation just as, each winter, they complain about the winter's lack of snow. Winters don't have so much snow as winters used to: things are going to the dogs and always have been. The teachers tell one another stories about the things their students don't know; it surprises you, after a few thousand such stories, that the students manage to find their way to the college.

One dark, cold, rainy night—the sort of night on which clients came to Sherlock Holmes—I read in a magazine that winters don't have so much snow as winters used to: according to meteorologists, the climate is changing. Maybe students are changing too. Hearing one fifth-grade child say to another, "What does E come after in the alphabet?" makes a great, and perhaps unfair, impression on one. The child may not be what is called a random sample.

I thought of some other samples I had seen, and I wasn't sure whether they were random. That winter I had talked with some fifth- and some eighth-grade students; I had gone to one of their classes; I had even gone caroling with some, and had been dismayed at all the carols I didn't know—it was a part of my education that had been neglected.

I was not dismayed at the things the children didn't know, I was overawed; there were very few parts of their education that had not been neglected. Half the fifth-grade children didn't know who Jonah was; only a few had heard of King



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let me know if those brakes don't hold."

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Arthur. When I asked an eighth-grade student she laughed at me; she said, "Of course I know who King Arthur was." My heart warmed to her "of course." But she didn't know who Lancelot was, didn't know who Guinevere was; she had never heard of Galahad. I left the Knights of the Round Table for history: she didn't know who Charlemagne was.

She didn't know who Charlemagne was! And she had never heard of Alexander the Great; her class had "had Rome," but she didn't remember anything about Julius Caesar, though she knew his name. I asked her about Hector and Achilles. She had heard the name Hector, but didn't know who he was; she had never heard of "that other one."

But these had been questions of literature or European history; maybe there are more important things for students to know. I found that the little girl who didn't know who Charlemagne was had been taught to conduct a meeting, to nominate, and to second nominations; she had been taught—I thought this, though farfetched, truly imaginative—the right sort of story to tell an eighteen-month-old baby; and she had learned in Domestic Science to bake a date pudding, to make a dirndl skirt and, from the remnants of the cloth, a drawstring carryall. She could not tell me who Charlemagne was, it is true, but if I were an eighteen-month-old baby I could go to her and be sure of having her tell me the right sort of story.

I said to myself, as I was getting into the habit of saying about each new eighth-grade girl I talked to: "She must be an exception"; pretty soon I was saying, "She *must* be an exception." If I had said this to her teacher she would have replied: "Exception indeed! She's a nice, normal, well-adjusted girl. She's one of the drum majorettes and she's vice president of the Student Body; she's had two short stories in the school magazine and she made her own formal for the Sadie Hawkins dance. She's an exceptionally normal girl!" And what could I have replied? "But she doesn't know who Charlemagne was"?

How many people cared whether or not she knew who Charlemagne was? How much good would knowing who Charlemagne was ever do her? Could you make a dirndl out of Charlemagne? Make, even, a drawstring carryall? There was a chance that someday, on a quiz program, someone would ask her who Charlemagne was. If she knew, the audience would applaud in delight, and the announcer would give her a refrigerator; if she didn't know, the audience would groan in sympathy, and the announcer would give her a dozen cartons of soap powder.

Another eighth-grade girl had shown me her Reader—a popular and unusually literary Reader. It has in it, just as readers used to have in them, The Man Without a Country and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Evangeline; and the preface to Adventures for Readers says about them:

> The competition of movies and radios has reduced the time young children spend with books. It is no longer supposed, as it once was, that reading skills are fully developed at the end of the sixth grade. . . . Included are The Man Without a Country, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and Evangeline. These longer selections were once in every eighth-grade reading book. They have disappeared because in the original they are far too difficult for eighth-grade readers. . . . In their simplified form they are once more available to young people to become a part of their background and experience.

In the next edition of Adventures for Readers, I thought, the editors will have to say "the competition of movies, radios and television": I thought of this thought for some time. But when I thought of Longfellow's being "in the original" far too difficult for eighth-grade students, I—I did not know what to think. How much more difficult everything is than it used to be!

I remembered a letter, one about difficult writers, that I had read in The Saturday Review:

> I have been wondering when somebody with an established reputation in the field of letters would stand tiptoe and slap these unintelligibles in the face. Now I hope the publishers will wake up and throw the whole egotistical, sophist lot of them down the drain. I hope that fifty years from now nobody will remember that Joyce or Stein or James or Proust or Mann ever lived.

Once I had read a London Times, printed in 1851, that had in it a review of a new book by Alfred Tennyson. The reviewer said, after several unfavorable sentences: "Another fault is not peculiar to In Memoriam; it runs through all Mr. Tennyson's poetry—we allude to his obscurity."

The reviewer would not have alluded to Longfellow's obscurity; those Victorians for whom everything else was too difficult still understood, and delighted in, Longfellow. But Tennyson had been too obscure for some of them, just as Longfellow was getting to be too obscure for some of us.

This better-humored writer of the London Times had not hoped that in fifty years nobody would remember that Tennyson had ever lived; and this is fortunate, since he would not have got his wish. But I thought that the writer to The Saturday Review might already be getting a part of his wish. How many people there were who did not remember—who indeed had never learned—that Proust or James or Mann or Joyce had ever lived! How many of them there were, and how many more of their children there were, who did not remember—who indeed had never learned—that Jonah or King Arthur or Galahad or Charlemagne had ever lived! And in the end all of us would die, and not know, then, that anybody had ever lived; and the writer to The Saturday Review would have got not part of his wish but all of it.

And if, meanwhile, some people grieved to think of so much gone and so much more to go, they were the exception. Or, rather, the exceptions: millions of exceptions. There were enough exceptions to make a good-sized country; I thought, with pleasure, of walking through the streets of that country and having the children tell me who Charlemagne was.

I decided not to think of Charlemagne any more. . . . My samples weren't really random; I was being exceptionally unjust to that exceptionally normal girl and the school that had helped to make her so. My quarrel was not so much with her education as with her world, and our quarrels with the world are like our quarrels with God: no matter how right we are, we are wrong. *But who wants to be right all the time?* I thought, smiling; and said good-by to Charlemagne with the same smile.

Instead of thinking, I looked at The New York Times Book Review; there in the midst of so many books I could surely forget that some people don't read any. And as Rilke says, we are—some of us are—"beaten at/ By books as if by perpetual bells"; we can well, as he bids us, "rejoice/ When between two books the sky shines to you, silent." In the beginning was the Word, and man has made books of it.

I read quietly along, but the book I was reading was continued on page 47; and as I turned to it I came to a two-page advertisement of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. It was a sober, careful, authorized sort of advertisement, but it was, truly, an advertisement. It said:

> In these anxious days, the Bible offers a practical antidote for sorrow, cynicism, and despair. But the King James version is often difficult reading.
>
> If *you* have too seldom opened your Bible because the way it is written makes it hard for you to understand, the Revised Standard Version can bring you an exciting new experience.
>
> Here is a Bible so enjoyable you find you pick it up twice as often.

Tennyson and Longfellow and the Bible—what was there that wasn't difficult reading? And a few days before that, I had torn out of the paper—I got it and read it again, and it was hard for me to read it—a Gallup Poll that began: "Although the United States has the highest level of formal education in the world, fewer people here read books than in any other major democracy. Fewer than one adult American in every five was found to be reading a book at the time of the survey. [Twenty years ago 29% were found to be reading a book; today 17% are.] In England, where the typical citizen has far less formal schooling than the typical citizen here, nearly three times as many read books. Even among American college graduates fewer than half read books."

It went on and on; I was so tired that, as I read, the phrase "read books" kept beating in my brain, and getting mixed up with Charlemagne; compared to other major monarchs, I thought sleepily, fewer than one fifth of Charlemagne reads books. I read on as best I could, but I thought of the preface to Adventures for Readers, and the letter to The Saturday Review, and the advertisement in The New York Times Book Review, and the highest level of formal education in the world; and they all went around and around in my head and said to me an advertisement named Adventures for Non-Readers:

> In these anxious days, reading books offers a practical antidote for sorrow, cynicism, and despair. But books are often, in the original, difficult reading.
>
> If *you* have too seldom opened books because the way they are written makes them hard for you to understand, our Revised Standard Versions of books, in their simplified, televised form, can bring you an exciting new experience.
>
> Here are books so enjoyable you find you turn them on twice as often.

I shook myself; I was dreaming. As I went to bed the words of the eighth-grade class' teacher, when the class got to Evangeline, kept echoing in my ears: "We're coming to a long poem now, boys and girls. Now don't be babies and start counting the pages." I lay there like a baby, counting the pages over and over, counting the pages.

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Jarrell, Randall. Poetry and the Age. Vintage. 95c

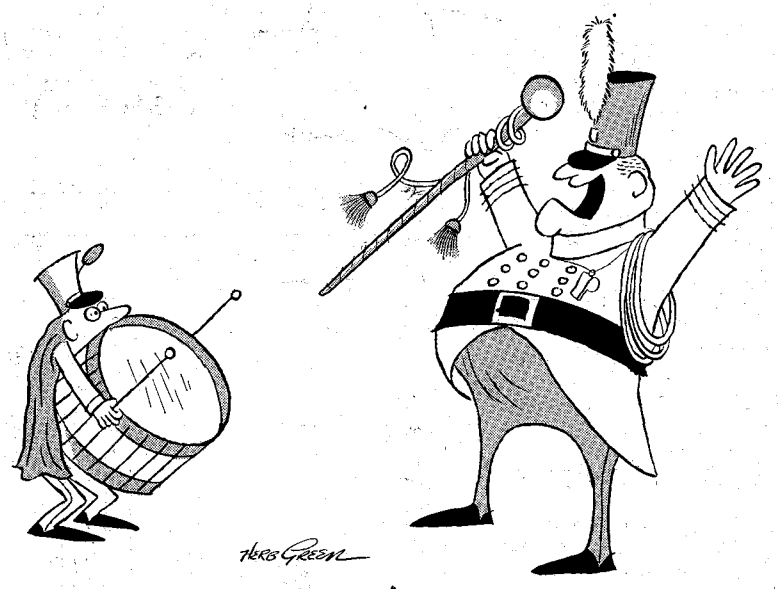
Lynes, Russell. Snobs. Harper Tastemakers. $1.00. Harper.

Freud, Sigmund. Civilization and Its Discontents. Anchor. $1.25

Auerbach, Erich. Mimesis. Anchor. $1.45

Linton, Ralph. The Study of Man. Appleton. $5.00

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The community band conductor, a peevish type, took out most of his wrath on the band's quiet young snare drummer. He gibed at the boy continually for being a poor musician. One hot day at a public rehearsal, with many summer residents in earshot, the conductor overdid to the point of snapping his baton. As usual, he blamed the snare drummer.

"There, I broke it trying to teach you to play," he complained. "If a person is too stupid to play any other instrument, we give him two sticks and make him a drummer."

"Yes," the lad shot back, "and if he is so clumsy that he breaks one stick, he becomes a conductor."

Don Seibert

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My Push-Button Garden (Continued from Page 32)

"Yep, I've got it licked this time," I said. "As soon as I get the timing doped out, I'll start shooting liquid fertilizer through the line."

Before I explain this, my newest lazybone gardening brainstorm, a few words about my folly. We all have our obsessions. Mine is gardening in which the drudgery is wiped out by brilliantly applied daydreaming. My goal is a system of knobs, levers or push buttons that do away with weary muscles, calluses and the proverbial green thumb, all of which connote work. I don't aspire to go as all out as the wizard up the hill who has an electronic garden, with solenoids buried in the lawn to actuate the sprinkler system when the soil dries out. I don't mind some exercise, such as exerting myself to gather tomatoes or pick sweet peas, although in my scheme of gardening it is better to inveigle my wife into doing even that while I loll by the control board.

The way I got started on my easy-gardening mania was this: Some years ago I was working on a story for the old Country Gentleman about an Oregon pear grower named Rory Collins who practiced scientific neglect of his orchard so successfully that he doubled his yield per acre. Collins didn't plow or cultivate or do anything the way the other farmers did. He just dragged a log through his orchard occasionally to knock down the weeds, then dumped vegetative trash and sawdust and manure around his trees. His place was a jungle that yielded pears like crazy.

En route home I got to thinking. "If lazy man's farming is good for Collins, why isn't lazy man's gardening good for Taylor? After all, a garden is just a pint-size farm."

Furthermore, I'm allergic to the handle of a shovel or a spading fork or a hoe. The gardening writers are always advising in the daily prints the strenuous use of these instruments of torture in the preparation of seed beds. First you spade the soil eight inches deep, work in the manure and make little trenches that are just so and space your seeds this far apart; then cover them lightly and water twice daily.

"Heck, nature doesn't do that," I argued. "She just throws seeds on the ground and they grow."

So I began tossing seeds on the ground, come planting time, then made a pass over them with a rake and scattered vermiculite or sawdust or lawn clippings over them to keep the bed from drying out. My seeds germinated as prodigiously as the weed seed had done for nature. They've been doing it for me every spring for the past dozen years.

Then I was reading up on how to plant bulbs. Theoretically, you spade the soil ten inches deep and bury your daffodils or tulips at the bottom of your diggings and wait for them to fight their way up to sunlight. That kind of bulb planting involved entirely too much perspiration, so I just ran a power tiller over the bed and poked the bulbs into shallow trenches with their noses almost sticking out of the soil. Every bulb came up and used its strength to make stem and bud, and burst into bloom weeks ahead of my neighbors' bulbs—without increasing my popularity, I might add.

Please note that I am not recommending this unorthodox method of bulb planting for anyone else. It works for me, but it might not work under different conditions of soil and climate. If you try this or any other of my horticultural heresies, you do so at your own risk, as lazybone gardening is presented here only as my folly.

While I was in one of my antidrudgery moods, I laid out the flower and vegetable gardens in strips the width of my "garden mixer," as the distaff calls the tiller. The flower strips border the lawn and circle the trunk of a big oak tree. This may not be artistic, from the landscaper's viewpoint, but it looks good to me. Particularly in the spring, when we take up the bulbs to make way for summer posies, and I can churn up over 200 feet of flower garden and simultaneously work in fertilizer with the "mixer" in about one hour flat, a spading job that would call for two days of muscle work. Or when I feed my noisy little gas engine a half pint of gas and pulverize the vegetable-garden soil in about the same amount of time. That's what I call scientific lazyboning.

Take watering, as another example. The advice of the experts was to get up and do it early in the morning, with a hose and water wand, and don't drip any moisture on the leaves or they'll mildew and curl up. Well, nature's way is to make it rain, so I decided to manufacture rain for the garden. My system is to cut and thread pipe and lay out a string of sprinklers, after which I open the valve and observe how far my artificial rainfall extends. We have a taboo against planting anything beyond the reach of the permanent sprinklers.

I've had to cut and thread and screw together a lot of pipe to blanket the entire garden and orchard with a sprinkling system. But, in my book, pipe fitting isn't drudgery because I do it only once.

When we first bought our hillside, I made a deal with an experienced orchardist to plant our fruit and nut trees. That's where I learned an expensive lesson. He laid out our little family orchard with such geometric precision that to go from any one tree to any other, we either had to slide downhill or pump uphill. I soon discovered that if I were going to drag a hose around to water my trees during the summer dry spell, I'd have to grow one of my legs longer than the other.

"Why don't you lay out some contours?" an old-timer in our hills suggested. "Then you can walk on the level."

"And transplant all these trees?" I asked.

"Sure. It's easy while they're little. Think of all the energy you'll save. You're not getting younger, you know."

That was good advice. I bought a level, made a surveyor's rod, and staked out contours that sloped just enough for water to trickle down little ditches. Then the tractor man bulldozed the levels around the hillside. The tractor man was me, in a rented machine. Never had more fun in my life than I did pushing the topsoil around. While we were at it, we—meaning me, plus old Bill Williams, my helper—leveled off the vegetable garden and also the plots where we grow flowers. We live on a hill, but everything grows on the level around our place.

Offhand, this may sound like pretty strenuous lazy gardening. But once we had transplanted the trees along the outer rims of the contours and had put in furrows on the inner side, we could let the water burble down and into basins around the trees. This was so easy that our lads, small then, used to do it for the fun of sailing little boats down the ditches. This lasted until they got wise and organized a union; after that it cost two bits an hour, with overtime for holidays, to get the watering done.

That's how we were irrigating the orchard when I encountered Rory Collins, except that the boys had found other

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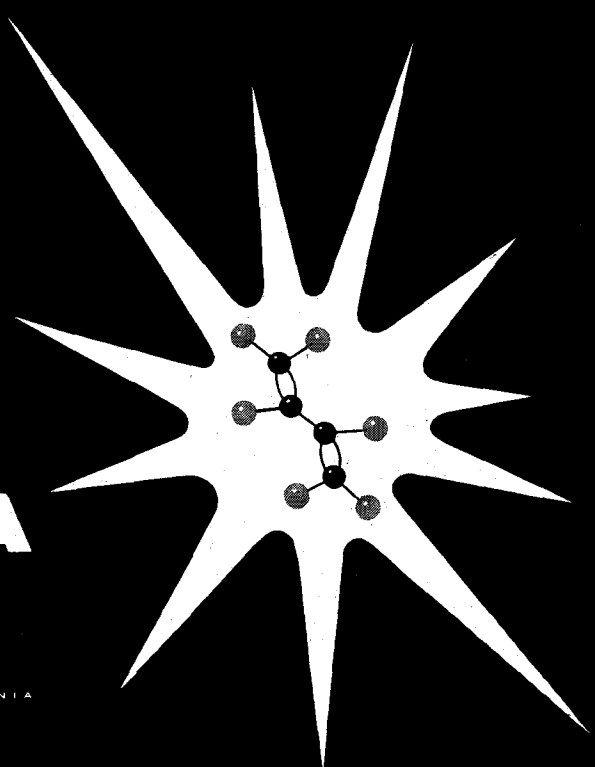

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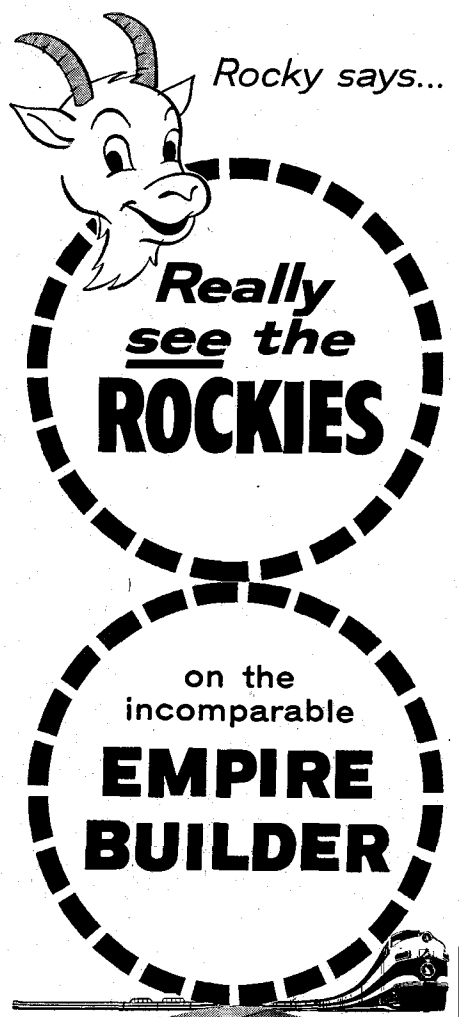

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weekend enterprises more fascinating, and I was doing my own watering. I also had to keep the contours, the ditches and the basins clean of weeds by diligent use of the hoe. But after borrowing a page from Collins, I let the grass and weeds grow wild. I even helped nature take over by tossing sawdust, lawn trimmings and straw around the trees. I didn't need clean furrows any more, because I strung a line of pipe down each contour, with a sprinkler head under each tree. After that all I did was turn the valve handle, and the sprinklers did the irrigating while I loafed in a lawn chaise under the big oak.

When I transplanted the fruit trees, I stuck them in ten feet apart, to the horror of my orchardist friend. He predicted they would crowd and stunt and starve one another, but they haven't. My unbridled pruning keeps the limbs from tangling above ground. I don't know how their roots fight it out underground, but as long as I am bighearted with fertilizer and water, the trees seem satisfied with their lot.

Crowding the vegetables is another of my heresies. The book says to plant tomatoes at least a yard apart. I stick them in a foot apart, then pour the plant food on so generously that I can almost see them growing. Over each row of tomatoes, about a foot above the ground, I place a frame covered with two-inch-mesh wire netting.

"What's the idea—caging your tomatoes?" a humorous kibitzer asked. "Afraid they'll take off?"

"Those aren't cages," I explained patiently. "They're racks for lazy tomatoes."

What happens is that the tomato vines grow up through the wire mesh, then topple over on it when they're heavy with fruit. They're the laziest tomatoes in the county, but loaded with fruit that is kept off the ground. No spoilage. Easier to pick.

The same idea, with variations, goes for other vegetables. I plant corn twice as thick as anybody else, and don't worry about suckers. Three or four shots of nitrogen in early summer keep the stalks green and husky enough to bear big ears. The cornstalks lean on one another lazily to keep from falling over.

When I plant lettuce, beets, onions or carrots, or any other small crop, I resort to some trickery that always amuses my neighbors. I plant duplicate rows on both sides of a four-inch board. They aren't rows, strictly speaking, because I just broadcast the seed, then rake it in lightly.

"Can't you get enough lettuce in one row?" demanded one of the weekend farmers who check my unorthodox planting every so often to see what goofy gardening I'm up to now.

"Sure, but a double row is only half as long," I told him. "I'd rather get twice as much from a smaller garden, which has only half as many weeds to pull."

The same principle goes for flowers. Our sweet peas are a six-foot tangle clinging to a high chicken-wire netting. The zinnia, the marigold and the tuberous begonia plants push one another around. As long as they get enough to eat and drink, they apparently like to crowd. Know where I got the idea? Out in the fields around our place, where nature packs the grass and wild flowers so close there's standing room only.

What about the lawn? That's another angle to lazy-man's gardening. We like a lot of green around our house and have two sizable lawns. Cutting the grass is no problem, with a power mower to do the work, but dragging hose around and placing sprinklers in the right spots to wet the lawns evenly was anything but lazy gardening; particularly during the war, when there was no help to be hired. The lazy gardener was away much of the time, and the lazy gardener's wife had to keep the lawn sprinkled.

"When is your applied daydreaming going to materialize into a lawn-sprinkler system?" she used to ask, with what I thought was a faint tone of sarcasm.

"When I can get some pipe," I promised. "There's a war on, you know."

Then I lost my alibi overnight. Unexpectedly, I was offered enough pipe to put in lawn sprinklers. But no plumber came with the pipe and the fittings, and I had to cut and thread and fit pipe for seven strings of sprinklers with my own fists. I hooked them up on top of the grass and turned on the water. It drenched not only the lawns but the surrounding flower gardens. Then I dug trenches in the sod and buried the pipe. It was a most humiliating chore, because it involved intensive use of a spade. But my man-made rain system was the best lazy-gardening investment I've made. In our neck of the woods we have no natural rain for six months, from May to November, and it takes a lot of rain making to keep lawns green.

Some time after the war, my crusade to make gardening a more indolent pastime reached a crisis. The trouble was, our garden had gradually become a bug cafeteria. Snails came loping over the hills to feast on our vegetables. Butterflies came fluttering by and laid eggs, which hatched out into caterpillars that defoliated the trees. Ants moved in by the gillion, bringing aphis and mealy bugs, which are, so I am told, the ants' cows, milked for honeydew. While the ants milked the aphis and the mealies, the latter sucked the juices out of our rosebuds and lilies and iris and sweet peas. Lawn moths laid eggs in the grass, and the weevils that hatched out chewed off the roots, turning great patches of lawn a dead brown no matter how much we sprinkled.

"Well, gardening is a form of war," I philosophized, "and you know what that is."

A lot of gardeners were giving up, figuring they couldn't win, and turning their gardens back to nature. Most of them were not lazy gardeners like me; they were willing to sweat at a healthful hobby, but not just to spread a feast for the bugs and worms. Luckily, help was galloping over the horizon. Several big chemical companies had come up with new basic insecticides, some of them evolved out of chemical-warfare research. One outfit developed a product called lindane, that knocked out eighty different bugs and killed them in four delicious ways—by contact, by stomach poisoning, by gassing them and by paralyzing their legs. Another company evolved a chemical called malathion, a specific for red spiders and mites, which are among the more vicious and voracious invisible feasters in the midsummer garden. Still another came up with chlordane, which is sure death for ants. Another perfected dieldrin, which is bad news for soil pests and such creeping and crawling critters as earwigs, scorpions, cutworms, lawn-moth weevils.

There were other wonder chemicals in this arsenal, but it wasn't the home gardener's arsenal. Nearly all of the new insecticides were put out for farmers who had power equipment to apply them properly. Nobody knew for sure whether they were safe to use around a home garden. My eyes were opened to their potential one day when two men drove up in a truck equipped with a tank and a power-spray rig and what seemed like a mile of hose.

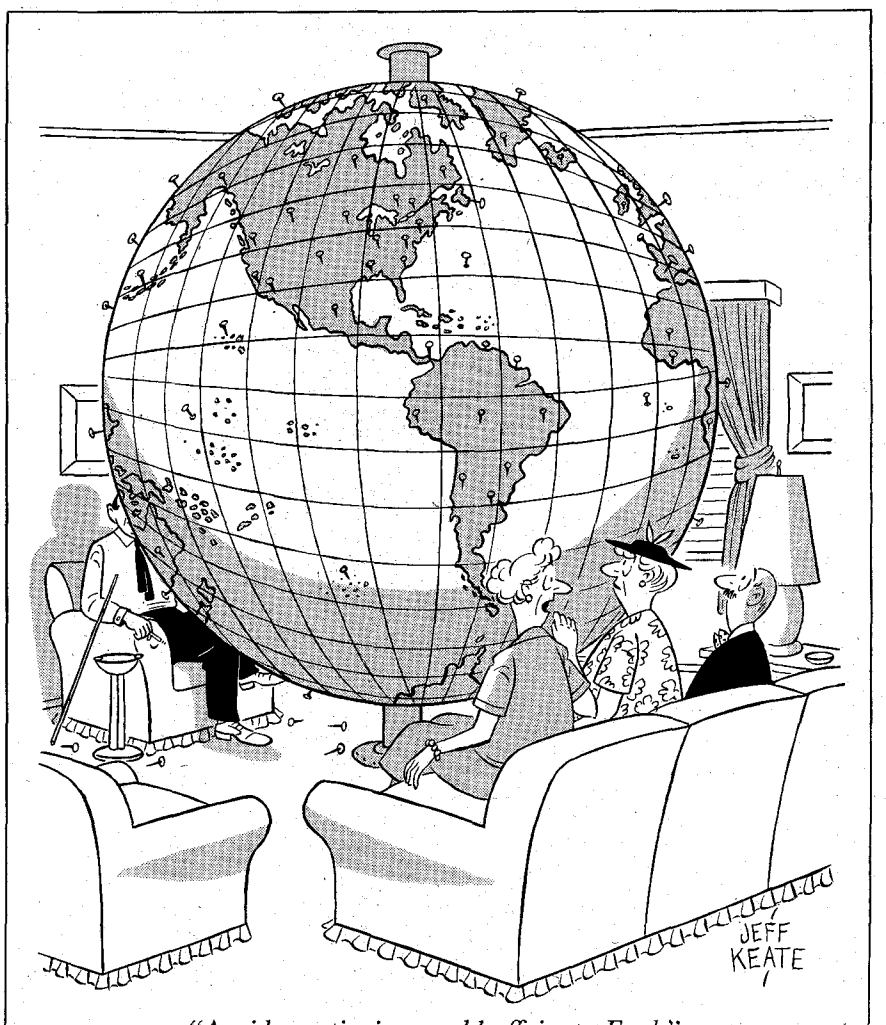
"We're looking for a place with a lot of ants," one of them said.

"Brother, you've found it!" I replied fervently.

"How'd you like to get rid of every ant on the place?" he asked.

"I'd sure like it. What's the plot?"

They wanted to demonstrate how chlordane would rid a home garden of ants and offered me a special deal. I bought it. They sprayed the place in an



"Avoid mentioning world affairs to Fred."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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hour and drove off. I didn't see an ant around for the rest of the summer. And the aphis and mealy-bug population took a drop too.

But the men with their spray rig didn't come back the next year and the ants did. So I had to rent a small power-spray rig from one of the power-tool rental shops that sprang up along the highway, or else go after the ants with my own knapsack spray outfit. Pumping chlordane or any other spray onto the garden with hand pumps is muscle work. Toting a heavy knapsack spray, with four or five gallons of spray in it just doesn't fit into my lazy-gardening program.

Then the little garden-hose spray guns came into my life. For my money, no other gadget has done more to take the drudgery out of maintaining a garden. You screw the spray-gun head onto the hose, insert a small jar of chemical under it, turn on the water and let the water pressure do the work. A tiny jet in the head of the spray gun sucks the insecticide out of the jar and mixes it into the water to form a continuous spray. Without any pumping or pushing, I could deluge my roses or vines or flowers or vegetables, hitting them from the top, the bottom and the sides. It took a right smart bug to find a safe place to hide.

Our roses used to get sprayed only after various suggestions from the distaff side of the house, which proved the time-tested truth that a constant drip will wear away the hardest stone. But after the hose spray gun was added to our array of gardening gadgets, I'd catch my mate quietly filling the jar with insecticide, hitching the spray gun onto the hose and spraying the roses, just like the girls in the advertisements. I was bragging about this to some other husbands.

"Man, you got something that ought to be patented," one of them said.

He should know that you can't get a patent on a dame. All I could hope was that this female enthusiasm for rose spraying was a hardy perennial that would last through the winter. (P.S. *Later*. It didn't; I'm back on the rose-spraying detail, but with the spray gun to make it a lazy chore.)

One day I picked up a little booklet titled How to Win the Battle of the Bugs. It was written by the fellow who invented the hose spray gun, another lazy gardener named Stanley Hayes, who lives in Arcadia, next door to Pasadena, where he has a spray-gun factory. Hayes' hose spray gun was well named; we gardeners needed some artillery to switch from the defense to the offense. Evidently a lot of other home gardeners feel the same way about it. Since he started making them as a hobby, Hayes has turned out 4,000,000 hose spray guns.

Those ingenious gadgets do more than kill bugs. For example, there is a compound called calcium polysulphide on the market. It has been used for a number of years to check fungus on roses and other plants and in orchards. Doused on the lawn, it knocks the insidious root fungus that makes healthy turf suddenly wither and turn brown. But the stuff is messy to mix up as a spray; it leaves stains and is hard to handle in the old-fashioned pump-spray outfits. With the hose spray guns there's nothing to it. You fill the jar and let the water do the mixing.

While it combats the fungus and the mildew, calcium polysulphide does other chores too. The drip on the ground around the roses goes to work on the soil, loosening it up and making it more friable. Spray enough of the stuff on the ground and the gummy soil crumbles, allowing the air to reach the roots. No hoeing, no aching muscles.

Around our place, I mix this or other fungicides with insecticides, such as lindane or malathion or dieldrin, in the spray-gun jar and wipe out the bugs and the fungus at the same time. All in one swoop of the hose spray gun, with the water doing the work. How lazy can we be?

Next came the liquid fertilizers, which farmers have injected into their irrigation water, but which were hard work to use in a home garden until these hose spray guns made mixing and spreading a cinch. What about the foliage? Well, I was coming to that. In Hawaii, the pineapple growers fed their plants through the leaves for years. In Oregon, the growers of prize apples and pears have sprayed plant nutrients on the leaves of their trees. The plant pathologists say that many plants can imbibe as much nourishment through their leaves as via their roots.

The other day I was giving my tuberous begonias this shotgun fertilizer treatment when one of our friends who is an organic gardener came by. He shook his head sadly. Chemical leaf feeding would ruin not only my plants but my soil, he assured me, and pretty soon we wouldn't have an earthworm on the place. One thing I have learned is this—never argue with an organic gardener about earthworms.

"Well, let's take a look at the label on the bottle," I said, resorting to evasive tactics.

The bottle contained a liquid plant food, a balanced blend of nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, to which the manufacturer had added some minor elements and a chelating agent which made these vitamins of the vegetable kingdom more readily available to the growing plants.

"Look at this fine print!" I exclaimed.

We read it together. It explained that most of the nitrogen and some of the other ingredients came from fish, with the odor removed.

"It's organic, all right," he agreed, as he resumed his walk in a happier frame of mind, while I continued the care and leaf feeding of begonias. That was a break. On another day, he might have caught me leaf feeding from another bottle that contained inorganic plant food, or spraying a liquid I had made by dissolving dry chemical fertilizer. When I get my hands on a hose spray gun, I cannot be trusted.

One bonus to the lazy-gardening hobby is that it is a license to butt in and see how other indolent gardeners are avoiding the use of spades and hoes. Lazy gardeners are invariably tickled pink to show off the results of their laziness—or to show how much garden they can crowd onto a city lot by efficient indolence. Recently I dropped in to see a spry retired merchant, John Paul Edwards, who practices lazy gardening on a fifty-five-by-eighty-five-foot lot in Oakland. Around his house and garage, Edwards has crammed 640 thriving rosebushes, 720 fuchsias, 65 camellias, 240 pots of tuberous begonias. He even has 135 of his rosebushes, planted about twenty inches apart, in the strip between the sidewalk and the street in front of his house.

"I never dig in the garden," he says proudly. "There isn't room to dig. I just leaf-feed about four times each summer when I'm spraying for insects or fungus."

Edwards' particular pride is a spray outfit he put together at a cost of seventy dollars, with a small bilge pump to boost his combination insecticide, fungicide and plant food out of a large garbage can into a lightweight hose through which he can whip a mist spray at 125-pound pressure, drenching his entire garden in about two hours.

Over in Phoenix, Arizona, Mrs. Blanche Ross, a diminutive grandmother who works in a fruit-box factory during the daytime, showed me proudly around her garden in which she has 250 prize-winning roses, with a patch of pansies and other old-fashioned flowers that take their nourishment largely via their leaves.

"When they told me about foliage feeding, I had my doubts," said Mrs. Ross. "But I don't have much time to garden, so I mixed the plant food in with the insect and fungus spray. I've won three sweepstakes in the state flower show."

One day recently Stan Hayes took me over to his place in Arcadia to see his newest lazy-gardening inspiration. It was a round, two-gallon metal pot which he could screw onto a riser in the water line. The riser had a jet in it, similar to those in the hose spray guns, but larger. Hayes poured a gallon of liquid fertilizer into the metal pot, twisted the valve, then turned on the water in his rose garden. In about two minutes, the water had sucked the fertilizer out of the pot and delivered it, properly diluted, to the roses. Then he fed his lawns through a sprinkler system, using the same technique. He used it in his shady-place garden and in his family orchard. In less than half an hour he fertilized his lawns, gardens, orchard and greenhouse, where another injector fed nutriments and pesticides into the spray that deluged his orchids.

"Now I've seen it," I said. "That's for me. Where do I get one of these gadgets?"

"From me," he replied. "But, first, let's make sure your garden watering system is entirely separate from the water line that goes into your house."

Luckily mine was, so Hayes made up an injector for me. I installed it in the garden water line, with two check valves behind the gadget to make doubly sure we didn't accidentally flavor our highballs with liquid fertilizer or fungicide. To test it, I loaded the pot with dyed water, turned on a string of sprinklers and watched to see how long it would take for the color to reach the far end of the lawn. It never got there. Our water pressure was too low to make the jet work.

Then I had a brain storm. Gathering dust in the shop was an old paint-spray rig with a small compressor on it. It hadn't sprayed paint for years because nowadays you don't spray paint on; you roll it on. I hooked the air line from this compressor to an airtight injection pot. It quickly built up a pressure about five pounds greater than that in the water line.

That's what I was checking when my neighbor suggested I had had too much sunshine on the top of my head. I was in my right mind all the time. In exactly four minutes, the compressor pushed a gallon of dye into the water line. Next I filled the pot with a liquid soil conditioner blended with plant food, and gave half of the lawn a treatment, leaving the other half unfed to see what difference it made. In about ten days I had the answer. The well-nourished half of the lawn was so luxuriant that we had to mow it twice a week. The other half, left to its own devices, grew so slowly that it needed mowing only once a week.

"You and your lazy man's gardening!" scoffed my spouse.

But this is once when I aim to have the last word. She doesn't know it yet, but there's a new chemical, known as a retardicide, that I can inject into the water line. A couple of sprinklings with this and the lawn will stay green and inviting, so the purveyor says, but will grow so little and so slowly that I can virtually cancel out lawn mowing.

How about that for lazybone gardening?

THE END

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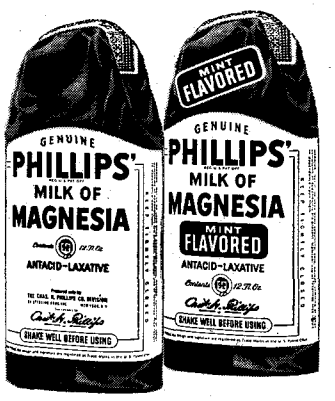

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Crisis at Cleary's (Continued from Page 21)

and Tom looked up from the sports page he'd been scanning, hoping that the newest customer wasn't anyone troublesome.

The young woman who came in the door didn't look the least bit troublesome. She was a petite brunette, with wide blue eyes, an alabaster skin. She wore no hat and her lustrous dark hair fell about her shoulders. As she came to the bar, Tom's eyes lit up with pleasure, tempered by sadness. This was the first time Mrs. Dallas had been in since that disastrous rainy night almost three months ago when Mr. Dallas had started to cross First Avenue on a green light, only two blocks from Cleary's. A newspaper truck, unable to stop in time, had provided a new item for the next edition.

It hadn't been a big item, because Mr. Dallas had been a very young architect, and hadn't yet made his mark. Most evenings of the week, Mrs. Dallas had met him at Cleary's, and they'd sat up at the bar and had whisky-sours before going home to dinner. About two nights a week, they'd go to the movies somewhere in the neighborhood, and afterward would drop by Cleary's for nightcaps. Once in a long while, Mr. Dallas would drop by alone and have a little stag session with some of the regulars, and Mrs. Dallas wouldn't bother him by calling up every half hour, as the wives of some of the regulars did.

The morning of Mr. Dallas' funeral, Cleary's closed down, not just for the church service but also for the long trip to the cemetery. The whole staff had attended and Mrs. Dallas had sent notes of gratitude to everyone, including the Cleary regulars who had abandoned their jobs for the day to pay their last respects. Those notes had been the last heard of Mrs. Dallas until tonight.

She gave Tom her hand over the bar and Tom said simply, "We've all missed you, Mrs. Dallas."

"I've missed it here."

"Some of the regulars tried to find you."

"That was kind of them," Mrs. Dallas said. "I closed up the apartment and went home to Michigan for a while. I'm settled here again, right in the neighborhood."

There was an aura of loneliness about her, and Tom hid the momentary mistiness that came to his eyes in the business, somewhat prolonged, of making her a drink. Tom himself was no stranger to loneliness, what with having been a widower these past five years, and his only daughter living in California with her Air Force pilot husband.

Within a few moments, Mrs. Dallas' bar stool was surrounded by the regulars, welcoming her back to the community. Tom set up house drinks for the group, and, by way of celebration, poured an unaccustomed tot for himself. Then he moved down the bar to take care of two new customers.

They were strangers. Both looked to be in their early twenties, both were tall and well built. One was black-haired and swarthy; the other was yellow-haired and sallow, with gray eyes. Both ordered boilermakers—hookers of whisky with beer chasers. They had three of them, and all the time they were knocking the drinks down, the blond one kept staring at Mrs. Dallas. She didn't seem to notice the scrutiny, but Tom did. In turn, he stared at the gray-eyed one, who finally turned to him.

"Pops," he said, "does that little mouse live around here?"

"Mouse?"

"You dig me, pops. The dame."

"I wouldn't know."

"Does she come in here often?"

"I wouldn't know." Tom's tone was unfriendly.

"O.K., daddio," the blond said, in a flat, quiet voice. "Leave us not get nervous."

The swarthy one said, in a rasping voice, "What we could do, we could go over there and ask ourselves."

"I wouldn't advise it," Tom said shortly.

A grim flicker of amusement showed in the smoky gray eyes. The flat, expressionless voice said, "Daddio, ain't you a little old to be throwin' your weight around?" Tom just stood there silently.

Although the talk had been quiet, Andy, like any good bartender, had detected the aroma of ugliness. He walked down the bar and stood near Tom. Gray Eyes cased Andy for a moment before asking Tom, with a sneer, "Is Glamour Boy here supposed to be the marines?"

Neither Tom nor Andy said anything. They just stood there. The blond threw out a five on the bar. Tom took it, rang up the drinks, and shoved the change across the bar. Gray Eyes scooped it up, and he and his companion left.

"They'll be back, sometime," Tom said gloomily.

"You think so?" Andy asked.

"Yes. They'll be back to see how far they can push."

"I guess we can take care of them all right." Andy's voice sounded strangely absent and Tom noticed that his eyes were riveted up the bar. The focal point seemed to be Mrs. Dallas. Tom frowned slightly and Andy, catching it, walked back to his station.

The two toughs didn't come back, and after a week or so, Tom all but forgot about them. There were several other incidents, just as disturbing in their way, such as when Mr. Allerdice fell off a bar stool and broke his right arm. There was no reason for Tom to blame himself for this, because Mr. Allerdice, a successful portrait painter, was one of those baffling individuals who held their spirits incredibly well until the very last moment. There was just no gradation whatsoever between rational, sure-handed sobriety and complete collapse. Nevertheless, Tom did blame himself.

As another example, Mr. Prescott, a certified public accountant and ordinarily the mildest of men, erupted into fisticuffs and ineffectually pummeled Mr. Humboldt, a deputy internal-revenue collector, as a climax to what had started out as a scholarly discussion of the basic morality of the income-tax laws.

Tom's reaction to this unfortunate series of events was to tighten up considerably. Ladies and gentlemen who were no more than mildly tiddly were outraged at receiving eighty-sixes, while fellows like poor Mr. Hamish—who, it must be admitted, was almost never completely sober—found it next to impossible to get a drink at all while Tom was on duty. This overseverity was a temporary phase, of course, and Tom soon relaxed, relying once more on his customarily accurate appraisal of a customer's condition.

It was about this time that Tom got his feelings hurt, with none other than Mrs. Dallas doing the lacerating. After her first appearance at Cleary's, a week went by before she showed up again, but after that, she began making it at least every other night. Secretly, Tom didn't approve of women coming into saloons unescorted, but in his fond eyes, Mrs. Dallas could do no wrong.

It started on a busy night that had both barmen and the floor waiter jumping. When Mrs. Dallas came in, there were no stools at Tom's end of the bar, but there was one vacancy at Andy's station, and Mrs. Dallas took that. Later on, when things cooled off and there was lots of room, it seemed entirely natural that she stay there. However, two nights later when Mrs. Dallas came in, things happened to be very slow. Having an unlimited choice of location at the bar, Mrs. Dallas merely waved at Tom, moved past him, and took a stool at Andy's end of the bar.

Tom was incredulous and wounded. When and in what manner, he asked himself, had he offended Mrs. Dallas? Although he remembered no specific instance of disturbing her, he supposed that something might have happened during his recent severe period.

Let there be no thought that Tom's suffering wasn't genuine and intense. Since his wife's death and his daughter's removal to the Coast, his life was almost exclusively of Cleary's, his only friends the ones he knew and loved to talk to across the counter. Of these, Mrs. Dallas had been his special favorite, and Tom had to learn to get along with his hurt, because she kept sitting at Andy's end of the bar, except when there was no room there. Tom longed to ask her outright what he had done to offend her, but pride and a basic shyness wouldn't permit him to make this move.

Jones Beach, out on the south shore of Long Island, seemed an unlikely locale for the unravelment of Tom's perplexity, but that's where it happened.

Tom had just one recreation—swimming. In the swirling, dangerous tides of the East River, he had learned to be a strong swimmer. From early May until the last of September, Tom would pile into his ancient but shining automobile on every halfway decent day and drive to Jones Beach. There he would plunge happily into the surf and, deaf to the whistled importunities of the lifeguard, swim well out to sea. Far away from any other swimmers, he would turn over on his back, lazily surrender himself to the tides and currents, his eyes closed against the sun.

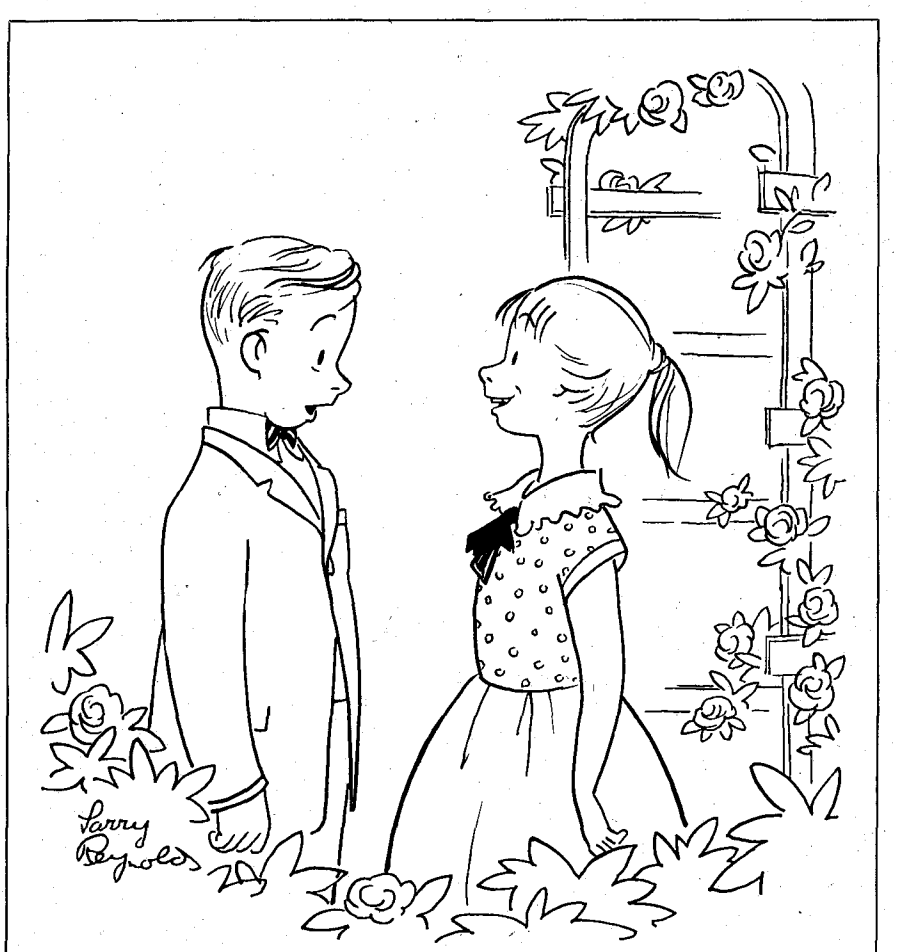
On this particular June day, Tom was thinking about Andy, and a frown wrinkled his forehead. Andy hadn't been looking well lately. He had been pale, with dark smudges under his eyes. Although Tom actually hadn't been able to find any fault with his work, it had seemed that Andy's hands weren't quite as quick as usual, that his feet shuffled slightly along the duckboards. Although he wouldn't say anything, Tom was afraid that Andy wasn't getting his sleep, that he was frequenting those after-hour places patronized by barmen, waiters, musicians and second-rate entertainers.

After considering this problem for a while, Tom turned over and began to swim strongly for the beach. As always, he felt very good and invigorated as he splashed up the shelving sand toward his locker room. Then, about halfway across the beach, he suddenly stopped, his eyes glazed, and his jaw dropped open in sheer astonishment.

They were lying on a large beach towel, side by side, their eyes closed against the sun, their near hands clasped. If they'd been wearing the large sunglasses which they held in their outside hands, it is probable that Tom wouldn't have recognized them.

As he watched, Mrs. Dallas sat up, stretched, and put on her sunglasses. She said something to Andy, and he sat up. They both laughed, and he ran his hand through her touseled hair. In his years behind the plank, Tom had seen a lot of young love, and this was most definitely it. Ordinarily, it made him feel warm and happy, but now he felt only a sense of shock. In the first place, he had been almost as devoted to Mr. Dallas as he was to Mrs. Dallas, and it seemed to him a very short time since Mr. Dallas had made his last attempt to cross First Avenue.

Secondly, Tom was shocked at what he considered the impropriety of the match.



"I'll never forget you, Caroline, your golden hair, your blue eyes, your braces."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He had never thought of himself as a snob, but Mrs. Dallas' parlay from architect to bartender put too much of a strain on his sense of the fitness of things.

Recovering himself, Tom started to walk around them, but just then Mrs. Dallas looked up, registered startled recognition, and called, "*Tom!*"

Tom hesitated, changed his course, and walked over to them.

"Well, well!" Andy said. "If it isn't Mr. America of 1898!" Tom smiled wanly at this little joke.

"Goodness, Tom!" Mrs. Dallas exclaimed. "You weren't that swimmer way out there beyond the surf, were you?"

Grinning rigidly, Tom allowed as how he was, meanwhile wondering why they weren't embarrassed. And, as he looked at them, he suddenly identified the difference that he had noted lately in Mrs. Dallas. She no longer had the look of loneliness in her eyes. Then he realized that she was speaking to him. She was saying, "Tom, we have more lunch here than three dozen people could eat. Won't you stop and have some with us?"

"Yeah," Andy said cordially enough, opening up a huge picnic basket. "Drive in and dive in."

"Sorry," Tom mumbled. "I'd like to, but I have a lunch appointment in town." He waved vaguely at them, said to Andy, "See you tonight," and walked on to his bathhouse.

As he trudged off through the sand, he was aware that both were looking after him in puzzlement.

Driving back to Manhattan, it occurred to Tom that he should have been happy over the fact that Mrs. Dallas had been acting as she had through love of Andy rather than because of pique over something that he, Tom, might have done. But the fact remained that he wasn't happy and that he was a snob—not a Mayflower-type snob, nor a snob for the wealth that, with luck, even a dese-dem-and-dose roughneck could acquire. He was an education snob. Having no formal learning himself, he had a reverence for it, and believed that nowdays any young man with the desire and a couple of brains to knock together could get it. If a young man didn't wish to improve himself and gain respect and position in his community, then let him not aspire to the likes of Mrs. Dallas, the daughter of a university professor at Michigan, and herself an M.A. from that university. Tom determined to point this out firmly to Andy that very night.

Tom's opportunity didn't come until around seven-thirty. At six o'clock, Andy inherited a spirited cocktail-hour business while Tom checked out the cash register with Jimmy, the day barman. This done, he removed three hundred dollars from the till and placed it, as usual, in a black-enameled tin box, whose contents would be taken to the bank tomorrow or next day. At the present moment, Tom estimated that there was about sixteen hundred dollars in the box. He sighed at Cleary's fiscal carelessness and stashed the box in its ordinary hiding place, behind the bottles in one of the back-bar cabinets. Then he pitched in with Andy, serving the two-deep line of locals who couldn't bear to face their homes before they'd had a few drinks.

As often happened, the sudden change was miraculous. One moment the place was still a madhouse, with Tom, Andy, and Sam, the floorman, working at top speed. Then, within moments, the bar was practically deserted. It was then that Tom grimly began his move on Andy.

He moved down the bar to the point opposite the cash register that precisely divided their stations. Without anything being said, Andy moved up, and the two barmen stood side by side, arms folded, leaning against the back bar. But suddenly Tom didn't have the faintest idea how to begin. He gulped, started to speak, then noted that at the back of the boy's eyes, apparently so deadpan, there was a faint sparkle of amusement.

Andy had his own protective curtain, the same one which had prevented Tom from really knowing anything about him beyond the fact that he was pleasant, did his work well, didn't resort to any of the barman's stealing dodges, and didn't drink on the job. He suddenly realized that Andy was telling him that that was all he had a right to know, and that Andy knew exactly what Tom had intended saying and was of the rockbound opinion that it was none of Tom's business. Flustered, Tom turned and went back to his station, and Andy did the same.

Later, things picked up again. It was one of those weeknights, when, without any rhyme or reason, practically all of the regulars showed up, along with a good number of occasionals.

After midnight, there was a cooling off. The place was still half full, but there came one of those brief periods when Tom was able to stand still for a moment and send his practiced eye around the room. Mr. Hamish, he noted with relief, was still good for at least two more drinks, if he wanted them. Mr. Allerdice, still slightly favoring his broken arm—he had become quite skillful at drinking left-handed—looked in fine shape. Mr. Prescott, the C. P. A., and Mr. Humboldt, the internal-revenue man, were both present but, happily, at opposite ends of the bar.

Occupying one of the stools down at Andy's station was Mrs. Dallas, hatless as always, and looking even prettier than usual with her coat of early summer tan. Andy was also idle for a few moments, and Mrs. Dallas was talking to him. If Tom had cherished any hope that he had misinterpreted her feelings for Andy at Jones Beach that day, the sparkling, yet tender and possessive look in her eye told him plainly that he had made no mistake.

Things continued in this moderately busy manner until a little after one. Then, three strangers entered. Actually, only one of them was a complete stranger to Tom. He was over six feet tall, but almost cadaverously thin, with a hatchetlike eagle-beaked face. The two others were remembered by Tom immediately. One was the blond, sallow young man with the gray eyes, and the other was his friend, the black-haired, swarthy fellow. They took three stools at Tom's station, and Tom stood in front of them, waiting for their orders in a deceptively impersonal, businesslike manner.

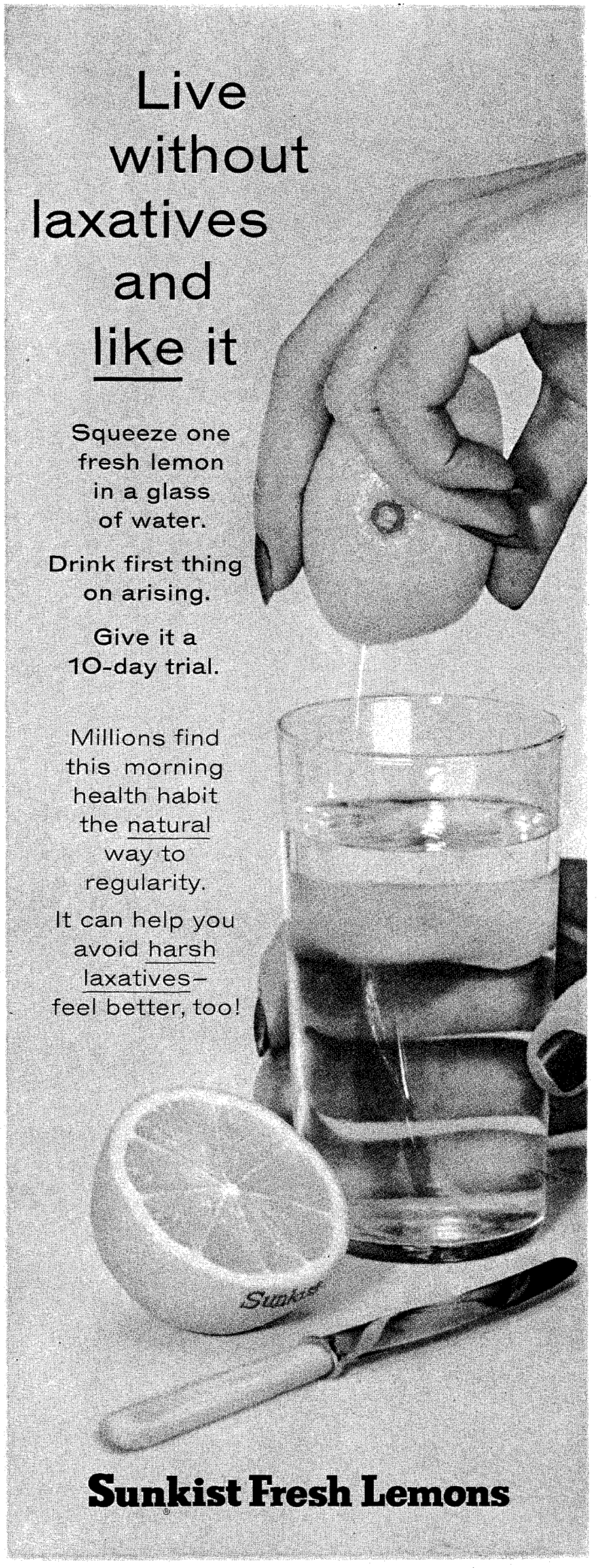
Gray Eyes said, "Howdy, daddio?"

Tom didn't answer, waiting patiently for the orders, although he was not as calm and businesslike as he might have seemed. There was something different about this visit from the last one. It wasn't, Tom told himself, aimless. Tonight there was purpose. Also, all three of the men were hopped up. Tom thought he detected the thin, acrid fumes of marijuana, although the emaciated, hook-nosed young stranger looked more like a needle case.

"What would you like?" Tom finally said.

"Just beer this time, pops," the swarthy one said. It didn't occur to him or Gray Eyes that Tom didn't remember them, and they were so right.

As Tom scraped the heads of foam from their beers, Gray Eyes said, "Pappy, I see the little mouse still hangs around here. You must of found out her address by now." He was looking down the bar at Mrs. Dallas, and Tom's gaze went there too. Andy was busy at the moment and unable to talk to her, but her eyes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followed every move he made. While he was watching her, Gray Eyes said again, "Well, old stuff, you remember her address?"

"No," Tom said.

The two just grinned at him and the beak-nosed man didn't seem to be paying any attention. As Tom moved away from them, Andy came down the bar, flicking the three hoodlums with his eye as he passed.

"Tom," he said, "I'm sorry, but I've got a hell of a headache and, unless you absolutely need me, I'd like to go home."

"Sure," Tom said dully, after he had overcome his first surprise.

Whatever he had thought of Andy, he certainly hadn't thought he was chicken, and that's how it seemed, because Tom was certain that Andy had recognized the two hoods and was running from obvious trouble. And it didn't seem to bother Andy in the least. He whipped off his apron, went into a small back closet and put on his jacket and hat, and after a brief word to Mrs. Dallas, went gaily out the front door.

Tom thought briefly of calling the cops, but a glance at Gray Eyes told him he was too late. The only two phones in the place were in pay booths, across the room from the bar. Already, Gray Eyes was saying, "So the marines pulled out on you, huh, dad? Well, don't worry. He wouldn't of done you no good anyhow." At the same time, Eagle-Beak moved his long, thin frame to the front of the saloon, where, after casing the sidewalk outside, he pulled down the shades over the door windows, and bolted the door. Meanwhile, the swarthy one had moved to the wall at the other end of the room, where he now stood, a pistol in his hand. Tom then noticed that the hatchet-faced man also had a gun. Last of all, he saw that Gray Eyes had in his hand a small, European-make automatic.

"For the time being, daddio," Gray Eyes said to Tom, "stand where you are, put your hands flat on the bar, and keep them there. In case I don't seem to be noticin' you, one of the others will be."

Most of the people present didn't realize that anything was going on and the hum of conversation buzzed along in its accustomed way. Gray Eyes moved out into the center of the room.

"O.K., everybody!" he shouted. There was thick silence.

"As any fool can see," Gray Eyes said, "this is a stick-up. Everyone do like you're told and nobody will get hurt. Let's none of us be no heroes." All the customers looked around uneasily and saw the two other gunmen. "First of all, put your hands over your heads, then get out here in the middle of the floor and sit down with your feet straight out in front of you. Get moving. Scatter out." The customers started to obey, and Gray Eyes said to Mrs. Dallas, "All except you, sweetness. You sit right where you are." Mrs. Dallas hesitated fearfully, then sat down on her bar stool again. The others disposed themselves around the floor, hands over heads, feet straight out in front. "Now, a man will pass among you for contributions, which will be gratefully received."

Eagle-Beak started from the front of the saloon, relieving the gentlemen of their wallets and the ladies of their purses and jewelry. The loot was piled on the bar. While the two others kept their guns ready, Gray Eyes expertly rifled the wallets and purses of currency, shoving it into one jacket pocket, and dumping the rather thin haul of jewelry into another.

"And now, daddio," he said to Tom, "the cash register. Only bills and wrapped coins, please."

Tom, who had no intention of dying to save old Cleary's money, turned obediently to the cash register, rang up a "No Sale," scooped out the currency and the rolls of quarters, dimes and nickels, and put them on the bar.

"And now, pops, the black box, huh?" Tom hesitated only a moment. The boys must have cased the place pretty thoroughly at times when he wasn't on duty. He got the box from its hiding place and planted it on the bar. Gray Eyes opened it and unhurriedly put into it the money from the cash register. Then, carrying the box, he moved up the bar to Mrs. Dallas, and said, "Honey, you're coming with us." He stroked her bare arm possessively. He half turned his head and said to Tom, "When you call the cops, be sure to tell them that we have a real pretty little mouse in the car, just so they won't get so rough—in case they get near us."

As he was finishing this sentence, the swinging door from the kitchen burst open and in one incredibly swift rush, Andy was on the gunman. The black box spun to the floor and spilled its contents. Gray Eyes kept his feet for a split second, then went down, with Andy on top of him, just as two shots rang out, one from each end of the room. Peering over the bar, Tom saw Andy and the blond gunman struggling. Then there was the flash of a blade, Andy subsided with a strange grunt, and the hoodlum scurried to his feet, the dripping knife in his hand, a look of angry surprise on his face.

Behind the bar, Tom's right hand fastened to the slimmer end of half a baseball bat, his left gave him support as he vaulted over the bar into the room. As he landed on his feet, his right arm was already swinging the club, which connected squarely across the blond one's face.

The black-haired one, caught by surprise, started towards Tom with gun raised, but as he passed Mr. Hamish, that individual rose to his knees and lurched forward in a vicious tackle that brought the swarthy hoodlum to the floor with a crash.

His drug-frayed nerves unable to stand all this breakdown of strategy, Eagle-Beak turned frantically and tried to get out the front door. While he was trying to remember how he had bolted it, Tom's baseball bat reached the back of his head.

With all three bandits stretched out, it was only then that some of the women present remembered to scream, although Mrs. Dallas was not among them. She was on her knees beside Andy, her eyes streaming as she looked, horrified, at the wound that punctured his shirt front at a spot which seemed to be directly over his heart.

The police came, and then several ambulances: for the criminals; for Andy, Mrs. Dallas accompanying him to the hospital; for Mr. Allerdice, who, tossing off his drink at the end of the ruckus, had promptly passed out and broken his other arm; and for two others of the gentlemen. With marksmanship worthy of a better cause, the two bullets, fired from opposite ends of the room, had furrowed the fleshy part of two hips, one belonging to C. P. A. Prescott and the other to Deputy Collector Humboldt.

Naturally, Tom had to stay on along with the uninjured customer-witnesses and answer police questions. In spite of his act of heroism, Mr. Hamish was very anxious that his name not appear in the newspapers in connection with the incident. It turned out that he was the president of the Broadview National Bank, and he suspected that depositors and stockholders might feel something less than reassured if they knew that their president dallied in East Side pubs after midnight.

When Tom finally was able to lock up, he hurried to the hospital and, learning that Andy was in surgery, found Mrs. Dallas in one of the waiting rooms.

"Andy will be all right," she told him. "The knife hit one of the ribs and was deflected from the heart. It's still a serious wound, but he'll be all right." Having reported this good news, she burst out crying.

"There, there," Tom said. "If he's going to be all right, what are you crying for?"

"Because," Mrs. Dallas sobbed, "he won't be able to be there to get his degree he's worked so hard for!"

"Degree?"

Mrs. Dallas looked at him with surprise through her tear-dimmed eyes. "His *law* degree. At Fordham, next Friday. Didn't he ever tell you?"

"No," Tom said gently, "he never told me." He was thinking of how hard it must have been to work in saloons all night, go to school all day, and still find time to study.

"Tonight," Mrs. Dallas said, drying her eyes, "he was so afraid when he left that you'd think he was running out on you, but he didn't think there was time to explain. He knew that if you were both behind the bar, you'd both be trapped. So he grabbed the key to the side-street entrance from the back bar and went around. He should have called the police, of course, but he didn't think he had time for that either."

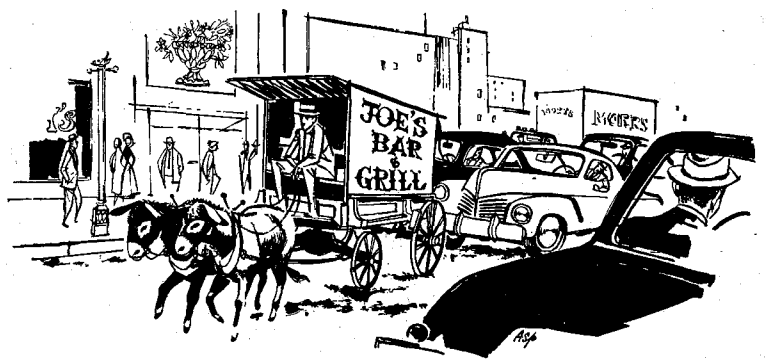
"He was just about right," Tom said. He squeezed her shoulder again and added, "That's quite a young man you've got, Mrs. Dallas."

"Yes," she answered simply. "Who could hope to be so lucky twice in her life?"

Mrs. Dallas' parents, who came on from Michigan for the wedding, possibly may have thought it a bit peculiar that the reception should be held in a First Avenue saloon, but they politely hid any consternation they might have felt, and everything went very well. Tom, Sam and Jimmy, the day bartender, kept themselves busy serving champagne on the house—with Cleary's telegraphed blessing—and occasionally wetting their own noses. Mr. Hamish became a little boisterous and uncertain on his feet, but Tom didn't very well see how he could eighty-six the president of a large bank, particularly at a wedding reception. After four or five glasses, Tom sternly made Mr. Allerdice—his arm in a cast which was autographed by all present—abandon his bar stool and sit in a safe chair at a table. C. P. A. Prescott and Deputy Collector Humboldt, unfortunately, still were not able to sit down at all.

Later, after the bride and groom had left for Idlewild Airport and Nassau, and the last of the reception guests had weaved homeward, Tom, without losing a count, addressed himself to the night's duties, which, he thought, should be fairly light, considering that most of the regulars and many of the occasionals had exhausted themselves with an afternoon of free-loading and probably wouldn't be back. The principal problem was breaking in the new assistant behind the plank. He seemed like a pleasant, good-enough-looking fellow, and Tom beamed at him fondly. Who could tell what he might be? An engineer, a doctor, an English professor, a nuclear physicist? Who knew?

THE END



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Joe, with a keen eye to business, bought an ancient wagon and two bedraggled burros. On the side of the wagon he painted in large red letters, Joe's Bar and Grill, together with his address. Then he hired a lad to drive the wagon slowly through New York City's busiest streets. After much horn-honking by motorists, Joe was charged with violating a city ordinance against "advertising vehicles."

"I wasn't advertising any more than the owners of thousands of delivery trucks that run around the streets," Joe argued. "Just because I can't afford a truck is no reason to shove my outfit off the street."

"This was no delivery vehicle," the prosecutor replied. "When Joe selected that old wagon, he did so simply to attract attention and bring business to his bar. That clearly makes it an advertising vehicle."

If you were the judge, would you let Joe's wagon roll on?

• •

Joe lost. The judge pronounced him guilty because a burro-drawn wagon, "as rare on the streets of New York as an elephant or camel," obviously was intended as an advertising vehicle.

Based upon a 1941 New York decision.

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Wonderful Dial Soap!

Dial works wonders *for your complexion.*

Just as it does in your bath. The very same ingredient that destroys odor-causing bacteria *also* sweeps away skin bacteria that make complexions misbehave. Wonderful Dial!

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A Box, a Blanket and a Small Body

(Continued from Page 25)

just to his parents, but to their friends. Somewhere he must have had playmates. Somewhere there must have been neighbors who knew he was alive—and now is around no more. Somewhere there must be a person who neatly trimmed the nails on his fingers and toes. Somewhere there must be a barber—professional or amateur—who gave him a bowllike cut shortly before his death. Somewhere the boy's fingerprints—or footprints—must be on file.

That is, all these people—and these things—"must be" in the logical course of events. It is, or so it would seem, impossible for a child to be murdered and have no persons come forward to claim him as their own or, at the very least, identify him.

But in this case fact defies logic. The police sent out 400,000 circulars to be posted in police stations, post offices and courthouses all over the nation. The FBI's Law Enforcement Bulletin alerted investigators; the American Medical Association circulated a complete medical description in the hope that some doctor, somewhere, might recognize the boy. In a dozen states, from California to Maine, promising leads have developed—and all proved futile.

More than a year has now gone by. The Philadelphia police have three filing cases bulging with reports of investigations. But nothing has happened to alter the simple statement of fact on the white marble slab over the boy's grave: HEAVENLY FATHER, BLESS THIS UNKNOWN BOY.

There is no telling how long the boy's body might have gone undiscovered in a field in the community of Fox Chase, on the northern outskirts of Philadelphia, had it not been for a rabbit. On February 11, 1957, a LaSalle College student named Frederick Benonis was driving home from school on Susquehanna Road, west of Verree Road. On the north side of Susquehanna there is a girls' school; on the south, a country field with dense undergrowth stretching back from a line of trees and providing perfect cover for small game. When a rabbit scurried in front of Benonis' car, he stopped to follow it into the brush. He didn't catch the rabbit, but he did find two steel traps for small game. Benonis sprang the traps and then left.

Two weeks later, about 3:15 on the afternoon of Monday, February twenty-fifth, he again drove by and stopped to see if the traps were still there. He looked around for them and saw a three-foot-long cardboard box partially overlaid with vines and brush, about fifteen feet from Susquehanna Road—and on a direct line with a footpath made by persons who'd dumped trash.

The box looked new, and Benonis went over to examine it. Inside it he found what appeared to be a doll or a small child wrapped in an old blanket. But, as a police report puts it, "He did not notify the police or anyone else for fear of becoming involved in some tragedy."

The next morning while driving to school Benonis heard a radio broadcast about a little girl being missing from her home in New Jersey. Could her body be what he had seen in that box? When Benonis got to LaSalle, he didn't go to class. Instead he talked with two faculty counselors and also with his priest-brother. All advised him to tell the police his story. At ten A.M. he telephoned the Philadelphia homicide squad, commanded by Capt. David Roberts.

A routine police check was ordered—and, at the exact point Benonis had described, the officers found the cardboard box marked, FRAGILE, HANDLE WITH CARE. In it was the boy's body, wrapped in one piece of a cheap, well-worn blanket with a faded design of diamonds and blocks in green, rust-red, brown and white. In the box was another piece of the same blanket, smeared with what appeared to be grease. A third piece—to complete the 64-by-76-inch blanket—was missing.

The boy was unclothed. His head was bruised with the injuries that killed him. But the body was dry—and clean. The nails had been recently trimmed short and neat. But the palm of his right hand and the soles of both his small feet were rough-skinned and wrinkled in what police called a "washerwoman" effect, indicating that just before or after death the one hand and both feet had been in water. His hair, a medium brown, had been crudely cut, with no sideburns, and short—only about a half inch on top. And on his body police discovered a spattering of his hair, meaning that the cutting had been made with no sheet around his neck or when the boy was nude—and possibly dead. No man could fix the time of death. The boy could have died two days—or two weeks—earlier.

Those three clues—a box, a blanket and a body—were all the direct evidence the police had. But in the beginning hours of their investigation the detectives had no thought that this would be a crime without solution. The left hand yielded perfect fingerprints. That "washerwoman" wrinkling was not severe enough to obliterate the prints on the right hand nor on the feet. Further, there were scars on the child's body which could mark surgical incisions, on the left ankle, the chest and the groin. On the chin was an L-shaped scar—a quarter of an inch long in each direction. There were three small moles on the left side of the face, a tiny one below the right ear, three on the chest, and still another on the right arm two inches above the wrist. The boy had blue eyes and a full set of baby teeth.

No one believed that a homicide investigator's first job—identifying the victim—would be difficult. What was more, the box itself not only bore the name of the store it had come from—it also carried a manufacturer's serial number, so that it could be pinpointed to one specific shipment. And the stain on that torn piece of blanket could be chemically analyzed; if it turned out to be automobile grease it could be compared with smears that might be found in a suspect's car. Prosecutors like that kind of circumstantial evidence.

There was yet another hopeful item. Fifteen feet from the box, near the path leading in from the road, searchers found a distinctive cap, cut in Ivy League style from blue corduroy, with a leather strap and buckle across the back. It was easy to understand how someone carrying the box could have had the cap brushed off by a low-hanging branch—then been unable to find it in the darkness. And best of all, the capmaker's name and address were clearly stamped on the sweatband.

Detectives took the cap to Mrs. Hannah Robbins, in whose South Philadelphia shop it had been made. Certainly, said Mrs. Robbins, she remembered the cap. Several months earlier a man between twenty-six and thirty years old had bought it. She recalled him because he'd asked her to add the leather strap and buckle. He was in working clothes, spoke without an accent and was alone. What was his name? It was, said Mrs. Robbins, a cash sale, so she hadn't taken his name. Had she ever seen him before or since? Never, she said. With the cap and a picture of the boy, detectives then painstakingly visited 143 stores and businesses in the area. Not one person recalled either boy or cap.

Meanwhile the fingerprints were checked. Neither the Philadelphia police, the Pennsylvania State Police nor the FBI files in Washington produced any match for the youngster's prints. Four thousand doctors in the Philadelphia area were sent special circulars; none remembered seeing the boy. Nothing of consequence developed after the same information appeared in the nationally circulated Journal of the American Medical Association.

And what of the cardboard box? Printed on it was the name of the J. C. Penney chain's store in suburban Upper Darby—at least fifteen miles from where the boy's body was found. The store officials immediately recognized the box as one used for a $7.95 white bassinet. But Penney's practice is "Cash"—and although a dozen were sold from that shipment, the store had no records of the purchasers. With the help of newspaper publicity, the detectives got calls from eight buyers, all of whom said they had either put the box out for trash or still had it in their homes. The police talked to the trash collectors—they said they had long since burned their loads of refuse. The four other purchasers of the white bassinets were never found.

But Homicide's Captain Roberts and his superior, Chief Inspector of Detectives John Kelly, still had hopes for clues from the box. For example, how long had the box been in the field? When the officers had first arrived in that thicket-filled field, the box was dry and without rain stains. This might be a clue—the Weather Bureau said there had been rain on Saturday, the twenty-third, just three days before the investigation started. Yet here

NEXT WEEK

King of the Moonshiners

North Carolina's Bootleg-Whisky Empire

I'LL WALK AGAIN · 2

HOW I'LL MAKE MY COMEBACK

By Roy Campanella of the Dodgers

The Case of the Friendly Foreigners

Mix-ups on the U.S.-Canada Border

IN COLOR:

I SAW THE NEW AFRICA

By Clarence B. Randall

Yosemite Valley

A DAY IN MONTE CARLO

An Exciting New Serial by Martha Albrand

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again the investigators ran into another of those baffling frustrations that have marked this whole case. There is no Weather Bureau station for recording rainfall in the area where the body was found. The meteorologists have no way of telling how much—if any—rain fell in Fox Chase that day. But one thing is certain: The box was there at 1:30 on the afternoon of Sunday, the twenty-fourth, a full day before student Benonis first saw it.

That fact, however, did not come out until two weeks later. A detective specially assigned by Chief Kelly to make a door-to-door survey of the homes in the immediate area of the field found the owner of the traps that Benonis had spotted in early February. He was eighteen-year-old John Powroznik, whose family had settled in the Fox Chase community after leaving Poland in 1949. John, a high-school junior, said he had nineteen traps around the death field, but had been checking them only spasmodically because it was close to the trapping season's end. And he told detectives that on Sunday, the twenty-fourth, he was bicycling to play basketball in a nearby church gymnasium when he saw the box in the field.

A police report says, "He thought it looked suspicious, got off his bicycle and walked to the box. Approaching it from the rear, he reached down with his right hand, lifting the top of the box up toward him, at which time he saw the body of a baby and a blanket. He immediately dropped the box, got on his bicycle and went back home and never mentioned this to anyone." Why? Many who have come from behind the iron curtain do not quickly involve themselves with the police of any land.

There was yet another reason for John's silence. Some months before, in another deserted Fox Chase field, John's brother had come upon the body of a suicide hanging from a tree; the mere questioning of him by the police had upset the whole family.

John's admission meant that the boy in the box had been dead at least forty-eight hours before the police arrived at the field. Could the box have been there for a week or even longer? If it had gone unscathed for forty-eight hours, couldn't it have been unmolested for ninety-six hours, or for an entire week?

The answer is: possibly.

This is a mystery for which everyone may logically advance his own theory. Could it have been a kidnaping? It could have. But, then, wouldn't the boy's parents have reported him missing? In fact, there was a sensational—and unsolved—missing-child case on the books. In the June 9, 1956, issue of The Saturday Evening Post, Mrs. Marilyn Damman told the story of how her thirty-four-month-old son, Steven, had been kidnaped on Long Island the previous October. Hundreds of police officials, reading the newspaper and wire-service stories of Philadelphia's unknown boy, immediately thought his might be the body of the Damman child. At first, so did the Philadelphia police. But Nassau County Detective Inspector James Farrell came to Philadelphia and after carefully examining the unknown boy's body said it was not that of the Damman child: "Completely different in facial appearance, coloration and build."

This was not the only kidnaping lead. Page after page in the Philadelphia files is filled with the suspicions of deserted wives and husbands. From the South came a lawyer's letter saying a client thought the unknown boy might be one of his children taken by his wife when she left. The wife, found in New Jersey, produced the children—alive. She explained she simply had no desire to live with her husband. In Cleveland a wife was positive the Philadelphia mystery explained what had happened to the son her husband had taken when he left town. Grandmothers wrote of their no-good sons-in-law; in one case a young serviceman told police he was sure the body was that of his younger brother. That is, he was sure until the police checked out every one of his fourteen brothers and sisters—and found all well. In the police files there are nearly 300 letters and reports in which one member of a family suspects foul play by another; some of these letters are shot through with sad and pathetic stories of marital discord; some are mean and malicious. ("I know my sister must have had an illegitimate baby, and she's the kind that would kill it.") But all had this in common—not one produced a single worth-while lead to solve Philadelphia's baffling murder.

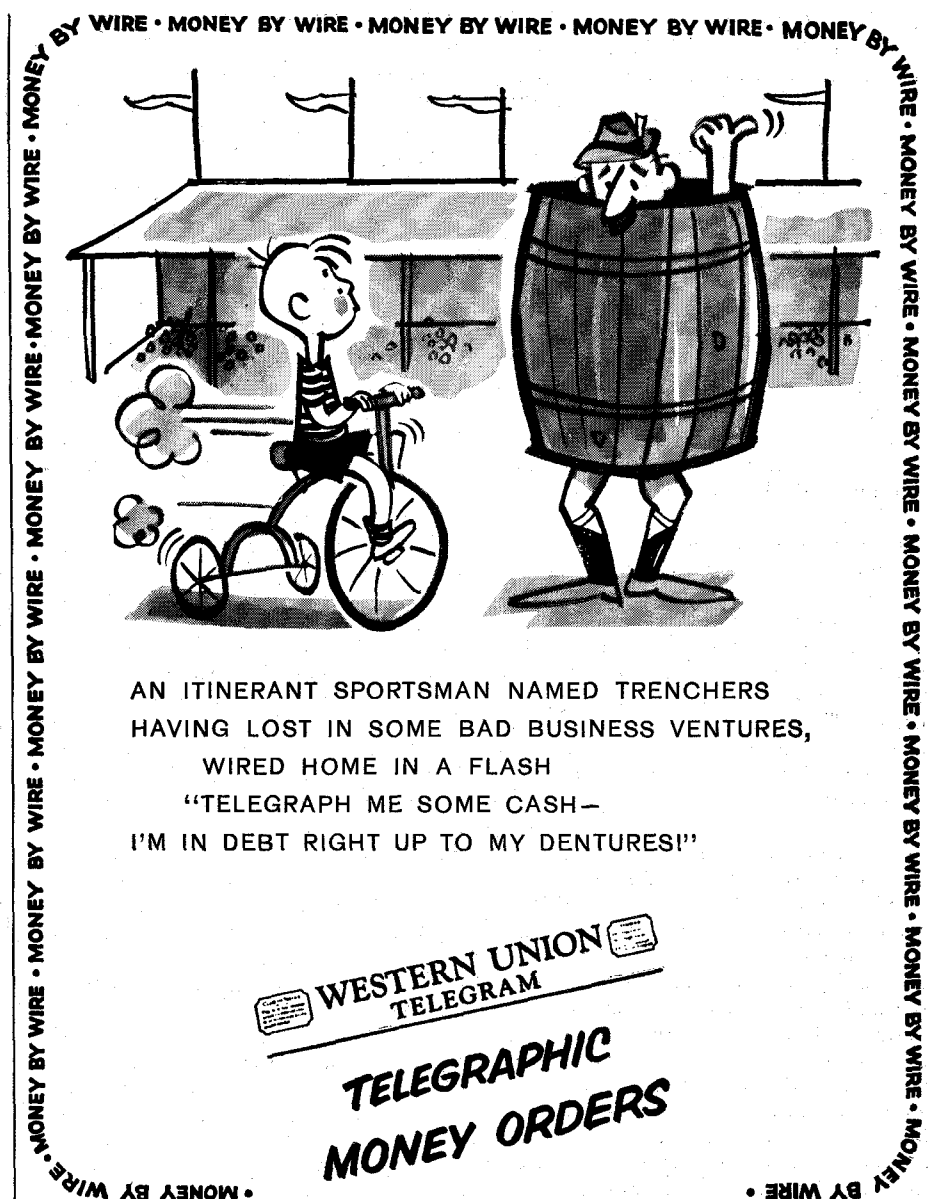
The possibility of kidnaping was raised also by Dr. Wilton M. Krogman, noted University of Pennsylvania anthropologist—known to police throughout the country as "the bone detective." His specialty is human growth; he reads bones as accurately as certified public accountants read balance sheets. Examining the body of the unknown boy, Doctor Krogman found him to be forty inches tall; in the technical phrase this gave the youngster a "height age" of about three years, eight months. But the boy weighed only thirty pounds—a "weight age" of about two years, two months. This obviously suggested undernourishment, and the bones confirmed that. With X rays, Doctor Krogman discovered scars of arrested growth on the long bones of the legs. This, he reported to police, "may have been enough to have slowed him down six months to a year in his growth progress."

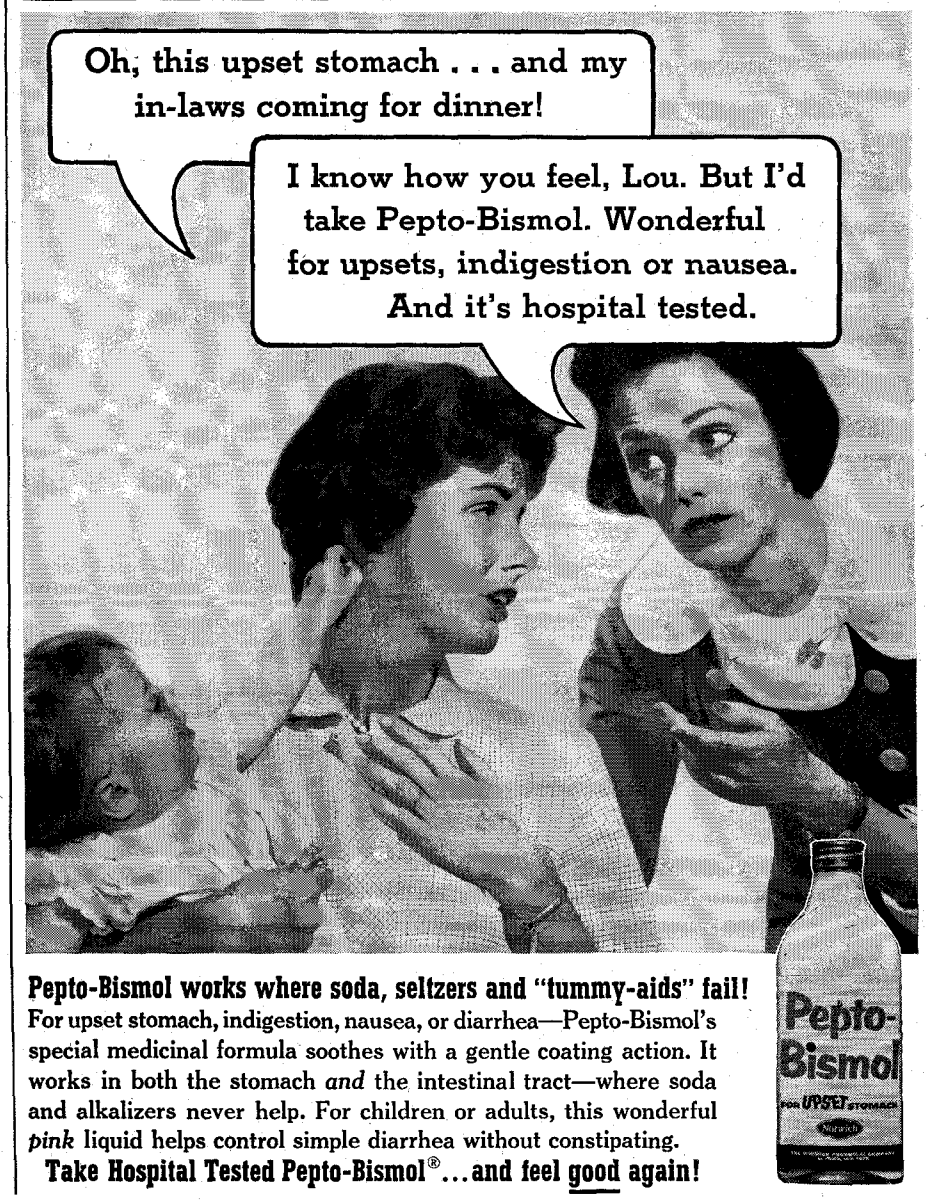
Doctor Krogman estimated that the boy had been in chronic ill health—with the accompanying malnutrition—for about a year. Under what circumstances is a child exposed to that condition? Doctor Krogman said it might be typical of a family constantly on the move. A family of itinerant workers, perhaps, always following the sun and the crops. Or perhaps kidnapers had taken the boy and just kept moving, in constant fear of the police.

But do kidnapers keep a boy's fingernails and toenails neatly trimmed? Not in the police view. So they turned back to Doctor Krogman for other possible leads they could investigate. For example, could he give them any clue to the boy's ancestry? The scientist described the boy as having "a long narrow head, a high head, a high narrow face and a high narrow nose." That, to him, was enough to speculate on Northwest European ancestry—"Scandinavia, West Germany, or England or Scotland." But, as Doctor Krogman pointed out, that racial stock had pretty well spread over Europe, especially during and after the Second World War.

Was it possible that the unknown boy was the child of a Hungarian-refugee couple admitted to the United States after the great freedom riots of 1956? For a time, Homicide's Captain Roberts and his men thought they had a real possibility in that question. But once again, the blank wall. Back from Immigration authorities came the word that everyone who came during the Hungarian-refugee program had been vaccinated. And the boy's body bore no mark of vaccination.

The haircut and the wrinkled "washerwoman" skin on the right palm and the soles of the feet presented another puzzler. That wrinkling comes only from immersion in water. Maybe just before


MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE
AN ITINERANT SPORTSMAN NAMED TRENCHERS
HAVING LOST IN SOME BAD BUSINESS VENTURES,
WIRED HOME IN A FLASH
"TELEGRAPH ME SOME CASH—
I'M IN DEBT RIGHT UP TO MY DENTURES!"
WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAPHIC
MONEY ORDERS
• MONEY BY WIRE •


Oh, this upset stomach . . . and my in-laws coming for dinner!
I know how you feel, Lou. But I'd take Pepto-Bismol. Wonderful for upsets, indigestion or nausea. And it's hospital tested.
Pepto-Bismol
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Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works in both the stomach and the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful pink liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.
Take Hospital Tested Pepto-Bismol®... and feel good again!

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death the little boy had been playing in his bath. But if that was true, wouldn't the left hand be affected too? And if he had been taking a bath, then why hadn't the water washed away the strands of hair the police found on his body? Why, the detectives asked themselves—why the wrinkling on the soles of the feet?

One possible answer: Whoever killed the boy knew that his footprints were on file in some hospital and was attempting to blur the skin ridges so that the prints could never be traced. But if that's so, then why is the right hand also wrinkled? Detectives speculate—with no real evidence to support their theory—that this right hand might have been put in water to throw the investigators off the trail, by adding a deliberately misleading clue. And yet all that speculation founders on this point: If the purpose was to conceal the footprints, then why weren't the feet kept in water long enough to achieve that goal? As it turned out, detectives checking sole prints in hospital files found that the hospital prints in a number of cases were too fuzzy to use for a comparison. That didn't surprise them, for as most topnotch investigators know, footprints are not always an accurate means of identification.

The peculiar cropping of the hair also attracted close attention. Why was it cut so high on the sides, almost as if it had been shaped with a bowl, then flattened on top in a half-inch-high crew style?And did the strands on his chest indicate that the hair was clipped while the boy was nude—and dead? Captain Roberts' men followed this thinking to another strange possibility—that the boy was the son of an unbalanced mother who had raised him as a girl; then, after his death, had cut the hair short to block recognition of the "girl." Certainly the cropping had the appearance of an amateur's work, and the strands on the chest could mean that the cut was made in such a hurry—or panic—that the barber had no time to brush them away.

The "unbalanced mother" thought flowed directly into another theory that perhaps the boy, too, had been mentally incompetent—was, in fact, a retarded child. Doctor Krogman recalls that after the newspapers disclosed his entry into the case he got a telephone call from a woman with a calm, almost deliberately rigid voice. "Can you tell whether that boy was weak-minded?" she asked. Doctor Krogman asked her name. "Do you know what it is to take care of an idiot?" she answered, the calmness suddenly gone. "Sometimes you get so sick of their crying you can kill them in a fit of anger." Now her voice was loud and angry. "That," she said, "might be your explanation." Abruptly she hung up. She never called again.

Actually there was no way after death to determine the boy's mental competency. But one thing the investigators could—and did—do. This was to make a head count of children who had been placed in nearby institutions for the retarded. But in institution after institution, in home after home, the story was the same. All the children could be accounted for. And in not one place was there a blanket even resembling the torn and faded one the boy's body was wrapped in. But there was still something compelling about the retarded-child theory. Was it possible that this was a case of unintentional killing, not premeditated murder? Suppose the boy was retarded and his family had a new baby. That new baby could account for the bassinet box. Suppose further that the defective child tried to harm his infant brother or sister. Would either parent, in a burst of rage, strike the retarded one—and again, again and again? This is a mad and frightening picture, but homicide is rarely otherwise.

The retarded-child theory has never been disproved—or proved. But whatever this child might have been—normal, retarded, healthy or ill—it would be only logical that he, or "she," would be known to some neighborhood. Young policemen were assigned to wear the casual clothes of playground instructors and mingle with youngsters of all ages in school yards, parks and recreation centers. They kept asking one question. Did any of them remember a thin little boy—or girl—who'd been seen around, and now was seen no more? Some did, and each lead was traced out. In every case the children were alive. The detectives wondered if perhaps the unknown boy's family had moved from their own neighborhood or were newcomers to Philadelphia. From every moving company in the city they got a list of the customers in the weeks before and after the body had been found. Interstate movers were asked to supply the names of the families they had moved into the city. Painstakingly the detectives searched out every white customer. Net result—another statistic for the files: 763 white families had hired movers. Period. Not one of those 763 investigations led to the tiniest clue about the boy.

All the while the police were investigating, the body of the unknown boy lay in the city morgue. Periodically the homicide squad got calls from men and women who thought they recognized the boy from pictures they had seen in newspapers. One by one they were taken to the morgue to view the body; one by one they said no, this was not the boy they had in mind. Early in the investigation there had come a call from a woman in Camden, New Jersey, across the Delaware River from Philadelphia. The boy's picture, she said, reminded her of a small boy traveling with an itinerant roofer she had hired at her home. She was brought to the morgue—and instantly she said this was the child she had seen. Armed with pictures of the boy, detectives rushed to her neighborhood. They found three other persons who, on viewing the body in the morgue, definitely identified this as a boy they had seen with a stranger in the area. Two others were not so positive, but said there was a real resemblance. With the help of these witnesses, the detectives identified the itinerant roofer as one Charles D. Speece, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. A year earlier Speece had left Lancaster, taking with him his eight-year-old son. It was established that Speece and the boy had lived for a time in Camden and then left town. Police sent out a thirteen-state alarm asking that Speece be picked up. But abruptly the investigation collapsed. Speece's estranged wife, located in Lancaster, came to the Philadelphia morgue to see if the unknown boy was her son. Emphatically she said, "It's not him." And in Newark, New Jersey, Speece heard of the alarm for him and came to Philadelphia. With him was his son.

Despite the calls that continued to come into the homicide squad's city-hall headquarters, that was the last time anyone definitely identified the boy. And police knew, as each clue collapsed, they were "back where we started from."

But Philadelphia police—like police everywhere—are patient people. Even though the case is now more than a year old, the dogged investigation goes on. As both Chief Inspector Kelly and Captain Roberts put it, "Somewhere in one of our files, there may be one little sentence that will give us a clue. All we want is a toehold on this case."

And there's a young civilian in the police department—a fingerprint clerk—who, on his own time, still goes out to check footprints in "just one more country hospital." While he goes from hospital to hospital in the outlying counties, detectives check back over those bulky files time after time after time. Every possible lead that trickles in from police in other states is investigated, but the clues remain the same—a box, a blanket and a small body.

As they were back on July 24, 1957, when, with city detectives standing at stiff attention, the body was buried in a small white casket in the city cemetery. The tombstone was inscribed: FEB. 25, 1957. HEAVENLY FATHER, BLESS THIS UNKNOWN BOY. . . .

The Man to See if You Want to See Ike (Continued from Page 30)

triumphs or defeats of others with almost no show of emotion. He has an acute allergy to formal social functions that normally crowd the life of a White House secretary. He is master of a unique style of dead-pan humor and elfin escapades. He once staged a St. Patrick's Day parade with camels and tall green hats in a mystified but delighted African village, and he has grown a few of his own tomato plants—for luncheon snacks—among the rosebushes on the White House lawn.

Such a recitation, however, gives only a glimpse of Stephens' complex personality. He is a "natural-born" politician, a highly skilled political analyst and, although virtually unknown to the public, was among a few confidants to sit in a hotel suite with Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 and again with Mr. Eisenhower in 1952 as each listened to the roll calls of Republican National Conventions nominating them for the presidency. At work, he is a serious, businesslike executive with a political intuition that frequently has guided the President to important successes or guarded him from embarrassing mishaps. This is not to suggest that Stephens is a top-line policy adviser, but in the mass of memoranda that circulate in the White House there are many that bear the familiar scribbled notation, "Let's ask Tom—DDE."

Beneath his surface nonchalance, Stephens is a tightly wound individualist who lost half of his stomach in an ulcer operation and now takes snacks between his scanty meals to keep his weight up to a robust 145 pounds. His worrisome job requires not only that he have the full confidence of the President but that he be able to judge almost to a hair's breadth the Chief Executive's mood, current political thinking, attitude toward persons of political importance and, especially, the limit of the President's strength. As in almost any busy office, the staff's actions are guided to a certain extent by the mood of "the boss" on any given day. There was a time when some White House staff members claimed they could gauge the President's temper by the color of the suit he put on in the morning.

"A brown suit today—step softly," was the word sometimes passed around. Or "A blue suit today—he's feeling fine."

This legend soon fell by the wayside, but White House staff members say that it is still part of Stephens' job to make a quick estimate of the situation each working morning at approximately eight o'clock. At that hour a buzzer sounds or a big red light flashes atop a telephone on Stephens' desk to announce that "the boss" is at his desk. Stephens picks up a carefully prepared stack of papers, steps through the big door and says, "Good morning, Mr. President."

The manner in which the Chief Executive responds, the inflection of his voice, may strongly influence the decision that Stephens must make in the next few seconds—whether to deal out the most troublesome paper from the top of the stack or to lead with a more pleasant communication from the bottom of the deck. By the time he has returned to his own desk and the first official caller has arrived, Stephens has some idea how the day will go, which importunate visitors must be put off, and what quick but unscheduled visits can be worked into the program. The official schedule normally contains only four or five appointments, but on an average day, such as last April twenty-fourth, no fewer than twenty-two additional names were scribbled on the margins. Stephens once figured out that if all requests for a typical day had been accepted the President would have had forty-nine appointments, attended two luncheons and two dinners and made trips to Tennessee, Georgia, New York, Indiana and San Bernardino, California.

"I am working on a plan to provide a thirty-hour day for the President," he added, "but until I perfect it we have to struggle along on the obsolete twenty-four-hour day."

Almost the only times Mr. Eisenhower overrules Stephens occur when old Army friends show up. "Oh, I'll see him for a minute," he says, then often talks enthusiastically for twenty minutes or until Stephens diplomatically interrupts. On the other hand, the President trusts his appointments secretary to guard him from "people who talk my ear off, but say nothing." If such a character manages to slip into his office, Mr. Eisenhower has a secret method of signaling Stephens to come to the rescue.

Whether talking to the President or to a White House gardener, Stephens' attitude is frank and easy. He handles dignitaries with due respect, but he can spot a stuffed shirt at a hundred paces—he has been beside famous politicians in too many moments of political crisis to stand in awe of big names. Once, after spending five minutes on the telephone patiently trying to explain a simple change in plans to an internationally famous engineer, he wearily dropped the receiver and muttered, "How on earth did they ever explain the principle of the combustion engine to that guy?"

Mr. Eisenhower depends on Stephens for many small services that ease his political path. He knows that his appointments secretary will supervise arrangements for smoothly speeding public appearances and that the proper political figures will sit on the platform when he speaks. One day when the President absent-mindedly wore a brown necktie with a blue suit, he discovered that Stephens, perhaps by instinct, was wearing a blue tie and would exchange with him just before he stepped onto a public platform.

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It would be an exaggeration to suggest that Stephens is indispensable, but his several attempts to return permanently to the practice of law have been frustrated. His friends recall that once he arranged time off to investigate a partnership offer and take a vacation, after which he expected to resign. He was away less than twenty-four hours when a White House staff member telephoned that the presidential atmosphere was very stormy and that Stephens had better hurry back. He returned, but instead of going to his own desk he sat in an adjoining office to see what was going on. Ten minutes later Mr. Eisenhower passed through en route to a Cabinet meeting, saw Stephens and, without breaking his stride, said tartly, "Hello, stranger!"

Stephens sighed, went back to his own desk, and the White House routine got back to normal. Eventually, in 1955, he did resign and was away until 1957, although during most of that time he was busy as special adviser to the President during the 1956 campaign. He broke away again in 1957, but returned last March at Mr. Eisenhower's request.

Although the President is only occasionally aware of it, one of Stephens' major assets is a pixy sense of humor that does much to buoy up staff morale. For example, there was the occasion when Mr. Eisenhower summoned a small group of trusted advisers to discuss whether or not he should seek re-election following his heart attack. The Republican leaders were deep in gloom at the possibility he would not run in 1956. The atmosphere became steadily more tense as he asked each one in turn for an opinion. Except for his brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, all said they hoped he would seek re-election. Finally, with the air highly charged with suspense, the President turned to Stephens.

"Tom," he said gravely, "what do you think?"

Stephens' lean face exuded naïveté as he straightened up in his chair, with everybody's eyes upon him. "Mr. President," he said, "I am sure you can win. But if you don't intend to run, I believe you should say so publicly at once as a courtesy to those in this room who might want to run—including myself."

The President's roar of laughter broke the tension, and everybody relaxed in a red-faced rumble of chuckles except deadpan Stephens, who, because of his birth in Ireland, was the only man present who was ineligible to be Chief Executive.

"Tom's role here is important to all of us," a White House staff member said recently. "It's not just that he is able and efficient without making a show of his ability. He does countless favors for all kinds of people—not just the big shots. He makes life a lot pleasanter."

Once when movie actor Clark Gable was calling on the President, Stephens recalled that one of the office secretaries, Mary Caffrey, long had been an enthusiastic Gable admirer. He quietly made a few arrangements and then sent Miss Caffrey on an errand to the reception room. There a dozen White House news photographers turned their cameras on her as Gable clasped her in a bear hug and exclaimed that he had been hoping for years to meet her. Miss Caffrey's typing was shaky for the next week or so. On another occasion, he invited the family of a Negro farmer who worked for him in Southern Maryland to the second inauguration of President Eisenhower, got them front-row seats for the parade and presented them with an Eisenhower Inauguration license plate for their ancient automobile.

The wide range of Stephens' popularity was indicated at the time of his resignation in 1955. Scores of letters and telegrams wishing him success rolled in, including one from an aged Colorado mountain hermit to whom Stephens had presented a goat in return for help in panning—unsuccessfully—for gold near the famous old mining town of Central City. In addition, the White House Secret Service men enticed him to a surprise farewell banquet at a big Washington hotel, and some 200 friends, including a representative of the Irish Embassy carrying a harp, appeared at the airport to say good-by.

Stephens' sense of humor is fragile and unpredictable, but never malicious. Actually it is an outgrowth of his insatiable off-beat curiosity. He scours newspapers and magazines for odd bits of information and for advertisements of unusual articles or animals for sale, and often follows up such discoveries with library research or correspondence. He has become an authority on some of the zaniest subjects known to man. He conducted a straight-faced survey on the hypothetical problem of how to get a stiff-necked giraffe on a circus train through a railroad tunnel. A West Coast Air Force colonel's suggestion that the train stop until the giraffe got hungry enough to stoop for a bunch of carrots on the floor of the car was rejected as not humane.

You've no notion how noisy your neighbors are until your television breaks down.

MARY ALKUS

On another occasion he announced he was planning to grow mushrooms in his one-room apartment. For weeks he was derided by wiseacres, but one day he showed up with mushrooms for the White House staff dining room. Later, incredulous visitors to his apartment discovered a closet overflowing with boxes of flourishing *Boletus edulis*. He offered his friends shares in a proposed company that would freeze fishworms and put them on sale like frozen vegetables. He had a theory that as soon as a chilled worm was put on a hook and dropped into the water it would thaw out and start wiggling. This idea attracted no capital.

With the aid of Edmund S. Whitman, a public-relations man, Stephens founded the Cuckold Creek Historical Society, named for a tidal stream that runs past his weekend farm in Southern Maryland and over which John Wilkes Booth may or may not have fled after assassinating President Lincoln. Stephens and Whitman collected certain memorabilia on the farm and inscribed them for the edification of members of the society. There is, for example, an old bell, with a placard saying:

The mournful tolling of Port Tobacco's bell must have struck terror to the heart of John Wilkes Booth the night he crossed the river to hide at Bowling Green, Virginia.
—Notes of the Cuckold Creek Historical Soc.

It seems highly unlikely that the bell, plainly marked U.S. NAVY, ever tolled over Port Tobacco, but then, the Historical Notes don't really say it did. "Anyway," Whitman explained, "the idea of the society is to get members who will come to the farm. Once they're here, we put them to work cutting weeds or tending the garden."

Stephens' whimsical turn of mind has prompted him at various times to send "get-well biscuits" to a sick dog and to present a deodorized skunk to a Cabinet member's small daughter, who wrote that it was a well-behaved pet and enjoyed watching television. One of his major triumphs, however, was the organization of a White House group to take a University of Maryland course in beekeeping. Everybody enjoyed the once-a-week evening get-together at the university, but Stephens had a more serious purpose in mind. When the course ended, he bought some bees and now has several hives of workers busily making honey down on the farm.

His powers of persuasion are remarkable. Several years ago he talked half a dozen friends into joining him in taking lessons in oil painting. He painted only one picture—a cartoon called Soldier With Gun & Dog, showing an open doorway, the bayonet on an unseen soldier's gun and the wagging tail of an unseen dog. He then started the "Thomas E. Stephens Collection" of art, which hangs in the White House executive offices.

At first the "collection" was only Stephens' painting and an early Colorado mountain landscape by President Eisenhower. But over several years his soft Irish blarney has cajoled more than a score of famous persons to take up a paintbrush for the first time and contribute signed paintings, some of which were executed with the aid of prepared canvas on which a picture had been professionally outlined in advance. These rare paintings include the work of such dignitaries as former Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey (a slightly walleyed horse), Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield (a very red Indian), F.B.I. Chief J. Edgar Hoover (landscape, believed to be a country scene), U.N. Representative Henry Cabot Lodge (easily identifiable dog) and Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson (a covered wagon, presumably in Utah). In addition, the collection contains half a dozen paintings by such skillful amateurs as Clare Boothe Luce, Nelson Rockefeller and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, long familiar with Stephens' whims, sternly resisted all blandishments until this year, when he was sufficiently impressed by the magnitude of the collection to agree to try his hand at painting during a pause between airplane trips.

Stephens comes by his whims honestly. Born October 18, 1903, at Dun Laoghaire in County Dublin, Ireland, he is the son of a gregarious linen salesman who traveled often to the United States and was well known for his tall stories of life in America. Young Tom attended a Methodist boarding school in Dublin until the Irish rebellion prompted his father to move the family to the United States in 1916. The boy quickly adjusted to life in New Providence, New Jersey, where he was a star of the town soccer team at the age of thirteen. The family later moved to Brooklyn, where Tom was an outstanding football and basketball player at the Marquand School. At one time he was shifted to Silver Bay Academy at Lake George, New York, but he promptly decamped because he had to room with a boy who collected grasshoppers. With $1.49 in his pocket, he hitchhiked to Chicago, ate with down-and-outers in Salvation Army missions, borrowed a dollar from a minister at a prayer meeting and lent it to a friend who ran it up to $3.50 in a blackjack game. He got a job selling raincoats door-to-door and made seventy-five dollars, on which he returned home by train. Later, he completed his education at Saint Lawrence University and Brooklyn Law School, while working as a real-estate title examiner.

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FAITH BALDWIN, *author of "Many Windows," her seventy-fourth and newest book*

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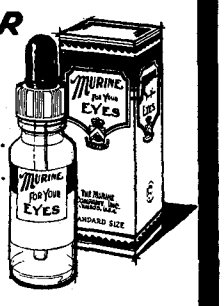

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He discovered politics in 1924 when he wandered into the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden and, by chance, became entangled with the delegation from Hawaii. The Hawaiians played ukuleles, sang softly and swayed gracefully. Not having a ukulele, Irishman Stephens merely sang and swayed, but he was completely fascinated by his first brush with politics. He became a Republican purely by accident when an office colleague asked him to hand out some political leaflets in Greenwich Village and then introduced him at a 10th Assembly District Republican Club. Although Stephens lived in Brooklyn, he quickly became active at the club, learned the political facts of life and, a few years later, managed the campaign for the state assembly of a young man named Herbert Brownell. He also engineered the election of a friend to be president of New York City's sedate Young Republican Club by signing up a score of new members—one with a slightly gray beard—on election eve. "That man Stephens," the defeated candidate said with considerable asperity, "ought to belong to Tammany Hall!"

In 1934, Stephens became assistant city corporation counsel, working with the legislature at Albany and, in 1938, administrative assistant to the president of the city council, Newbold Morris. Later he worked on legislation connected with the New York World's Fair for the law firm of Lord, Day and Lord. After Pearl Harbor, he joined the United States Air Force, where he attained the rank of major. Three days before going overseas, he married Mary Culver, whom he had met when both were working in a political campaign. They were divorced in 1958.

Stephens served as a port officer, shipping officer and provost marshal during campaigns in Africa, Sicily, Italy and Southern France. But there were long, dull periods of inaction and waiting which Stephens sought to brighten. During one cold, rainy spell he "campaigned" for the office of mayor in the Algerian town of Telergma, where he solemnly told local French officials that he intended to buy an acre of land and give each Arab resident a square foot of it so they would be eligible to vote. He then climbed on a box in the native market place, held up a handful of cigars until he had attracted a crowd, and delivered what would have been a revolutionary speech if the Arabs could have understood him. "I had to speak in English," he said later, "because it is so difficult to learn even profanity in Arabic."

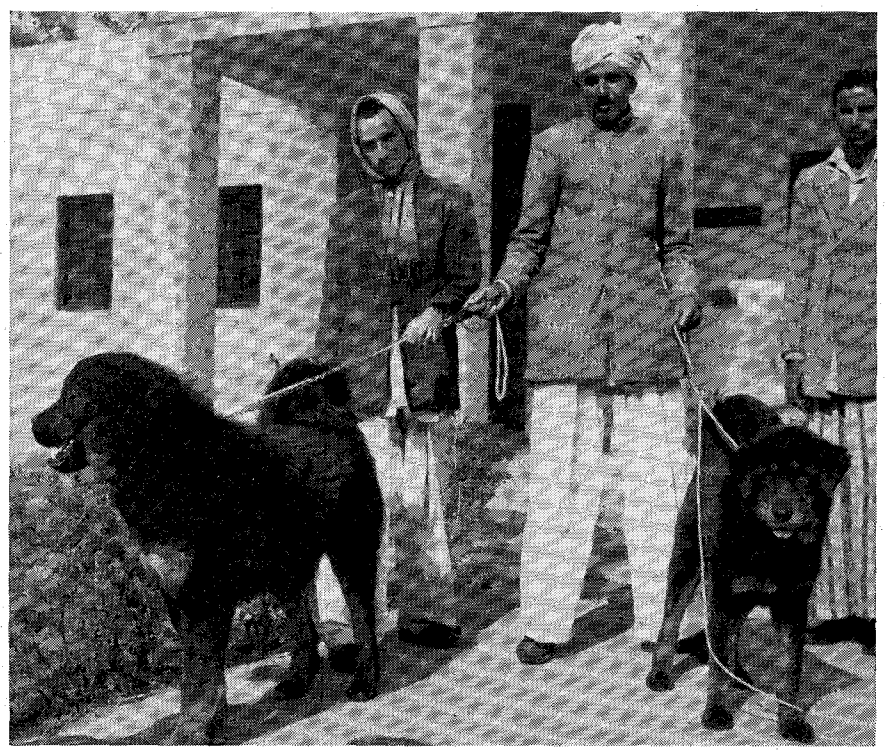
In Italy, Stephens chose the hard way of advising friends of his safe arrival in Naples. He hunted up the man who printed programs for a current performance of La Bohème by the San Carlo Company at the Real Teatro di Carlo. By a liberal dispensation of American cigarettes, he persuaded the printer to run off a dozen extra programs with certain slight alterations. These he sent without comment to friends in New York. Those who studied the program—and anything from Stephens would prompt careful inspection—got the message. Amid eight distinctly Italian names in the roster of horn players on Page 4 of the program appeared the name "Thomas E. Stephens."

After the war, Stephens got back to New York in time to make organizing trips to all parts of the country during the 1946 congressional election campaign as aide to then G.O.P. Chairman Brownell. He then became one of the inner circle in Governor Dewey's carefully organized drive to win the 1948 Republican presidential nomination and was in charge of Washington headquarters during Dewey's unsuccessful campaign against Harry S. Truman. Later, Stephens served briefly as administrative assistant to Senator Dulles—who served six months in the Senate in 1949—then became secretary of the New York Republican State Committee. He played a quiet but important role in building national sentiment for "drafting" General Eisenhower in 1952. The general and Stephens didn't meet until the war hero returned from his duties as N.A.T.O. commander in Paris. Then Stephens' many political friendships, his carefully indexed files on convention delegates from every state and his attention to small details that influence public sentiment quickly made him a key figure in Mr. Eisenhower's entourage.

He also acquired a resounding unofficial title during the 1952 campaign. One day when the staff was harassed and exhausted, a letter was received from a citizen complaining that one of Mr. Eisenhower's speeches had referred slightingly to the nation's fourteenth President, Franklin Pierce, a Democrat. In the midst of a mountain of campaign troubles, Stephens found this molehill of complaint too tempting to resist. To make amends for the slight, he and another Eisenhower aide, Fred Seaton, who later became Secretary of the Interior, founded an organization called The Friendly Sons and Daughters of the Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Pierce, of which Stephens declared himself president. Seaton assumed the duties of international president.

They announced that applications for membership would be received only from politicians who "have pulled a big boner, have been misunderstood and who feel sorry for themselves when misunderstood." Several prominent Republicans were arbitrarily declared to be members on the basis of past performance. As the campaign wore on and "boners" inevitably piled up, the membership increased, and later most of the top White House officials and several Cabinet members applied for admission and were judged eligible. After a couple of years in the White House, the FSaDotFoMaMFP membership held a banquet at Seaton's home, attended by so many important political figures that it was given elaborate coverage in Washington newspaper society columns.

As guardian of the President's time, Stephens and his staff handle a daily average of about a hundred telephone calls and 250 letters—out of some 3000 that flood the White House mail room. Most of the letters to Mr. Eisenhower are funneled to various Government departments for reply, but about twenty-five, asking for appointments, reach Stephens' desk each day. They are a varied lot: A national civic organization wants the President to make a speech; a blond California woman (photograph enclosed) wants to see him about declaring a national grandmothers' day; a promoter seeks permission to stage a water ballet in the White House pool, and a high-school freshman is planning to visit Washington and asks Mr. Eisenhower to "have a cocktail" with him at a suburban motel. Most of the telephone calls are legitimate, but perhaps twenty a day are from crackpots who can't understand why they are not permitted to talk to the President. "I always know when the moon is full," one secretary remarked, "because then we get twice as many crazy calls."



These are the Tibetan mastiffs mistakenly shipped to the President after Tom Stephens had ordered two small dogs for himself.

Stephens has few unalterable rules, but one is that no beauty queen of any kind gets to meet the President. For the most part, he draws on his common sense each afternoon at four o'clock when he makes up the next day's schedule. Except for a few personal friends, the President's visitors are almost all connected with important governmental affairs or representatives of worthy organizations which the White House can properly encourage. Stephens also allots time for White House staff members to confer with the President; no exception is made for the Presidential Assistant, and even at the height of the Goldfine controversy Sherman Adams always checked with Stephens before entering the sanctum. "The hardest thing," Stephens once remarked, "is to space the appointments properly so that the President will have time to hold important but unexpected conferences, and so that he will also have some time to himself—time in which to think."

The task of firmly but pleasantly saying "no" so often to would-be visitors might become monotonous for a man of Stephens' temperament if he didn't relax as often as possible on his forty-acre Maryland farm—behind a high wire fence and several large signs warning trespassers to Beware of Snakes. So far as is known, no snake has ever been seen on the farm, although visitors are likely to discover some odd equipment and unusual crops. There is, for instance, a back scratcher for use on his two cows. There are also vegetables that look and taste "very much like spaghetti" and a bush bearing beans that can be used as a substitute for coffee.

Livestock on the farm includes a goat named Millicent, presented to Stephens by the President's personal secretary, Ann Whitman, and her husband; a sow named Rosabelle, presented by Stephens' office staff; six (at last count) white rabbits and a kennelful of odd dogs, which have been a major headache. The trouble began when somebody gave Stephens a pair of bloodhounds which promptly killed his prize peacocks and then produced a litter of eleven pups that threatened to eat him into bankruptcy. He managed to give the hounds away, but by that time his interest in dogs was aroused and he read everything he could find about unusual breeds of dogs all over the world. From Egypt he acquired three dun-colored, whippetlike salukis, which proved so wild that he hasn't yet been able to pet them. Then a friend sent him two handsome Rhodesian dogs. As his researches widened, Stephens decided he wanted a pair of small, fluffy, white Tibetan terriers—and disaster followed.

Stephens asked the United States Embassy in India to let him know where and how such terriers might be purchased. He received no reply, but about a year later he sent another message asking what had happened to his original request. Then everything went wrong. The second message was forwarded to a junior official in Nepal, adjacent to Tibet, who assumed that as the message was from the White House it was President Eisenhower who wanted the dogs. Wheels began to turn, and shortly the Nepalese Government announced it would present two dogs to Mr. Eisenhower. Stephens did some heavy sweating while he untangled the mixup—or thought he had. By this time the dogs were being transported by two embassy officers in a jeep to New Delhi for air shipment to America, at Stephens' expense. Then it turned out that the animals were not small, fluffy terriers, but huge Tibetan mastiffs that were devouring large rations of mutton daily, also at Stephens' expense. Amid considerable newspaper publicity, Stephens had the dogs diverted to Kansas, where they were given refuge on the farm of Republican National Committeeman Harry Darby. Several hundred dollars out of pocket, Stephens was extremely happy to forget the whole deal.

Although Stephens will try almost anything once, he has one secret ambition that he will never realize. He would like to don a false mustache, stick a plastic hand into his right coat sleeve and get in line with a group of people shaking hands with the President. Then, as Mr. Eisenhower grasped his outstretched fingers, he would turn and walk away, leaving the plastic hand in the Chief Executive's grip. This bit of whimsey is out of bounds even for Stephens, but he regards almost everybody else as fair game. One day just after Vice President Richard Nixon had returned from South America, when his encounters with hostile mobs had been in the newspaper headlines for days, he ran into Stephens in a corridor at the White House.

"Hello, Dick," Stephens said routinely. "Haven't seen you for a while. You been out of town?" THE END

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I Married Murder (Continued from Page 37)

"I have something very heavy on my mind. It concerns an orchid corsage and I want to know the truth about it. Was it Mousie's or was it Stella's?"

"So that's it," he said. "Mousie has been putting a flea in your ear, I suppose."

"Yes."

"It was Stella's corsage," he said. "I don't know why you bring it up, though. What's bothering you?"

I had expected him to deny it. I had been sure that Mousie had lied, but of course such a lie would have been too transparent, too easily detected.

"Mike, let's dispose of this once and for all," George said. "Remember that night you met Stella, when we went out to dinner after the cocktail party at my place? I told you then she was innocent. If I hadn't believed it I would have steered you out of that situation but quick."

"Yet it was her corsage?" I said.

"Yes, it was. I want you to understand that it was a pretty hysterical situation that night. There was a young district attorney out to get a reputation and he wanted to throw the book at Stella. Jim's gun was missing and he thought that was pretty suspicious, and then, when he found that corsage in the icebox, he got excited. I thought it best to get him off that tack. Of course I knew it was Stella's, since I gave it to her."

I met his eyes again. "You did?"

"As you know, I have some theatrical people among my clients, and one of them, a young producer, gave me two tickets to the first night of a musical show. I called Jim Prescott to see if he and Stella wanted to use the tickets, but Jim said he had to go out of town on business, but that Stella would love to go. Why didn't I take her? I did, the night before Jim came home and was shot. Stella had put the corsage in the refrigerator when she got home that night. That's all there was to it."

"Why did she put it in the refrigerator?"

"Heavens, man, I don't know."

"All right," I said. "But why couldn't she just tell that story to the district attorney?"

"Look, Mike, that D.A. was hot after evidence. He had a theory and he was trying to make the facts fit it. Jim's gun was missing and there were no signs of anyone having broken into the house—the doors and windows were locked. So it looked bad. You have no idea how bad it looked and what a bulldog that D.A. was. I was there when a cop turned up that corsage, and I told the D.A. it probably belonged to the kid sister."

"Then it was your idea?" I said.

"I was trying to cool him off," George said. "What balked him was that he couldn't find the murder gun and he couldn't put his finger on another man."

I said, "It seems to me it would have been simpler to tell the truth."

"I was her lawyer, Mike. I did what I thought was best."

"Did Mousie know all that?" I asked.

"You know Mousie," he said. "She lives like a monkey swinging from a tree, always in a rush, always making death-defying leaps. She's a very emotional kid. That night she was in absolute hysterics. The thing knocked her completely over. She was barely twenty-one, in her last year at college, and she had come down for the weekend and was spending the night with a classmate in New York. I went over and told her what had happened, and it absolutely broke her down. The first thing she said was 'Did Stella kill him?' Well, I couldn't have her talking to the district attorney when she was like that. It's a peculiar thing about those two girls. They love each other, but there are rivalry and friction, at least on Mousie's part. So I put her on the train, and the next day I went up there and got her out of a class and told her she had to back up our story. She agreed."

"But why would she ask a question like that?" I said. "Good Lord, they're sisters. Stepsisters, anyhow."

"Shock," George said. "Hysterics. Now look; you're married to that situation. You know that Mousie's heartstrings are tied in funny little knots that it would take a psychiatrist to untie."

I nodded. "I'm beginning to realize that."

"Mike, may I tell you something I believe implicitly?" he said. "There never was another man in Stella's life. You know her. You know it would be impossible. If there had been another man, she wouldn't have remained another day under Jim's roof."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I believe that."

"But as I told you before, I've been praying that they turn up the burglar who shot Jim," he said. "Stella's had a really rough time. The gossip that went on about that case was shameful."

"Did you know that Norman and Roberta Allison were here?" I asked. "They're out there at a guest mooring. Cruising to the Cape or something, but they put in here because they knew I lived here. It seems Phil Hunter mentioned it."

"Roberta is hard to take," George said.

"Why would they come here and ask to be introduced to me?"

He shrugged. "Curiosity, possibly, but I don't know. Roberta is an excitable, unpredictable woman, and I think she's always had it in for Stella."

"I'm going to see Charlie Wharton," I said. "I'm going to have him tell them that mooring won't be available after tomorrow morning."

George shook his head warningly. "Don't do anything like that, Mike. You can't crawl into a hole and pull it in after you. You can't isolate yourself, nor should you call undue attention to this situation. You just have to face it, as Stella has had to face it. She needs help, Mike. She needs sympathy. You're the one man who can give it to her."

"I have," I said. "I will. And, George, we'll forget this. I'd rather Stella didn't know I asked about it."

"Naturally not," he said.

"And I wish you'd talk to Mousie and straighten her out," I said.

"I'll talk to her, all right," he said. "I'll give her an earful."

"Then follow me," I said.

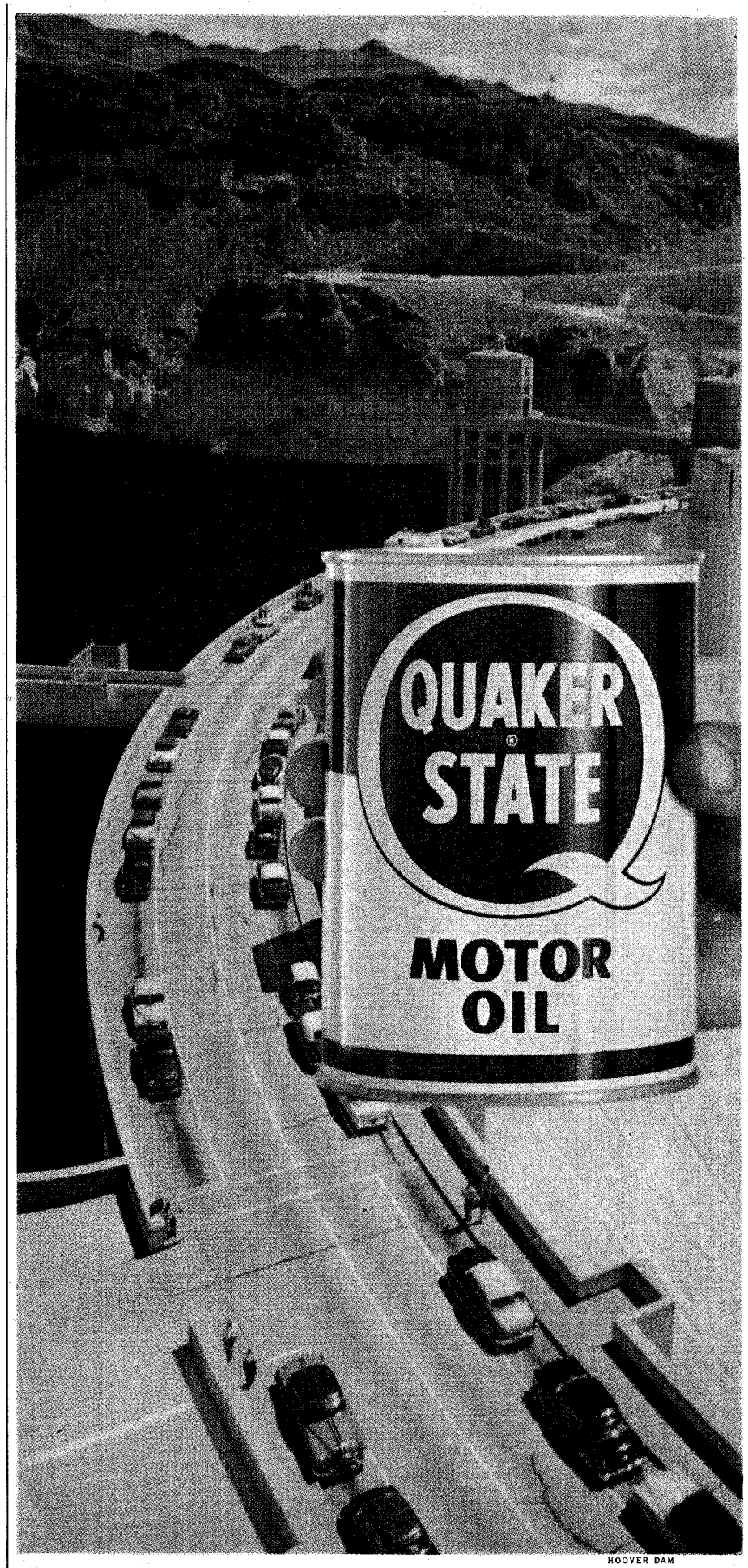
She was dancing with Joe Downs, and I cut in. I said quietly in her ear as we danced toward the veranda, "You made a mountain out of a molehill, young lady. George gave Stella that corsage when they went to the theater the night before. There was a tough district attorney over there and George was only trying to calm him down. His explanation was entirely convincing."

She smiled and said, "Well, Mike, I'm glad you're convinced."

"You talk to him," I said. "He's waiting on the veranda."

"Of course I will," she said. "I want to be convinced too."

I was irritated by her offhand manner. She had precipitated a crisis and now passed it off as something not very important one way or the other. I swung her



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out onto the veranda and delivered her to George, and then I went straight home.

The cottage was dark, except for a dim yellow bulb burning over the door, and when I tiptoed up the stairs I found Stella asleep. I listened for a time to her regular breathing, but I did not want to wake her. I went into the spare guest-room—George and Mousie occupied the other two—and stretched out on the bed in the dark. I wanted to think.

Next morning I awakened early, and as I was dressing I saw a black yawl slip a guest mooring at the yacht club across the river; Norman and Roberta Allison were leaving. I watched them make sail and point toward the sound, and I felt relief; they had put into Menasset as they would into any harbor, I thought, for a night's shelter.

Yet Allison had been here and had talked to Charlie Wharton and if there was any detail of the Prescott murder that had not already been known in Menasset, it was surely known now. And a good thing, I thought. There was nothing to hide. The fact was the fact, as Stella had said. O.K., fellows, my wife was the Orchid Wife. Anybody got anything to say about it? Anybody want a punch in the nose?

I walked down the hall and threw open the door of the room where Stella slept, calling out, "Get up, get up! It's a glorious day, honey! Let's not waste it!"

She opened her eyes, groaned and closed them again.

I slapped her where the blanket formed a pleasing billow and said, "Time to get up, baby."

She opened her eyes again. "Mike, did you take an overdose of vitamins last night?"

"I did some thinking last night," I said. "I decided you and I weren't living."

"Tell me," she said, and sat up in bed with her head on one side and a receptive smile on her lips.

"We're wasting precious time," I said. "This is our youth, our prime. Let's go fishing, just you and me. The tide is right and they tell me the weakfish are jumping in the harbor."

"But how about Mousie and George?"

"They can take care of themselves," I said.

So I put the outboard motor on the skiff and we went fishing. We drifted with spinners on our lines and sandworms for bait as the sun rose high and hot above us, and it was wonderful being alone together. She seemed relaxed and really happy, and the weakfish co-operated handsomely; we caught sixteen.

"What we ought to do is get into New York and see some shows," I said. "I'll see about some tickets for next week. And it's time we gave a party. A wingding, as Joe Downs would call it."

"I get your message," she said. "But what's the explanation?"

"Does a party need an explanation?"

"Just now it does."

"Well, O.K.," I said. "Stella, this summer is half over. We haven't done much. We haven't tried. You've been entirely too quiet, and I've decided you need a good, firm push. You'll find the water is fine, once you're in."

"Maybe."

"Stell, I think it's important," I said. "I want us to be in the forefront. Those gay Stewarts, I want people to say, what a lucky stiff that Mike Stewart is! I want to show you off."

She asked quietly, "What happened?"

"Nothing. I just decided the time had come to build a fire under you, honey."

"I'll do what you want me to do, of course," she said.

"And the club cruise starts a week from Thursday," I said. "I want you aboard, Stell. Please don't say no this time."

"But aren't Joe and Molly Downs going?"

"I think so."

"Then how about Mousie? There won't be room for Mousie."

"The hell with Mousie," I said.

"But you'll have to break the news to her," Stella said.

"Then you'll go?"

"Darling, all I wanted was some sign you really wanted me."

"For Pete's sake, don't I give you a sign every day of the week, every hour of the day?"

"I only meant we were so happy aboard the Kiewieden before. I didn't want to jeopardize the memory."

"We'll be happy this time," I said. "Twenty-five boats are going. It will be a ball."

So it was settled, and when we were home again and after I had cleaned the fish and put them in the freezer we walked arm in arm over to my mother's, where George and Mousie were playing table tennis while my mother looked on from the shade of a white-oak tree. I was still perplexed about Mousie, and I had not seen her since George had talked to her last night. What she had told me about the corsage had been disloyal to Stella, perhaps, but it had been true, and she had insisted that she had never intended to mention it; it was only fair that I should know, she had decided. Well, that might be, I thought, and at any rate the air had been cleared because of it; I felt that my marriage was now on a stronger footing. Mousie was a temperamental, irresponsible girl, I thought, and she was driven by a rivalry with Stella that went back into childhood, but she was basically a nice girl, a friendly girl, a considerate girl.

Mousie paused now with her paddle poised and cried out, "Well, you two certainly left us on the beach today!"

"It's a pretty good beach," I said. "With the handsomest, best-dressed beachcomber for miles around."

"Yes, he's that," Mousie said. "But if it were a desert island I don't think he would pay much attention to me. He's the most indifferent man."

"He brings you down here practically every weekend," my mother said. "Is that indifference, Mousie?"

Mousie looked at George and said challengingly, "Well, declare yourself. You're on the spot."

"It's your serve, kid," George said.

"Oh, that Marion Peyton!" Mousie cried. "What's her secret, besides money?"

I sat down on the grass beside my mother's deck chair and announced, "I have good news. Stella is going on the cruise."

"That's great, Stell," Mousie said.

"Oh, dear ——" my mother began, and seemed to catch herself up.

We all looked at her, and I asked, "What are you dearing about?"

"Mike, your Aunt Jenny is coming down here a week from next Sunday. She's never met Stella and I'm afraid she'll be awfully disappointed if you're both away."

I saw the change in Stella's expression, saw the slight stir of her lips, the clouding of her eyes, and I said, "Hang Aunt Jenny."

"I suppose I can make some kind of excuse," my mother said. "But I've already told her Stella wasn't going on the cruise and she's coming all the way down from Maine. You know how Jenny is, Mike—so awfully touchy. But don't give it another thought. I'll fix it somehow."

Stella said in a small voice, "Maybe I could go for part of the cruise, Mike."

"Of course," I said. "Sure, we can always do that. As I recall the schedule, we'll be at Block Island Saturday. You can take the ferry from there to New London and then the train down here, and be on hand for Aunt Jenny on Sunday."

"I see a little glimmer of an ugly light," said Mousie. "That boat only sleeps four. It's going to let me out, isn't it?" She turned with a quick smile to Stella. "But I'm glad," she said. "I'm happy you're going. I think it's just what you need."

She had shown her disappointment like a child, I thought, and had turned the emotion to affectionate consideration, like a warm child. George had said that Mousie lived in a rush, and it was true. She wanted to get the most out of each moment, yes, but also there was genuine unselfishness in her nature; she had shown it now.

Sitting on the grass, staring out across the harbor, I felt uncomfortable about disappointing Mousie. She had looked forward to this cruise. She had talked incessantly about it. It seemed unfair to leave her out. I excused myself and went into my mother's house. On the telephone in the hall I dialed Joe Downs' number.

"Joe, I have a complication," I said. "You know, about the cruise."

"I know," Joe said. "Gladys Bevans told me you'd about decided to pass it up."

"I had, Joe, but Stella has decided she wants to go, after all—Stella and her sister. That sloop only sleeps four."

"Well, see here, Mike; I don't know whether you want me along or not, but I can tell you right now that Molly never was keen about going. It would mean leaving the kid with his grandmother, and she spoils little Joe so badly it takes a week or two to cure him. If you want just me, I'm still available."

"Joe, that's fine," I said. "That works out perfectly. You sure Molly won't mind?"

"I'm sure Molly will be relieved," he said.

I went back to the lawn, grinning, and announced, "I'm in a position to make everybody happy. Molly Downs isn't going on the cruise; only Joe. So you can come, Mousie. Of course you'll have to leave at Block with Stella, but you'll have three good days."

"Marvelous!" Mousie cried, and Stella looked at me with a slow, amused smile and said, "Yes, isn't that perfect?"

There is a lot of spit and polish about a yacht-club cruise. Every man wants his craft to look its best and perform its best, and the commodore is like a seagoing shepherd. It is his responsibility to conduct his flock from port to port, and he is alert to everyone's troubles. He watches the weather, confers with the Coast Guard, and if he is Charlie Wharton he is everywhere at once, driven by enthusiastic vigor and driving others.

For a week I was aboard the Kiewieden every day, sometimes with Stella, sometimes with Joe Downs. We daubed a little paint where there were scratches; we scrubbed and polished and gave the auxiliary motor a thorough check. Early Thursday morning we went aboard. Mousie and Stella shared the forward stateroom, which had a door and a good-sized hanging locker, and Joe and I would bed down on the two berths in the main cabin. We began unpacking our sea bags and stowing our gear, and I was putting shirts in the top drawer of my locker when I noticed a piece of chamois skin.

I picked it up and said, "Hey, where's my gun? It's not here. . . . Stella, have you seen my gun?"

"Didn't you take it ashore when we came back from our cruise?" she said. "I remember you said you wanted to put some grease in the barrel."

"I kept it wrapped in this chamois skin," I said. "I would have taken chamois and all."

"Why in heaven's name do you need a gun?" Mousie asked.

"It's always a good idea to have a gun aboard when you're cruising," I said. "You never know what you may run into. I used to carry a shotgun before I got a pistol permit."

"I expect we'll be safe without armament," Joe Downs said with a grin. "We have twenty-odd boats for company."

It was time to get started and I passed up the idea of rowing ashore in the dinghy to look for the gun. Joe and I made sail and in a fair (*Continued on Page 64*)

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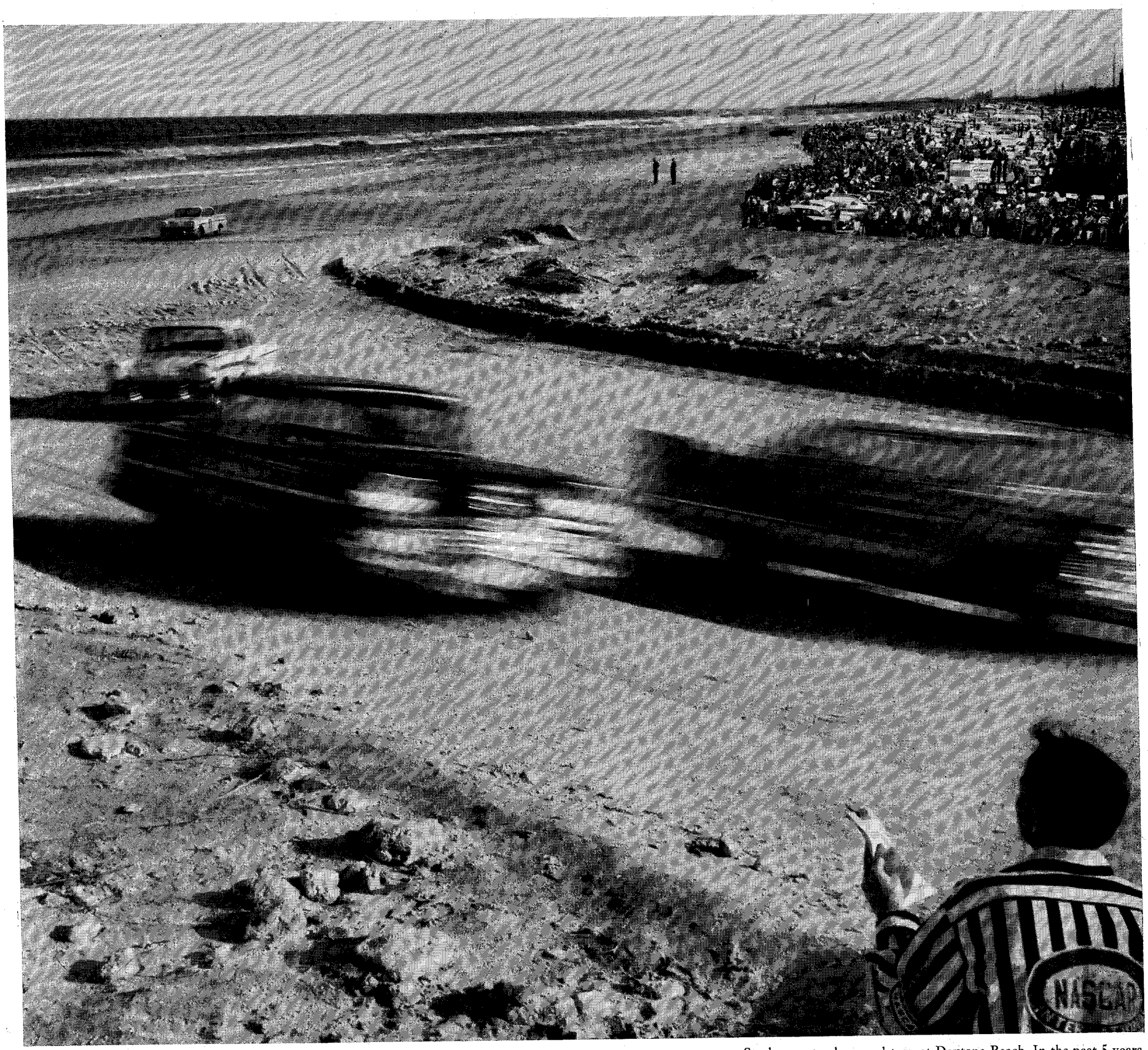

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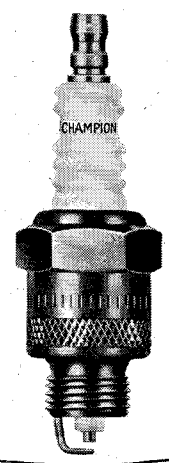

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(*Continued from Page 62*) southwest wind we kept rendezvous with the other boats outside the harbor. Every day's sail was a race, and the first day our destination was Fishers Island.

Mousie knew a little about sailing and Stella had learned much on our honeymoon, while Joe had lived by the water all his life and the time he didn't give to brass he gave to canvas. He was a good companion, ready to laugh and joke, and Mousie also proved a good shipmate, willing to lend a hand at any chore. I had given some thought to the best way to handle Mousie, and I had decided to adopt an inconsequential manner, treating her like a loved but trying kid sister.

I ordered her about like a paid hand. I criticized her in a friendly way. I found little facets of her personality—such as her headlong way of doing things—and made a point of them, saying, "Mousie, on your way to falling overboard, clear that jib sheet," or, "Fall up on deck with some beer, will you?" And, because of her rapt way of listening, her knack of overhearing anything that was said, I called her "Mickey Mouse, the little girl with the big ears." Surprisingly, she loved it, and I thought that perhaps there had not been enough of that sort of thing in her childhood.

With Joe Downs aboard we got the best possible out of the Kiewieden and finished third on corrected time the first day. We sailed into West Harbor with Stella in the pulpit at the bow, as she had been the last time, and when we anchored among the other boats the twenty-five identical burgees fluttered overhead like birds of a feather and I felt, as I had not for some weeks, that I was among my own kind again. It was a very warming feeling, but I realized that everything was the same. Nothing had changed; it was only my own attitude that had changed. Not that it was the metamorphosis of a conventional man into some sort of nonconformist spirit; not at all, it was only the separation of what was conventional from what was vulgar, of conformity from narrow-mindedness.

Stella was elected sea cook by acclamation, and that first night we each had a small individual steak, two vegetables and French bread. How that was managed on two burners I do not know, except that we ate in shifts, two at a time. After dinner there was much calling back and forth and the sailing dinghies of those who had brought their kids along went pirating through the fleet. The Thunderbird lay at anchor on our beam and I saw Phil Hunter aboard with Gladys and Sam Bevans.

I had never asked Phil what caprice had moved him to suggest to Norman and Roberta Allison that they look us up in Menasset; it was not a matter that I cared to bring up. I felt that the situation had leveled off, even though the leveling was partly a subjective matter; it had leveled off because I had taken direct action and shaken off my own diffidence. Now was the time to let it lie. I had always felt that it was primarily a question of time, and now we were sailing downwind with clock and calendar wing and wing, as sailors call it when jib and main are filled on opposite sides of the mast.

When night fell we were all tired after the long day in the sun and ready to turn in. I, for one, slept the relaxed sleep of a contented man.

The next day's sail was to Dering Harbor at Shelter Island. The cruise had been planned long in advance, with thorough reference to the tide tables, so that we caught Plum Gut on the ebb tide and went barreling through that narrow exit from Long Island Sound. It had been another day of good sailing, another day of splendid comradeship, and the anchorage was tranquil and lovely. After dinner Stella said sadly, "It's a shame that Mousie and I have to take the ferry from Block Island tomorrow. I hate to leave."

"I'll call mother tomorrow," I said. "Maybe Aunt Jenny broke a leg or something."

"I promised I'd be there Sunday," Stella said firmly. "I intend to be there."

"I'll call her anyway," I said. . . . "Mousie, I think you'd better pump the bilge tonight."

"Yes, sir, skipper," Mousie said, and went to the bilge pump.

Stella smiled faintly. Joe Downs was at the bow, rigging the kerosene riding light, and as Mousie pumped the bilge with long, supple drives of her shoulder we were out of earshot of them both.

... ...

First Garden

By Mary Cooper

We made a pact last spring,
the earth and I.
I set the terms: As much as
I was able
Of seed and care I promised
to supply
To have, in turn, some
flowers for my table.
And now I stand the debtor
in the deed,
So much I had not bargained
for is mine;
The awesome knowledge of
the strength in seed,
The realized dream, the
promise and the sign,
The tranquil glory of the
flowered slopes,
The pulse and rhythm of
the giving sod;
I, who went bargaining with
penny-hopes,
Reaped faith, and saw the
handiwork of God.

... ...

Stella murmured, "You certainly have a way with Mousie."

"She likes it," I said.

"My father never paid her much attention," Stella said. "I suppose she needs a father figure still."

"Father figure?" I said. "Hey, I'm supposed to be in the prime of youth."

Stella laughed. "Let's call it a big-brother figure, then."

Whatever it was, Mousie responded. I had found that a little praise went a long way; she was forever finding some chore that needed doing. She kept the lines laid in Flemish coils, she mounted the yachting ensign, saw to it that the cabin was tidy, helped Joe Downs with the anchor when we got under way. She was still a child in many ways, I thought, eager like a child, responsive like a child, transparent and self-seeking and dependent like a child. She responded, and so did I; this was a good new bond between us; this was a rewarding relationship.

There was another night of relaxed sleep as the sloop tended gently with the tide, and the next day, although there was little wind, the sky was a cloudless blue. When the wind failed to freshen in the afternoon, I started the auxiliary motor to kick us along a little faster, since Stella and Mousie had a ferry to catch. We were the first of the fleet to reach Block Island, and as we anchored in Great Salt Pond not far from the gasoline dock I saw among the many craft a black yawl; I hardly took note of it at the time, although it did pass through my mind that the Allisons had had ample time to cruise to Nantucket and back to Block.

I rowed Stella and Mousie to the dock in their shore clothes. We found that there would be a ferry to New London in half an hour, but first I telephoned my mother from one of the telephone booths on the pier. Margaret answered and told me that my mother had gone out for the afternoon and would not be back for dinner, so there was nothing for it but for Stella and Mousie to take the New London steamer.

I hung up, and heard a sudden commotion, saw quick movement and heard a woman cry out. It had happened just a few feet from the booth and so suddenly that the eye had been quicker than the brain's reaction. A woman had stepped up to Stella and slapped her face there on the pier, there in the bright sunlight. She had seemed all angles of elbows and wrists and bony shoulders, like an attacking spider that sallies forth and scuttles away. She was wearing a halter and slacks, and her hair was the color of an orange lollipop. I had even seen the freckles on her cheeks, even as I saw her angry, contorted face and heard the foul word she spat out at Stella.

Then it was over and she was gone, striding along the pier with long, angry steps, her heels stamping out a rhythm of revenge or triumph or whatever it was that had fueled this furious outburst on the dock. I saw Mousie's pale face, saw people staring, and I stumbled out of the booth and took Stella in my arms. Her body was rigid and she could not speak; she was swallowing hard and the cheek where she had been struck still was red.

"It was Roberta Allison," Mousie said in a small, awed voice.

"She just walked up to me," Stella gasped out. "I thought she was going to speak, but she just walked up and struck me without any warning."

"Let's get out of here," I said, and led her away from the pier toward a steep hillside where taxicabs were parked in a circular drive. I signaled to one of them and said, as we got in, "Take us to the ferry landing."

Stella leaned back on the seat, with her eyes closed, and murmured, "It was the surprise of it, that's what got me. She used to come to dinner. We used to go to their house." She put her finger tips to her cheek. "It was so violent. She was crazy about Jim, and maybe she really thinks I'm a dreadful woman. Anyhow, I guess she wants to think that. She never liked me."

"Did you hear what she said?" asked Mousie. "'You murdering b——'"

"I heard it," I broke in sharply. "Skip it, Mousie."

The cab pulled up at the ferry station and the driver said, "You'd better hurry. She's about to pull out."

"Stella, I don't want you to go," I said.

"We have to. Aunt Jenny ——"

"The hell with Aunt Jenny. You stay here with me."

"Mike, don't let it get you down," she said. "I suppose something like this was bound to happen. . . . Come on, Mousie; let's hurry."

Mousie took my hand in both of hers. "Wonderful cruise, Mike," she said, and on tiptoes, she kissed my cheek and whispered in my ear, "Love you, darling. Good-by."

I don't know whether Stella heard, but her eyebrows went up a little. She kissed me hastily and then they were gone, moving into the crowd boarding the steamer. I was still seething with anger. This was something a man couldn't fight. If it had been Norman Allison I could have heaved him into Great Salt Pond, but a man is helpless in the strange zoology of women. He can only control himself and blue the air with thwarted rage, which was what I did as I walked back to the pier.

When I rowed out to the Kiewieden in the dinghy Joe Downs had the swimming ladder overside and was puffing in the water. He caught hold of the gunwale of the dinghy and said, "I see they made it O.K. That means we've lost our cook and bottlewasher both, so what do you say we have dinner ashore tonight? Feel like a lobster?"

"I feel more like a mako shark," I said.

"Funny," said Joe, and splashed water at me.

I got into my swimming trunks and dived off the stern. The cool water refreshed me and eased my anger. Now that I thought about it, who was the worse off for that incident on the dock? The Allison woman, naturally. She had behaved with unpardonable vulgarity, and she must know it; she must feel like a fool about it. When anger abates, most people feel a little foolish.

Joe cracked the ice, and after I had dressed we had a drink in the cockpit and watched the boats come in and anchor, one by one. At least no one from Menasset had witnessed the incident on the dock, I thought—not even Joe. We watched the communication line of dinghies moving from boat to boat as the ritual of the anchor drink was in progress, and at last, in soft sunset light, we rowed ashore. There was a restaurant near the pier, where we both had clam chowder and broiled lobster, and topped it off with cherry pie. I felt much better.

We were lingering over our coffee when Sam Bevans came in with Gladys and Phil Hunter. They paused at our table and Sam asked, "Where are the girls?"

"I put them on the ferry," I said. "They had to go back to Menasset."

"We're passing up the trip to Fishers Island tomorrow ourselves," Sam said. "We're heading back for Menasset in the morning. I hate not to finish out the cruise, but I've got a deal coming off Monday morning and I've got to be in the office."

"That's why Phil is looking so cheerful," Gladys said. "Now he can get back to his true love with its head full of figures and its clickety-click voice that he so loves to hear."

"I don't know about true love," Phil said. "The clickety-click voice of a stock ticker can be the voice of doom too."

Gladys was looking very pretty tonight, I thought. She had put on a dress and high heels, and somehow had managed to make her blond hair look as if it had been sprayed with stardust, not salt water.

"I suppose Stella is like George Duncan," she said. "She doesn't really care for sailing. I guess you have to be born to it, as you and I were."

"On the contrary, she loves to sail," I said. "She had to get home because my Aunt Jenny is coming down to meet her."

"That will be an ordeal," Gladys said lightly. "I remember your Aunt Jenny."

They moved on, and Joe and I finished our coffee and paid the check. On the way down to the dock we met Charlie and Elaine Wharton, and Elaine called to me, "Mike, could I have a word with you? . . . Do you mind, Joe?"

"Sure not," Joe said. "I'll take a walk down the dock."

Elaine took my left hand in hers and held it firmly. (*Continued on Page 66*)

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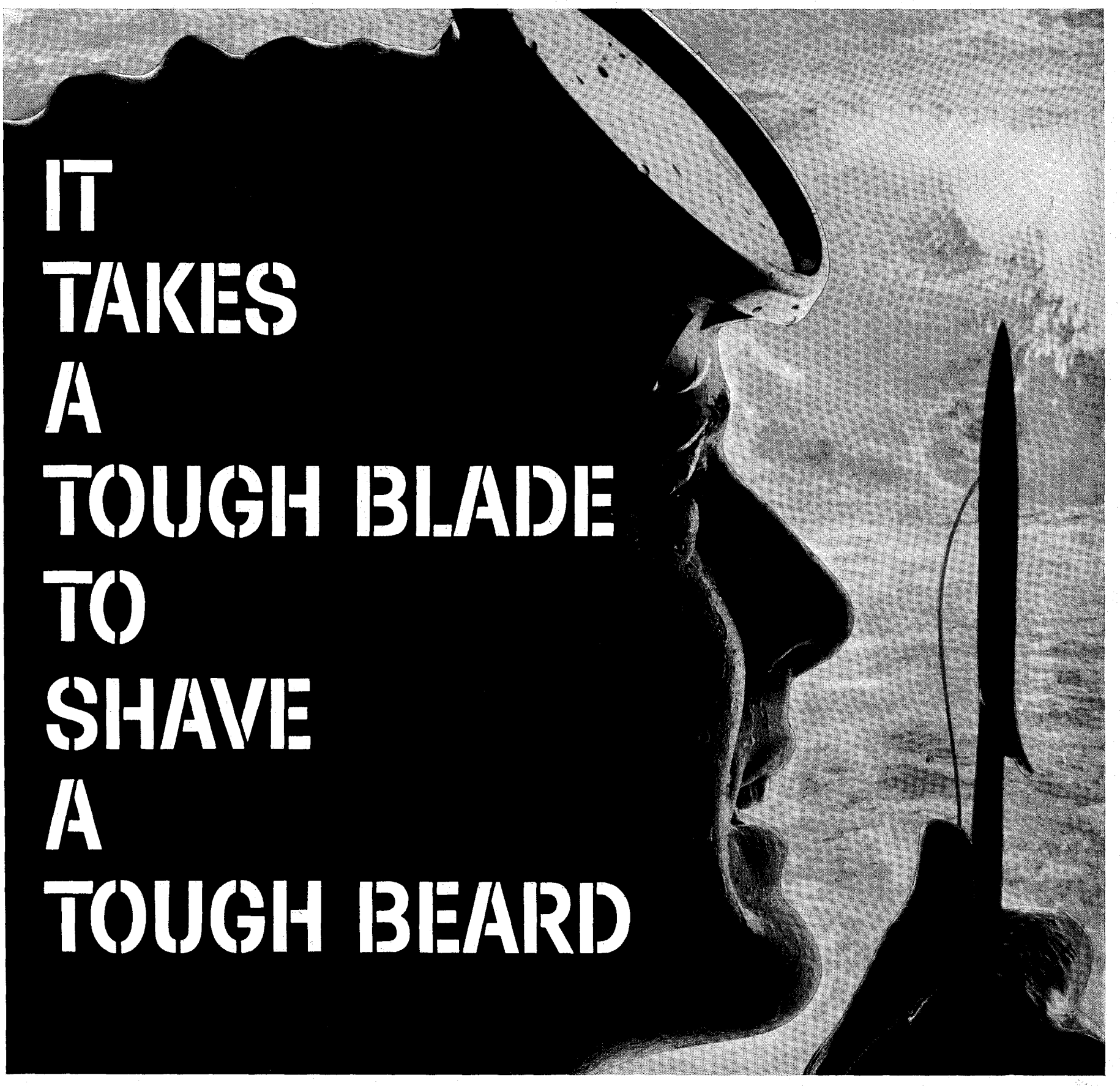

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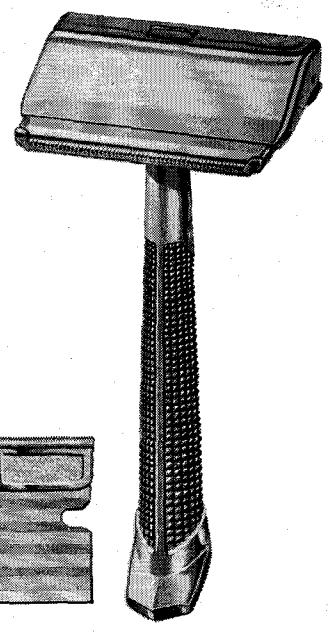

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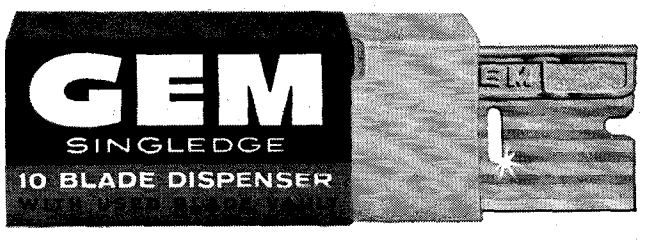

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(*Continued from Page 64*) Her face always seemed serious and no slant-angle glasses could change it, but tonight her expression appeared to be concern, and the way she held my hand had a meaning.

"Mike, I think you know I'm not a nosy girl," she said. "I generally mind my own business. But there's something you should know, and I think I ought to tell you. I'd want you to do the same for me."

"Sure," I said, meeting her eyes. Charlie stood at my side, with his hands deep in his pockets and a fierce scowl on his face.

"We had an unspeakable woman aboard for cocktails," Elaine said. "It seems she and her husband had guest privileges at the yacht club a few weeks ago, and they came over in their dinghy to pay their respects to the commodore."

"Mike knows the guy," Charlie said. "I introduced them. . . . Sorry about that, Mike."

"Mike, I know I'm rushing in where no sensible angel would tread, but I think you'd want to know what that woman said," Elaine went on. "I think she ought to be stopped. I think you ought to sue for slander or something. Charlie asked them to leave the boat. That gives you an idea." Her hand tightened on mine for a moment, a sympathetic squeeze, and she said quietly, "Now, in the first place everybody in Menasset knows the story. You must realize that by now. I don't mean that there has been any nasty gossip. There hasn't—at least none that came to my ears."

"Baby, come to the point," Charlie said.

"Yes, of course," Elaine said. "Tonight was something of a revelation, Mike. That was one nasty, spiteful woman. She came aboard and she had one drink, and immediately she began talking about that Prescott case. She saw Stella ashore, she said, and I guess that's what set her off. She asked how Stella was getting on in Menasset and all that, and I told her we all loved Stella."

"We do," Charlie Wharton said. "She's a great kid."

"That seemed to burn her up," Elaine went on. "You never heard such an outburst. She gave us a nasty little thumbnail sketch of the case. She told us Stella said she went alone to a movie that night and came home and went to bed and was awakened by a shot. But she claimed Stella wasn't at the movies and she could prove it. She claimed that Stella shot Mr. Prescott and went out to get rid of the gun and didn't call the police until she came back. She said that if ever Stella sets foot in New Jersey again the district attorney over there will have her arrested."

"If he wants to talk to her, all he has to do is make a telephone call," I said tightly. "Stella will go to New Jersey."

"Of course," Elaine said. "That's exactly what Charlie told her. But she kept going on about the police believing that the signs of a scuffle were faked. A table and lamp had been overturned and she said the police laboratory believed there would have been some damage to the lamp if it had actually fallen from the table. And do you know what that woman did? She actually went around and questioned all the neighbors, and she claims she found a man who had been out walking his dog that night and saw a man going into the house and saw somebody open the door for him; he couldn't see who it was. She says if it's the last thing she does on this earth, she'll ——"

"O.K., I get the drift of it, Elaine," I said. "I think the woman is psychotic."

"She certainly didn't behave normally."

"And she always hated Stella," I said.

"Mike, it upset me to tell you all that," she said. "But I thought you ought to know, and so did Charlie."

"I thank you for it, Elaine," I said.

She gave my hand a final squeeze and murmured, "I think it's horrible that you have to go through all this."

What was I going through, I thought. It was Stella who suffered. Damn all conventional people, I thought. I wasn't ruled by conventions any more. I was an angry husband and lover. Stella was the one thing that was important to me; this cruise had proved it to me all over again.

"Stella can take it, Elaine," I said. "There's a lot of iron in Stella."

"I know," Elaine said. "I think she's simply wonderful."

"That goes double," Charlie said.

I walked slowly on down to the pier. I tried to keep a clear head, but phrases Elaine had used kept sticking in my mind—*Stella wasn't at the movies . . . the signs of a scuffle were faked . . . saw a man going into the house and saw somebody open the door for him.* I despised myself. I wanted to check the inexorable workings of my brain and quiet the tingling nerve ends. I wanted to fight down the doubts and fears, but just when I thought I had exorcised the devils of suspicion, they had returned with reinforcements.

I found Joe looking over a big power cruiser, and I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Joe, I've decided to start home tomorrow. I'm sorry to let you down, but maybe you can get a berth somewhere else if you want to go on with the cruise."

"Something wrong, Mike?"

I hesitated and said, "No, not really wrong."

But he caught the tone of my voice and said, "Sure, I can find another berth. I think I'll walk up and talk to Charlie Wharton about it."

I could not help feeling that everything had fallen to pieces, but I thought that once I saw Stella again, it would be all right. We would talk this thing out. It had to be settled one way or another. I could not go on worrying and doubting.

I stepped into the same telephone booth I had used that afternoon and put in a call to Menasset. When Bernice answered, I asked, "Is Mrs. Stewart home yet, Bernice?"

"She was, but she ain't," Bernice said. "She and Mr. George went out to dinner tonight."

"George Duncan?"

"Yes, sir. He drove up from the city a while back."

I hesitated only a moment before I said, "Will you give her a message, please? Tell her I'm sailing home tomorrow. Tell her I'm starting from Block Island and I'll get there sometime tomorrow evening."

"In time for dinner, Mr. Stewart?"

"No, there's no chance of that. I'll probably be pretty late."

I waited on the pier for Joe Downs. He came down the hill grinning, to report that he had been welcomed aboard the commodore's boat. We rowed out to the Kiewieden and took his gear aboard the dinghy, and after I had left him on Charlie Wharton's big yawl I pulled back to the Kiewieden. I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I lay there watching the stars move across the open hatch as the boat swung. I lay there until the moon rose very late at night, and at last I went to sleep with the moonlight on my face.

When I awakened, Block Island was blanketed in fog. I could barely make out the outline of the craft nearest me and knew that I would have to wait until the fog lifted. I fixed breakfast and made a large pot of coffee. I sat alone for an hour or more in the moist, dense air until at last a breeze stirred and the fog began to thin. I began to see the other boats, saw Sam Bevans hauling up the anchor of the Thunderbird. I saw activity on the other craft at anchor and my eyes turned toward the black yawl, but it was gone. Possibly the Allisons had departed with the dawn, before the fog set in.

I warmed up the motor and went to the pulpit to raise the anchor. By the time I got under way the big blue sloop was distant in the mist, and when I passed out of the harbor entrance she had already made sail. The wind was fair, but not very strong, and obviously her power was on; I could see a wake astern of her and she drew steadily away.

". . . then, after all that careful planning, mind you . . . I walked up to the window, aimed the note at him and handed him the gun."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I ran under power alone, which meant about six knots maximum, and soon the Thunderbird was out of sight. It was slow going. The strong tides in the Race were adverse and ran up to four and a half knots at one point, so that I was practically hung up. Everything seemed to be working against me—fog and wind and current. I was in a bad mood as I sat squinting in the sun with the motor roaring down below, watching the shore line inch past. When the sun set I was still far from Menasset, but in the darkness the old familiar beacons came brightly into being along the shore, marking my course. It was eleven o'clock when at last I entered Menasset Harbor and followed the channel I knew so well.

There were no lights, either in my house or my mother's. I left my gear aboard and rowed ashore in the dinghy. As I walked to the house I thought that I could not blame Stella for not waiting up, but I was nevertheless disappointed. It was not very late. I saw my luminous watch dial in the night—11:30.

The house was very still and when I opened the door I had the impulse to shout, "Stella, I'm home." But let her sleep, I thought. I was bushed. I did not want to talk tonight. It was just as well that she was already asleep.

I groped my way into the kitchen and found the wall switch. I had eaten some sandwiches at one o'clock, but nothing since; I had kept the motor running steadily. I found bread in the breadbox and put it on the kitchen table; then I opened the refrigerator. I found the butter and was looking for meat or cheese when I saw it, in a corner of the refrigerator, at the back. I saw what looked like a bit of lace and ribbon, and I reached in and took it out. I held in my hand a corsage of orchids.

It was a curious thing. I felt a little chill, felt a sensation at the back of my neck, like a cold wind blowing, here in the kitchen on a hot summer night. A corsage of orchids, here in my icebox, and last night she had gone out to dinner with George.

There was a smashing sound and I heard a thumping impact beside me. Probably it was because I was already alerted that I acted so fast. I threw myself to the floor and rolled over twice and found the wall switch. The kitchen was in darkness and I crouched low, holding my breath. I heard no sound.

It had been a shot. I knew it had been a shot and I had heard the bullet smashing into the refrigerator at my side. That meant it had come from the living room, through the open door. There was someone in the living room with a gun—someone who had tried to kill me.

I inched slowly along the wall to the screen door that led outdoors, pausing now and then to listen, but I heard no sound. I eased the door open and slipped through it and moved into the darkest shadows against the wall of the house.

Light flashed suddenly in the darkness and I drew back against the wall. It came from the living room, casting brilliant, distorted window shapes of light out onto the lawn. I moved cautiously, settling my feet gently in the soft soil of the flower bed. I was near the window now. I drew my head down and very slowly raised it to the level of the sill. What I saw struck me hard in the pit of my stomach, took my breath away.

Stella was standing in the middle of the room under an overhead light, and there was a gun in her hand. She stood perfectly still, looking lovely and disheveled in her negligee, but rigid, and staring at the gun with dull, trancelike eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Secret of Loch Lure

(Continued from Page 29)

Scotland's friend and lover always—yes, she said those very words—and with a gaiety and wit to tickle the ribs of pawky Scotsmen. When the muckle laird insulted her beyond endurance, she very properly felled the muckle laird. There were dark looks for the laird in the ensuing days.

But the laird no longer cared how his people looked at him. He worked for them with fanatical efficiency and uncompromising zeal that second winter. He found backers for the holiday camp, employing only local labor. He floated Glenlure sawmills to produce finished lumber, transportable on the broad new road. Wool prices rose again. The salmon cycle was on the way up. The grouse were coming back. The stalking had improved. He therefore let his fishing and his shooting for next year, and at better prices than ever before, for Glenlure was famous now. As happens so often in life's struggle, everything improved together. That the opposite could happen just as swiftly, he was well aware.

Nor did Colin McLure forget that the essential spark to this prosperity lay in the boathouse, needing improvement. "The dive at the end is bad. He sinks in a bogus fashion. Couldn't we have some spring device whereby, if we speed him up enough, the head trips and he plunges? Far more realistic."

Jock agreed. Mark Two was on the stocks.

An airmail picture post card came for Colin in late October. The photograph was of Fujiyama. The text was brief: "Highland Honey, sorry I was mean." No signature. He did not accept the apology, unsigned. He hid the post card, not to much avail.

The laird was a taskmaster nowadays, a large ball of fire in a land of soft west winds and small ambition. His people loved the man, but found his Calvinistic zeal embarrassing. They saw in this post card a tiny ray of hope. "Highland Honey," he was known as from that day on behind his back.

"Jock," he said in February, "I don't much like this one-way traffic. Now if we had some pulley sort of rig, anchored to the bottom of the loch, we could make him steam in three or four directions."

"The loch's ower deep, I'm thinkin'," Jock replied.

They took soundings in the night. Five hundred and forty feet, not bottomless, but deep enough, too deep. "We must rely on their imaginations," Colin said. He meant rely on those tricks of light and tricks of wind, those floating logs. He meant flying saucers on Loch Lure. "If we were careful last year, Jock, we've got to be ten times cautious now."

To this Jock only coughed. The laird had thought it necessary to make him swear dire oaths of secrecy, but who had tried to give the show away?

They had a trial run in May, a great success. The monster dipped his head to dive with porpoiselike abandon.

"Who do you think I had a letter from?" said Lady Violet at luncheon. "That charming child." She rummaged in her bag for a letter in a dashing hand.

That angel fury, virago, the only person mother called "that charming child." "Who?" he said.

"Diana Traill, you idiot." Four sheets, eight sides, Lady Violet turned them one by one, with chuckles. Too far away for him to read. "Really so amusing; I can almost hear her talk. 'P.S.,' she says. 'Love to Highland Honey.' Who would that be, do you think?"

He did not answer his annoying mother. The run this morning a triumphant *tour de force*—and then hook, trip at his underpinnings, reminder of dog days of lunacy. And what had she written? What deviltry was in the air? He did not dare to ask. His mother put the letter back in her capacious bag. He left the table.

"Darling," said his mother late in June, "would you let me put my garden-tour price up to five bob? I had two hundred and forty yesterday—that's thirty quid, and the trouble is I simply don't get time for gardening myself. I thought if I doubled up the ante, the crowds would be less and I might call my soul my own again."

She awaited his decision dutifully. There was only one bad influence capable of undermining Lady Violet's obedience. But that influence was, mercifully, far away somewhere or other, never to return. He had his mother buttoned up.

"Very well," he said. "You can try five shillings."

Nobody else, not even the duke himself, could charge five bob and get away with it. But Lady Violet did. She still had no time for gardening. The silver kept on rolling in.

There had been a crop of false sightings after the first run of the season. These fell off gradually. Colin arranged for the second run for mid-July. Moosie of Lure made front-page news. Things would have continued excellent if the weather had not broken.

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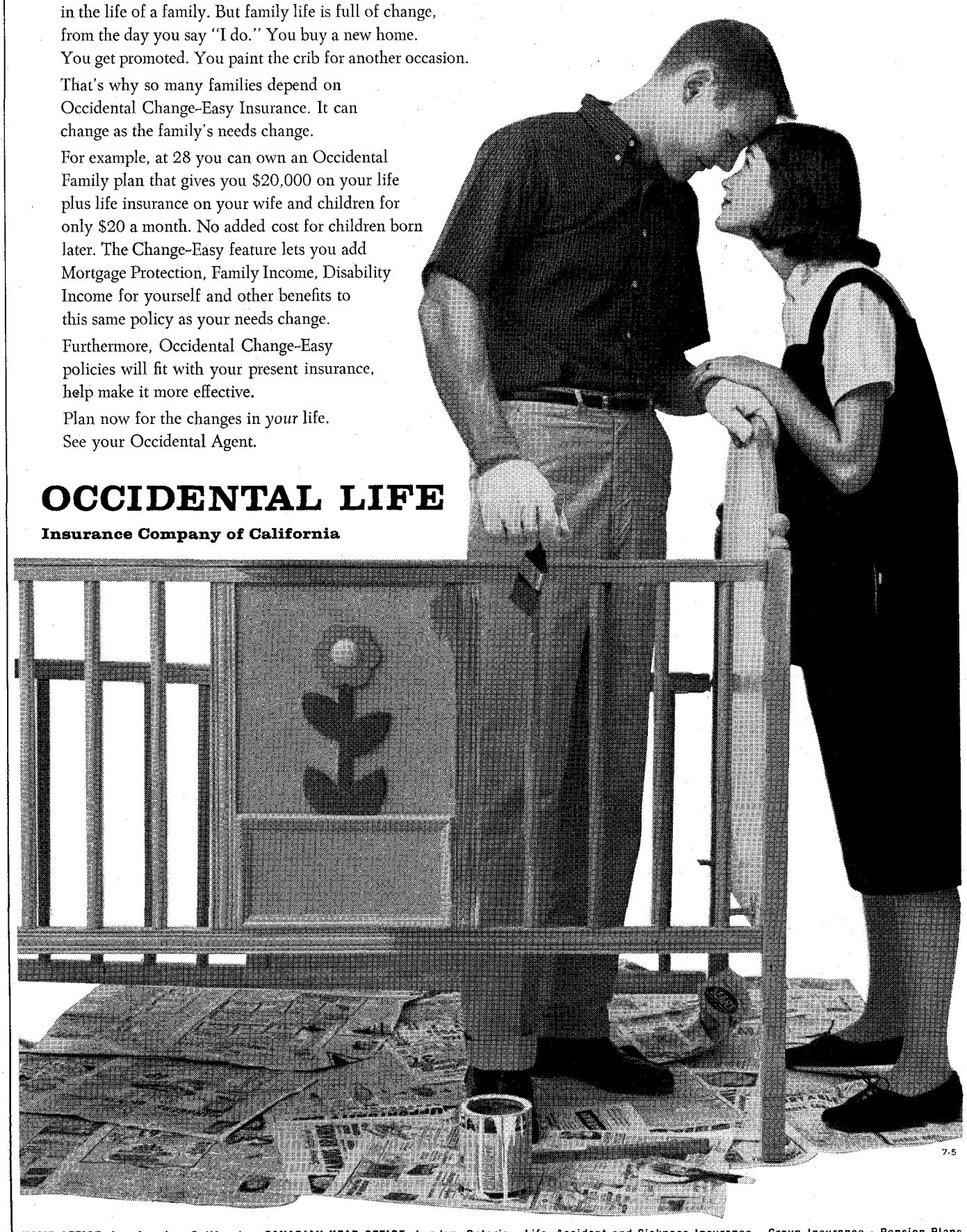

7-5

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He woke early to the third successive drizzly morning, with the hills in cloud, the loch a dim dejected gray, all colors muted. One vivid patch stood out across the loch among the somber hues. It was an orange tent.

Colin dashed to the gunroom for his stalking glass, up through his slumbering seat or castle to his bedroom window. He saw the tent flaps open and Miss Traill emerge. She wore a bathing suit of iridescent green. She put her arms above her golden head and stretched. Then she dived into the murky loch and swam; after a brief dip she disappeared into the tent again.

He watched for minutes, hours or ages. The insolence! Without so much as a by-your-leave! Willful trespass! Soon now he would go and —— But he saw the people coming, one by one, converging on that tent—Constable Tocher, Bella Graham, shepherds, housewives, gardeners, crofters, Jock Dunblane—all come to pay homage in their native drizzle.

Miss Traill came out, skipped lithely up, shook hands with everyone, with all the simple people. She spoke with them. Their shoulders shook with laughter in their native drizzle.

Colin snapped shut the telescope. He dressed and went downstairs. He grunted to his mother's breezy morning greeting. He ate one egg instead of three, one piece of toast instead of four, drank one cup of tea instead of five. He rose to leave.

"Oh, Colin," said his mother. "I wouldn't do anything foolish, darling."

"Ugh?"

"If you try eviction, I am sure we shall have strikes and mutiny in the glen. They might use violence, even. Your countrymen are both impulsive and passionately loyal, as you should know."

Loyal! Loyal to the laird and master who had slaved and struggled for them? Loyal to this foreign woman, dollar woman, photographic, journalistic scoop hunter of two days? He knew, alas, that his mother was dead right. He would play a waiting game. The fools would soon find out the truth. Let her lash them with her tongue when crossed. Let her knock down Constable Jim Tocher, dull but honest, a well-loved minion of the law.

"Keep her away from here," he said. "I insist upon it."

"You're becoming quite ruthless and dictatorial," said his mother. "Like a general or a business magnate or one of those Pycoon people. I remember a charming one I met in America long ago. He was an up-and-coming young Pycoon." Lady Violet sighed at the girlhood memory.

"Tycoon," said Colin. "They don't bake pies."

"But he did. That's just what Bixie did. He was the most electrifying, hypnotic, hustle-bustle go-getter of a man, and the best pastry cook in all the world. He kept baking pies for me at a weekend party in those hills—mountains, they kept callin' them—the Adirondack Mountains."

"I hadn't heard of this romance."

"One single flash of summer lightning," Lady Violet said. "Well then, I came home and I married your dear father the next year and lived in utter happiness with him, and he was so kind and easygoing that I'm afraid I rather ruled the roost. But that Pycoon Bixie at a staid weekend with the Vanderfellers—he was the only other man who ever stirred me in my bones. 'Baby, that dress sure drapes around ya like a gunny sack. Put on the blue one, baby.' He was 'Bixie' and I was 'baby' all that long weekend."

Colin escaped to discuss plans with Jock.

His duties took him elsewhere all that rainy day. He was becoming used to the orange enemy by evening. *Let her cool off in that soggy tent*, he thought sadistically in his steaming bath. He dressed. He heard a crunch of gravel. Mother, back from somewhere, came upstairs.

He went down himself and entered the smoking room. Diana Traill stood up. She wore a sweater and a quilted, flowing-skirt affair. "Honey," she sighed, "you look like fifty million dollars."

She glided across the room to him, and he put up his hands to ward her off, to stop her felling him with expert ankle lock and shift of weight. But she ignored his hands—walked into them in fact—committed no bad magic to his underpinnings. She put one cool, slim hand on that sensuously tactile place, the hollow of his neck, stood on tiptoe—she was still a grand big girl of the American description—and swiftly kissed him on the lips, danced away light as a feather, sat down and swigged a martini.

"It's lovely to be back," she said. "And everyone's so sweet to me; just like being home again." She stretched lazily, inimitably, watching him; and softly tigerish, she said to him, "You're going to be sweet to me, aren't you, honey?"

Colin shook his head, but then he remembered a certain silky menace in her question, so he nodded with great vigor.

"Did my post card saying 'Sorry I was mean' get through?"

He nodded again with great vigor. "Got through," he said. Got through to him and everybody in the glen.

Diana Traill unstretched and sat up straight and said, "I was sorry for being mean to you. But look at how mean you were to me! Aren't you going to say you're sorry?"

"Sorry I was mean," he said. She said it, so he must have been; but he could not quite remember anything, and then he remembered that she had failed to get her heart's desire—a photograph for her ruthless hero the Chief. Then Colin had a splendid thought—that she might be here for purest camping pleasure, not on a photographic mission.

"D'you get the sack?" he asked her roughly.

"Yes," she said. "Burton I. Carruthers fired me by long-distance transatlantic before I even reached Monaco. So then I had the winter to fill in; so daddy came through with the ready, bless him, so off to Japan I went to get the finishing touches of perfection from my old jujitsu professor. He taught me when I was covering Korea—that was how it all got started—I mean the boys in the front line don't mean any harm, but still. Well, anyway, do you know what my old professor said this time: 'You are my pride, my finest pupil. You would have the best of three tumbles with any big strong man.' Honey, now you have that doubtful hamstrung hangdog look again. Don't you believe me, honey?"

Colin nodded his head with great vigor. "Believe you. Believe every word you say."

"But even with that encouragement, I missed my job most dreadfully. Then I started having a nightmare." She gave one convulsive, strangely graceful shudder. "Oh, it was appalling. It was your own monster beast, and I was diving just off that point below the castle —— I never went there either, which is such a funny thing. Well, anyway, I dive, and this great awful beast looms up at me, and I cry help, and you are standing on the rock, and the monstrous beast is coming nearer to eat me up, and you're a helpless monster, too, like some great, hopeless, Highland cattle beast." She sighed. "You never save me," she accused him. "Never ever in my dream." She stared at him with eyes of midnight blue, shade of danger, and she said to him, "Honey, do you have nightmares too?"

He nodded with great vigor. "Oh, yes," he said. "Same sort of thing. Poor but honest knight tries to rescue poor rich lady from poor monster sort of thing. It's simply ghastly, and I wake up sweating."

"Who's the poor but honest knight?" she asked him. "You?"

"Me," he confirmed. "And Moosie's the beast, and you're the woman, and I don't stand there on the rock, like some great, hopeless, Highland cattle beast. I always try." He hung his head. "Never succeed, I must admit. Wake up first, is half the trouble."

"Softy muscle man is half the trouble," said Miss Traill not very nicely. "Sometimes in my dreams I hate you, honey. Do you know it?"

"Know it," he said. She seemed yet more dangerous this year.

"Well, as I was saying when you interrupted, this nightmare thing got worse and worse, and I was down to absolutely skin and bone, ribs sticking out, hips nonexistent." She laid a slender hand on each set of ribs and hips in contemplative reminiscence. "My dear professor was most awfully worried. He said in his funny way, 'A skeleton girl can't hope for the best of three tumbles with any big strong man. Go home.' So home I went on bended knee to Burton I. Carruthers. 'Please, Chief,' I begged. 'Just give me one last chance. If I don't get to grips with this beastly Highland monster of my dreams, I'm done for. Occupational therapy is my only sort of hope—to take his picture and cure myself in one fell swoop. Please, Chief!' I begged. Then Burton I. Carruthers barked in that wonderful way of his 'Right, Traill, but if you flunk again, I'll —— And see here, Traill! It's not enough to get that picture. Get fat as well. I cannot stomach skinny women on my chain.' It's true, he can't. And then the Chief dropped his bombshell. Oh, well, I'll tell you later."

Diana Traill was watching him. *I am her mouse*, he thought. *She'll tell me later, and fell me later, and eat me later.*

"So here I am," she said. "You wouldn't take me for a ride a second time, now would you, honey?"

"Wouldn't," he said. "Didn't." That painful memory assailed him, and he escaped it, growling, "Not skin and bone. Bloom on you like a blooming peach," he growled.

His compliment was not successful. "Don't call me a blooming peach. And of course I'm not just skin and bone; not now. My nightmare stopped, you idiot."

"Sorry," he said. "Hips aren't only things a chap can judge by," he asserted stoutly.

Diana was her happy self again, laughing with him, laughing at him—laughing anyway; it did not matter. "Come here, my honey bear," she said in a very special tone of voice.

He would have obeyed, and gladly, had his mother not arrived.

"Oh, Lady V., they suit you just absolutely to perfection."

Colin turned. His mother wore a pair of skin-tight scarlet pantaloons, halfway up or down the ample calf. She pirouetted, pleased as punch.

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Government allotted 100 acres of the Indian tribal reservation to Choctaw Charlie, to become his as soon as he was competent to manage his own affairs. Meanwhile, it promised to hold the land "free of all charges and encumbrances." But when the Government sold $15,000 worth of timber from the land, it charged Choctaw Charlie for income taxes on the amount. He went war-whooping into court.

"Free of charge means free of taxes," counsel for Charlie contended. "Otherwise this whole deal becomes a trick to do the Indians out of their reservation by taxing it away."

"Indians are citizens and all citizens are subject to income taxes," the collector replied. "Choctaw Charlie must pay up."

If you were the judge, would you make Choctaw Charlie pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Charlie did not have to pay. The court ruled there was doubt as to whether "free of charge" meant "free of taxes," and added: "Doubtful expressions must be resolved in favor of the weak and defenseless people who are wards of the nation, dependent upon its protection and good faith."

Based upon a 1956 United States Supreme Court decision.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She'd make a wonderful wife for somebody. Fine cook, good housekeeper, and executive vice president of Barlow Stores, Inc."

"I adore me madly in them," Lady Violet said. "Besides, scarlet is my basic kind of woman. I can't thank you enough, dear child. . . . Colin darling, don't you love them?"

Her son, the laird, was utterly dumfounded, not for the first time in an utterly dumfounding fifteen minutes. "Nightmare hips," he mumbled.

They teamed to make a joke of him again, a female laughingstock, a giggling whipping horse. They went to dinner. The *pièce de résistance* was cold salmon from the River Lure, killed this very day, cooked to a minimum moist succulent perfection by Margaret, that paragon of cooks. Lucky man who ever got the cooking part of Margaret.

Miss Traill had two large helpings, then another, smaller one. "That ought to do the trick," she said in confidence. "I was still three pounds underweight on Wednesday in New York."

"I like a healthy woman who can eat," said Lady Violet. . . . "Colin, don't you agree?"

He nodded. "Like healthy women," he confirmed. "Can't stand ribs stickin' out, hips nonexistent. Like sort of happy mean or compromise."

"That reminds me," said Miss Traill. "I must tell you the Burton I. Carruthers bombshell. Do you know what? He's coming here tomorrow; he's touring Scotland in the Supercontinental with his chauffeur, and everything is on the tightest to-the-minute sort of schedule. Like all great men, the Chief is never early, never late; he's always on the very dot. He's giving Goban thirty minutes, and then he comes on round to check on me at twelve-thirty-seven, and woe betide me if ——" She shivered. "Well, then, I did just wonder, Lady Violet ——"

"Of course," said Lady Violet. "He must stay to luncheon. I shall wear my scarlet pantaloons in Burton I. Carruthers' honor."

Diana Traill looked dubious. She bit her lower lip. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "You see, Lady Violet, like all great men, the Chief is apt to be old-fashioned."

"Piffle, my dear," said Lady Violet. "He can have me in my scarlet pants or not at all. Now let me see. You'll join us, won't you?"

"Oh, heavens, no! I simply wouldn't dare. If I wasn't strictly on the line of duty all day long—why, Burton I. Carruthers would fire me on the spot, far less by long distance."

Once again a shiver ran all through Diana Traill, and she turned her eyes of midnight blue full on the laird. She stared at him in deep thought, and he stared back in deep hypnosis.

"Honey," she said, "do you remember how last year I told you about how, like all great men, the Chief has a fascination with big beasts and mysteries of every kind. Do you remember?"

The poor laird nodded.

"That's why he let me come again. That's why the Chief is coming here himself. Oh, if only—if only ——"

"What?" croaked the besotted laird.

"If only by some miracle of lucky chance the Chief could see the monster and I could get my picture of the monster." Miss Traill looked down. The lustrous lashes veiled her eyes. She took a long, long breath and sighed. Colin groaned, and coughed to hide his groan, and then a pregnant silence fell about the dinner table.

Miss Traill went off to pay proper compliments to Margaret, the cook, another of her stanch admirers.

"That charming child has set her heart on it," said Lady Violet. "The weather report is drizzle, visibility half a mile tomorrow. She can't get a first-rate photograph. Her whole career depends upon pleasing this Pycoon. We've simply got to risk it."

"But, mother!"

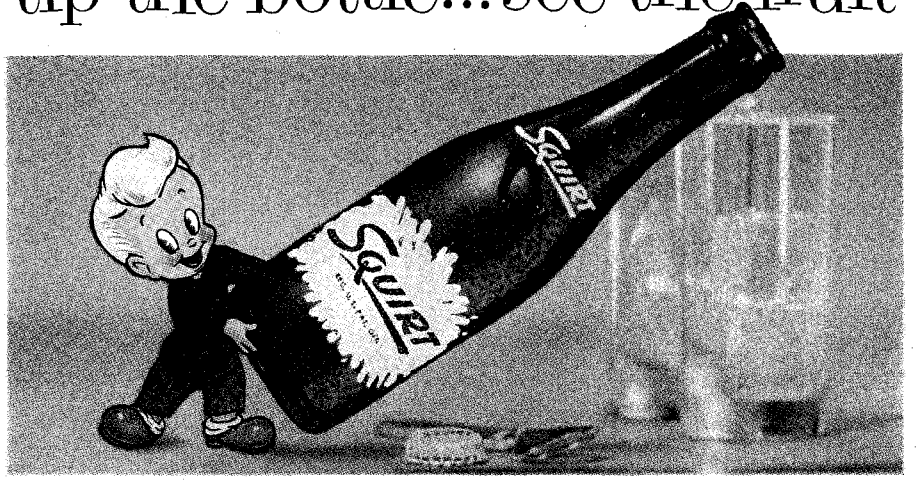
"No buts. Go and find Jock and tell him."

Jock was in the gunroom, oiling guns despondently. He raised no objections. In fact, he welcomed the idea. "Margaret says enough's enough," he told his employer and old friend. "And I'm never to see no more of Bella, or it's the parting o' the ways; and Maggie takes up yon meat-chopper gadget, and she says to me: 'Or if it's no the parting o' the ways, it's the parting o' the spinal column, Jock Dunblane.' And we're to be married next Friday week, and here's a chance the nicht to say a last ta-ta to Bella." For a prospective bridegroom, Jock looked somewhat woebegone. "Och, well," he consoled himself aloud. "There's grand cookin' and love forbye the meat chopper."

Colin went back. He could not think very well tonight, but Celtic premonition,

fresh fruit flavor you can see!

tip the bottle... see the fruit



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second sight, was troubling him. *Madness*, he thought, *sheer lunacy;* and could not think.

"Diana wants to see the house," said Lady Violet. "Take her, Colin, would you? Show her the whole shooting match, except the old billiard room, of course. That's such a ghastly, cluttered shambles that shame forbids the housewife part of me." His mother glanced at him. "I shall remain here with a scarlet woman's dreams."

He took Diana round the house, the old part and the great nineteenth-century addition, by banquet hall and picture gallery, deep-embrasured corridor, four-postered bedroom. He was nervous, so he took her quickly.

"Gosh!" she panted. "It's simply huge! Honey, once upon a time you must have been quite stinking, were you?"

How quaint and charming her expressions, but he knew them now. "Oh, yes," he said. "Quite stinking once upon a time, we was—we were, I mean. But since my grandfather built the big addition, we've been stinking less and less, until stink negative."

She was in her merry mood again. How sweet the echo of her laughter in his vaulted halls. "What's this?"

"Door to the tower," he said. "It's ninety-seven steps."

"Come on," she said. "I'll race you."

She raced him and she beat him up ninety-seven winding steps in semidarkness. She was hardly out of breath.

"How wonderful," she said, "even in the drizzle. Oh, how I love this Highland drizzle!"

"Me, too," he said. Why had he ever cursed the Highland drizzle?

"That's where the pheasants are," she said. "Where the fence cuts right across the point. Why do you keep them so locked up and sort of secret, honey?"

"Keeps foxes out," he said. Quite true. "Also baby pheasants mustn't ever be disturbed by strangers. Healthier birds if not neurotic." He was doing well.

"Why, there it is!" she cried. "My nightmare rock!" Diana shuddered with strange grace. "I mean the rock just beyond the boathouse and lagoon. I never saw it before, yet I see it in my nightmare always every time. Do you see it, honey?"

"Yes." He also saw movement that was Jock in preparation. "Cold," he said. "Go down. You come behind, in case you stumble."

She came behind, and halfway down she stumbled onto him at one of the pitch-dark places, and he saved her, gallant fellow. "Oh, honey bear, we absolutely must go down." So down they went and through another wing. "What's that?" she asked.

"The billiard room," he said. "Now this next one is the Young Pretender's Salon." They were nearly back where they had started from.

"I tell you what!" she said. "Let's play a game!"

"O.K.," he said. "What game?"

"Hide and seek or sort of sardines, just you and me, and I hide first, and you shut your eyes and hold your ears and count a hundred, then you look for me. And when you find me—why, there we are, two little sardines just cozy in a can together. Shall we?"

"O.K.," the poor laird croaked. At the end of a hundred he opened eyes and unstopped ears, and hunted Diana Traill all round the house. But he could not find the delectable quarry, a co-sardine. At last she cooed impatiently in time-honored fashion. Where should her coos lead him but to the billiard room. "Locked," he said. "How d'you get in?"

"Oh, I just picked it," said Diana Traill. "I can pick any lock in half a shake." Was there anything she could not do? "Come here, my honey bear," she said in a very special tone of voice from a deep sofa, now reasonably uncluttered.

He went, and gladly, and time flew away too fast, but not completely, until some time or other she opened her eyes of midnight blue and innocence and said to him, "Who shot all the mooses?"

"Father," he said. "Went to Canada one autumn." He looked at the two noble heads, palmated antlers vastly sweeping, monster beasts magnificent. *All the mooses*, she had said. Between these present was an unfaded patch of worst-Victorian-period wallpaper, a patch identical in shape and size with the great wooden shields on which the other specimens were mounted.

"What came over Number Three?" she asked. It was bound to happen, that inquiry.

"Moth," he said cleverly. "Moth got in and played the devil." And then he took her mind off mooses and such things, and night stole in through magic casements of the billiard room.

"I hear Jock in the motorboat," she said one time, and said no more until somewhat later. "That's the best game of sardines I ever can remember, but, honey, will you drive me home? I must be in absolutely tiptop shape for Burton I. Carruthers. I'm just scared frozen stiff of him. And that reminds me about something you could tell me, honey. Why is it everyone around these parts seems sort of scared of you?"

It was too dark for him to see her eyes. "Dunno," he said. "Are people?"

"I said so, didn't I? But I don't get it. To me, you seem just too angelic, soft and nice to be quite true."

"You're angelic, soft and nice," he said with all his heart. She stirred in a nice and soft, angelic way. "Truth is," he said. "I'm scared frozen stiff of you."

Would one not expect that any lady fair would like to have her knight in thrall or, if not frozen stiff, at least obedient to her lightest whim? But not this lady fair. She bounded from the sofa, very cross; and Lady Violet had gone to bed; and so he drove her home in stiffly frozen silence all the way through drizzle. She did not even give him that mother's, lover's, benefaction of a good-night kiss of hers. So home again through drizzle to a dreadful nightmare.

Diana Traill took fifteen minutes off to hear the news, and the marriage announcement for next Friday week. She gave her blessing to the dizzy couple. *Why is it?* she thought, returning bare-headed through drizzle to her soggy tent. *Why is it everybody's happy except me? Why am I such a fiend to that big tongue-tied softy? It's just as if there was some other horrid woman in me. Well, there is. I'll teach him.*

The time was eleven-twenty-six—one hour and eleven minutes until the Chief was due. She shivered at the thought of Burton I. Carruthers. In describing such things as Japanese professors, debilitating nightmares and the like, Diana Traill was aided by a vivid imagination. Her awe of the Chief was genuine enough.

She put on her sheath of iridescent green. Then she put painted toenails into clumsy flippers. Then she tested flow and pressure expertly, fitted the contraption, looked carefully around; not a single soul in sight this murky morning. She donned goggles, stole stealthily to the water's edge, and disappeared. The loch was pocked with drizzle. Nobody saw the string of bubbles that was the only surface evidence of Diana Traill, that vengeful naiad. It was cold, but not too cold for a thoroughly healthy skin-diving girl. She kept direction with her underwater compass, *Oodles of time*, she thought. *I'll teach him to take me for a ride. I'll get a double scoop and teach him.*

In a short time the monster loomed ahead. He was ten to fifteen feet submerged. His frame, or skeleton, was of metal pipe, like scaffolding. He had various wooden wings or planes, with ingenious stabilizing trip devices. His head was Moosehead No. 3 with mayhem to the antlers. His humps were two grey rubber bags of air in tandem—precisely adjustable buoyancy controls. His tail stretched far behind, articulated flipper-flopper, thrash-and-splash device, much like those skitter-scatter lures for catching bass. And to his stout forward pinnings a wire or fine hawser was attached. It stretched out of sight in the dim waters of Loch Lure.

She dallied just a while. Was it sabotage she would commit? She swam right round the tail of Moosie. *Is it hate that brought me here?* she thought, and prowled with a flippered flurry of lovely legs along the other side and right up front, and grasped a truncated horn to rest. *What brought me here? What a mess of a horrid girl I am. I ought to be drowned, is what I deserve.*

But then there was a thrumming, a resonance, a humming, a flow, a mounting weight of water, pulling at her, tearing at her, as Moosie forged ahead, and faster, ever faster. Behind her, aft, was the tangle of wooden wings, control wires, trip devices—certain death if she let go. Diana Traill clung onto Moosie for dear life. Drowning she deserved but did not want.

"Jock," said Colin, "we'll take no chances. She says this fella's never early, never late. But still —— Be ready at twelve o'clock precisely."

He took station with his glass at twelve o'clock. He crouched wetly at the edge of rhododendrons and rested the telescope. Visibility was very poor, but adequate. The orange tent was rather garish in this muted weather. The flaps were closed. The great lens and the camera were on the tripod, covered against drizzle.

She would be waiting in there in her perfumed tent. *I do hope she's cozy with the stove on*, thought the laird. *I do hope she's not scared too absolutely frozen stiff about that silly Chief of hers.* He had taken a violent dislike to that unseen Chief of hers.

The seconds dawdled, and the minutes, and still Diana Traill did not emerge. He took his tired eye from the telescope. Along the fine new road above the loch there sped a black dreadnought of a Supercontinental car. It was as long as a medium house. It rolled in majesty past Bella Graham's Post Office, Pop and Sweetie Shop, police station of the future. It stopped above the tent. Telescope again. A man got out. He held a door for another man, who got out, too, and strode down to the tent, and slapped at the tent, and seemed like a commander barking orders. But there was no Diana Traill.

What now? the poor laird wondered desperately. She had flunked again and would be fired forever this time. But that Chief of hers, he had a fixation about big beasts and —— Better placate the Chief for her sake.

"O.K., Jock!" he screamed.

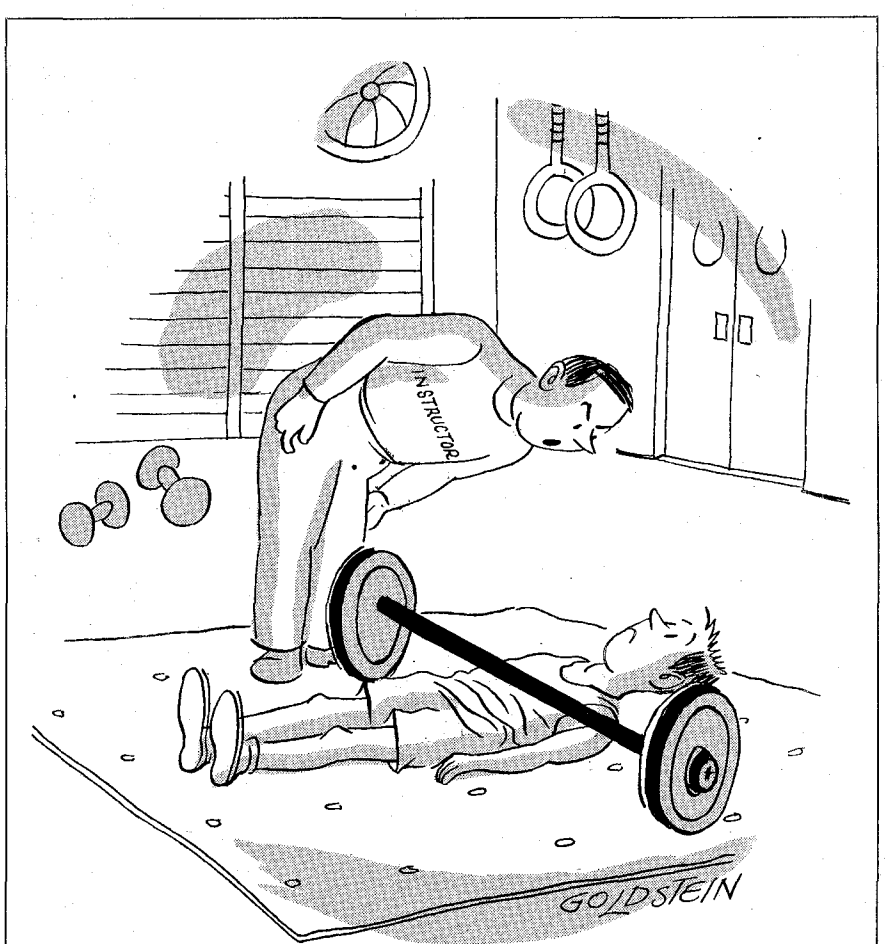
"O.K.!" called the faithful Jock. The electric hum was sounding through the drizzle. But soon Jock screamed, "Here, Master Colin!"

Colin ran from his vantage point. He was down at the boathouse in short seconds. "He'll no come up! He'll no break surface!"

"Accelerate, you idiot!"

Jock accelerated the electric navy-surplus winch. That did the trick. Moosie surfaced a cable's length or two away. He swam in this direction, bow wave, hump and hump, and, far behind, the thrashing, splashing tail. Moosie forged in all his splendor, but there was a difference.

Colin put up the stalking glass. What on earth was that thing clinging to the head of Moosie? Not an earthbound or a lochbound thing—a creature from the



"You're letting it dominate you, Mr. Burdick."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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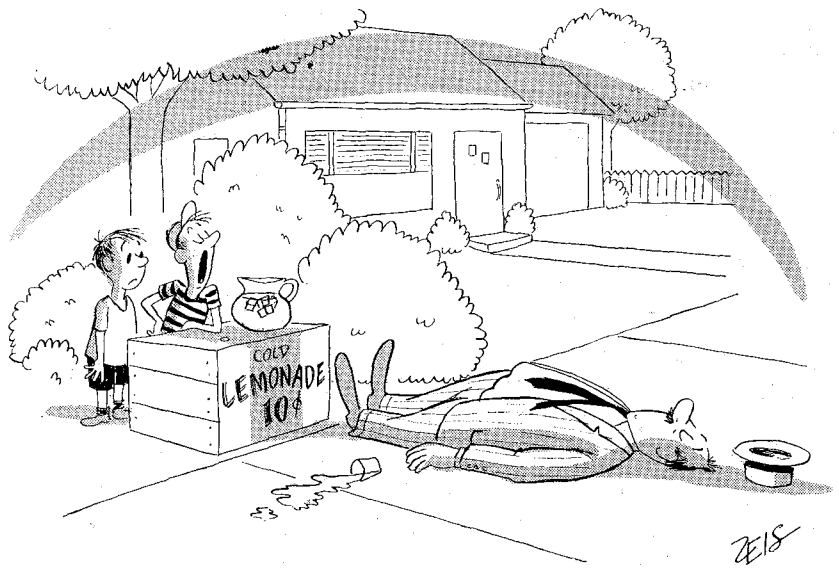


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's not going to help business any."

planet Mars, uncanny, goggle-headed. And yet there was semblance of a human form, a glistening of wet brown skin, like arms and shoulders clinging, clinging for dear life to Moosie, and against the dark and shaggy hide, curve upon curve of iridescent emerald green, a mermaid from the planet Mars. Colin watched in awe. It was astounding.

Moosie had reached his maximum speed through and altitude above the waters of the loch. The bow wave was tremendous. Then Mark Two's famous trip device came into action. Moosie and his clinging mermaid dived with porpoiselike abandon.

It was only then that mortal truth struck home to Colin McLure, of Castle Lure, Glenlure. His monster plunging with his skin-diving ladylove in waters deep in bottomless Loch Lure. "Oh, careful, Jock!" he cried in anguish.

"Careful?" Jock had been too much concerned with the careful niceties and skills of an ex-petty officer in mine sweepers to notice Moosie's rider. And Jock's own nerves were none too calm. "Man!" he inquired irritably of his demented laird. "Have you gone daft?"

But now the beast was close. The dark form of the beast—a paler splash of color too—loomed in the deep lagoon, rose as the cable shortened, surfaced just below the boathouse. Jock switched off his winch, sighed at a job well done, looked away from the controls, and emitted a horror-stricken jackal howl.

Colin's ladylove was safe. Colin's anxiety gave way to something else. "Come out!"

"Who says I'm coming out?" The tuneful voice was muffled and indignant.

"Come out, I tell you!"

Diana Traill came out. She was shivering a bit.

"Take that thing off!"

She took her goggles and gear off. "Now see here, you great big double-crossing——"

"Shut up!"

Well, then, Miss Traill attacked the laird. But the laird, with a much longer reach and in his present mood, was more than a match for Miss Diana Traill, or indeed for any jujitsu lady who might have the best of three tumbles with a big strong man. He simply pushed Miss Traill. She fell into the lagoon and clambered out again.

"You're so mean to me," she said or sobbed in a new tone of voice. She stared at him and shivered, her eyes great saucers.

"Mean to you? I lay on this performance especially for you. I arrange for you to get a damned photograph with your damned daddy's fifteen-thousand-smacker lens to gain the favor of that Chief of yours. And what do you do? How do you repay my kindness?"

"Oh, honey bear, I'm sorry."

"Let's get this straight, once and for all, and finally: You will never call me 'honey bear' again. You will never call me 'honey.' Say it after me."

"I will never call you 'honey bear' again. I will never call you 'honey.' . . . But, honey, what am I to call you?"

"You may call me 'Colin,' or you may call me 'darling'; no other appellation will I tolerate."

"Oh, Colin darling!" Both first time.

"Come here!" he said.

Miss Traill came there obediently and gladly. "I'm just absolutely perished frozen stiff," she shivered in her wet bathing suit in his native drizzle.

He took off his jacket of Harris tweed and put it on her, and embraced her manfully in his jacket in his shirtsleeves in his native drizzle.

Jock coughed discreetly.

"Well, what is it?"

"Would the laird be able to spare a wee minute to be giving me instructions?"

"Dismantle!" he commanded. "Moosie of Lure has served his purpose. Take him to bits. Destroy all evidence."

"Would I not be keeping the essential parts for mebbe a year or two, until we might get time to be after working on Mark Three, and mebbe have a baby Moosie bairn or two to swim along wi' Moosie? Would the laird agree to that?"

Colin ignored the vulgar fellow. "Come with me!" he said to Diana Traill.

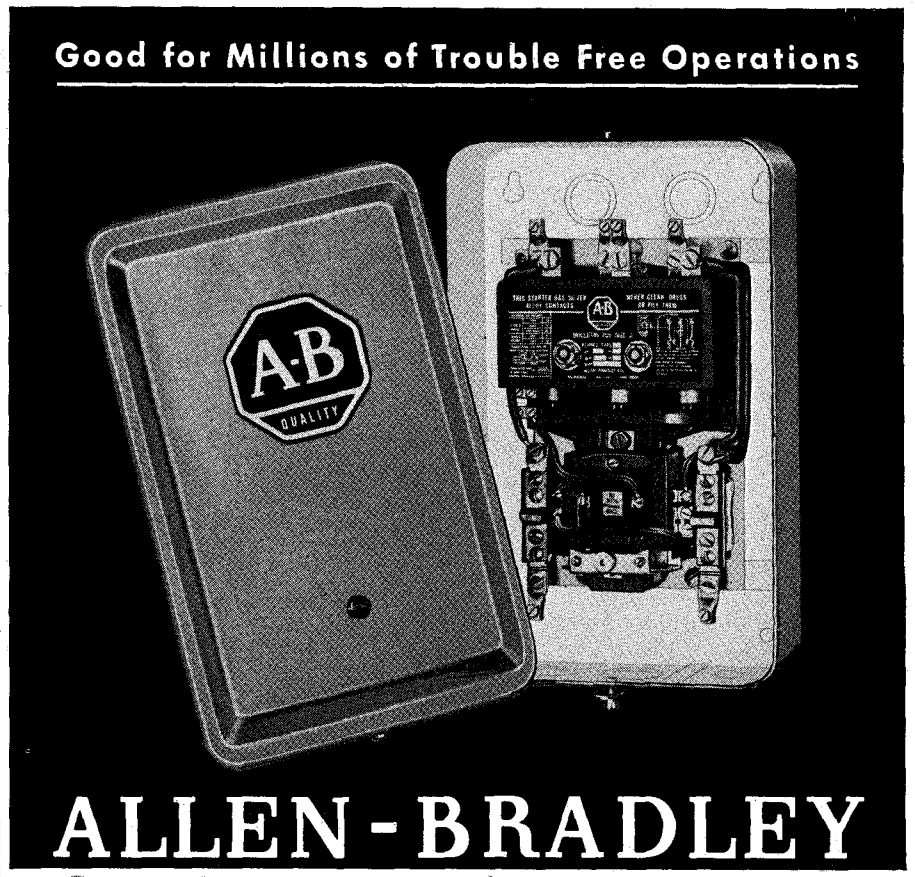
She came with him. She flip-flopped in her flippers with him through the pheasantry and past some hundreds of healthy unneurotic birds and through the gate in the high wire fence, and across the lawn, and she said, "Oh, gosh, hon—— I mean, Colin darling, I'm absolutely scared stiff of you."

"Good," he said. "High time. But I am no tyrant. All I want is a life of peace."

"I can't just exactly promise—not at first. Still, I'll do my very best. I'll try every single day forever, Colin darling."

"There's my girl," he said.

He embraced her heartily with undying love, and they rounded the corner of the castle to see a black dreadnought of a car sweep to a standstill on the gravel. A chauffeur skipped out to open a door and wait impassively upon the pleasure of his master. Now, from the solid, sober, elegant interior of the great machine, there stepped a man. His hair was a thatch of iron gray; his skin was finely tanned; his features were aquiline; his build was spare, and he (*Continued on Page 73*)



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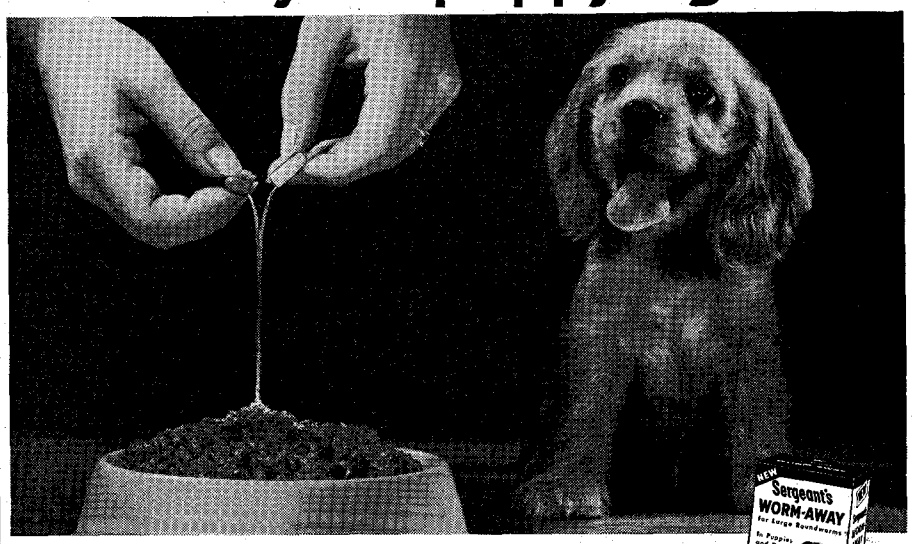

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(*Continued from Page 71*) wore an impeccable, rather loosely cut, dark suit that murmured "Savile Row" or the American equivalent. He was a tall man, head bowed a trifle in grave courtesy, a man of rare distinction.

"Burton I. Carruthers in the flesh," a soft voice murmured at Colin's side. But how could this be Burton I. Carruthers, her barking hero Chief, for whom he had formed a violent unseen dislike? *Girl's mad,* he thought, watching the courtly, bareheaded figure move to the front door of Castle Lure.

"Bixie! Can it be true? Is it really you, after all these years?" Lady Violet in her scarlet trousers, Lady Violet blushing, Lady Violet quite bowled over.

"It is true, my dear," he said, and bowed his head with infinite grace to kiss her hand. "Thirty-four years, eleven months and fourteen days have I waited for this moment."

"And you were never married, Bixie?"

"Never, baby," he said. "Not once."

"And are you still the best pastry cook this side of heaven?"

"I have nearly thirty-five years of added experience," said Burton I. Carruthers, not boastfully, but with an Old World diffidence most charming. "It has been my hobby and my relaxation."

"Oh, thank God!" said Lady Violet.

"Seems like a different person," murmured a baffled voice at Colin's side. "He's never like this in the office."

"I paused in Goban to inspect that charming town and to inquire my way to Lure, when what should I see but a speaking likeness of the Lady Violet—slated to open a flower show, I believe—and the years fell back and my world fell tumbling round my ears, and I cast aside the precisely scheduled split-second and quite ridiculous habits of a lifetime, and I came in a fever of impatience, many minutes early, and stopped only at my tent to check on that wretched girl photographer of mine—missing again, of course—but then I saw the monster, a remarkably fine view, such as has never been vouchsafed to me before—and next to pastry cooking, great beasts and mysteries of every kind have been my hobby—my fixation, one might almost call it. The only flaw in this most happy morning of my life has been the defection of that wretched girl." Burton I. Carruthers looked about. The change in the man was dynamic, awe-inspiring.

"Traill!" he barked. "You've flunked! You're fired!"

"Oh, no, I'm not, and don't you bark at me like some old seal. It's you and your silly Nation Globe Review that's fired by me as of this very minute, and I'll tell you why: I've found my very own dictator." Diana Traill looked up with utter love at her very own dictator, then turned to cry again, "It's you who's fired!"

Burton I. Carruthers seemed surprised, even discomfited; he turned back to Lady Violet. He glanced at her middle and lower sections, and winced.

"Oh, Bixie, don't you like my scarlet pantaloons?"

"Alas, my dear," he said, "I fear they do not quite suit your splendid amplitude."

"Hear, hear!" said Colin. His violent unseen dislike had vanished in thin air. He was forming the strongest devotion for Burton I. Carruthers. He looked down at Diana. "You were rude just then," he said. "Won't do at all. Come over now and say you're sorry."

Diana Traill went over in her flippers and his jacket in his native drizzle. She apologized quite nicely, and Colin welcomed Burton I. Carruthers cordially to his castle, and Lady Violet said, "Dear child, you're shivering. What on earth have you been up to this time? Come in at once. I will gladly lend you my scarlet pantaloons, and grateful as I am to you, I do fear Bixie may be right."

Thus did peace, prosperity and mettled bliss come in fair measure to Glenlure.

The Comeback (Continued from Page 24)

Bill Bailey couldn't believe what he heard. Hamburger money until his fingers got well!

He tried a tentative smile. "I had some bookings, but I guess I could get out of them. Sure, I could give you a hand. But I'm no professor, Doc. I went to Illinois, but I got my big chance with a name band and I never finished. No degree."

Doctor Blanshard beamed like a new Boy Scout flashlight. "Doesn't matter. You probably know more about music than a man with six degrees. Come down to the college when you feel like it."

Doc bustled out of the room, leaving Bailey thinking of the boffs he could get back in New York, when he told them about his life in a cow-college town.

Someone knocked gently. "Mr. Bailey?"

"Sure, I'm still here, doll." He wished those nurses weren't so starchy.

Then he looked up and saw the dark-haired girl in the slim yellow linen. He wished his pajamas weren't quite so old and rumpled. At least he had shaved.

"I'm Sara Wilson, dean of women at Brazos College. Doctor Blanshard just told me you were joining the faculty." She casually pulled up a chair, leaving Bailey with his mouth open.

"You don't look like any dean of women I ever saw."

"Your experience is dated, Mr. Bailey. They teach courses in deaning now. I took my M.A. at Columbia. I've danced to your music many a night at the Plaza in New York."

Well I'll be, thought Bailey. What he said was, "Glad you came, Miss Wilson."

"I just thought I would welcome you to Brazos and tell you about the trips we'll be taking together."

Bailey nearly jumped out of his bed.

Sara's eyes refused to be serious. "I mean the choir trips and the band! Wherever any of my girls go, I go. We will be the official chaperons. I just wanted you to know that I am older than I look, that I won't tolerate anything that would reflect on the college, and that I expect you to help me."

"Sure," Bailey said. "Sure, doll, we'll keep an eye on them." He felt an earnest note creeping into his voice. He knew he really meant it. *What do you know,* he marveled, *me, the old two-bottle man!*

That's how Bill Bailey came to Brazos College, right down the middle of the big road, traveling light, with his dark eyes watching for all the angles. His suit was a little sharp, his tie a shade too bright, and the gray in the dark hair was no longer touched up.

He walked around the old ivy-covered buildings. Boys and girls sauntered to class, professors seemed in no hurry. After the first few encounters, Bill Bailey no longer jumped when a stranger said "Howdy."

Then, feeling a little rocky, he stopped at the student exchange store for coffee.

A tall man in an old tweed suit pulled up a chair at his table. "You Bill Bailey? I'm John Cason, of Business Ad. Tough luck about your hand."

Other professors drifted in. Before he knew it, Bill Bailey found he was regarded as a fine musician and a good guy who was helping out Doctor Blanshard.

"Where you going to live?" Cason asked.

"Hotel, I guess."

Laughter rattled the coffee cups. "There isn't any hotel. Say, your predecessor had just bought a house. It's partially furnished; he even left his piano in it. Wants to sell his equity."

Bailey smiled sardonically. So that was the angle. Big real-estate deal. "You have a side racket?"

Cason looked blank, then grinned over his pipe. "I'm not looking for a commission. Just thought it might help you out."

Bailey was embarrassed. Better tell them the truth, and they'd leave, but quick. "Sorry. Nice of you to think of it. But I paid off the band and hospital. I have exactly ten dollars left."

Ned Johnson, of the English Department, poured Bailey another cup of coffee. "When I came here, I was so broke Doctor Blanshard boarded me for two months."

Bailey listened in awe as one after another told what seemed to be very amusing episodes in their careers.

He gathered they were all underpaid. They exchanged services—baby sitting, tutoring, car pools. As Fred Kennedy, of Government, put it: "We use coin of the realm. Whatever talents you have, you exchange for something you don't have. The granddaddy of all economic systems! Come on, let's take Bailey down to the bank and help him buy a house."

And that's how Bill Bailey came to own a brick house with two bedrooms, a beat-up piano and some secondhand furniture. The bank loaned him $200 for the equity, on his face. It was the face of a man bewildered by kindness, amazed at the trust in his integrity.

For two long weeks, Bailey was scared silly. He was afraid of his classes because he had never taught before. Then the librarian showed him his own reserve shelf and he finally caught up with his students. He stayed up till all hours and was so bushed he barely made it to an eight-o'clock.

Then the college nurse started phoning at ten o'clock with a firm "Go to bed, Bailey," and he learned to sleep at night and get up for breakfast.

Bill Bailey didn't know he had changed, for it came not in a week or a month. He didn't know until the faculty gave him a housewarming, late in November. When everyone had gone, he looked at the table Cason had made, the secondhand books from Johnson, the new slip covers and the refinished piano. He felt the collie pup licking his ear—Mr. Beethoven, a gift from Sara Wilson.

No angle, he told Mr. Beethoven, no angle at all. He suddenly remembered he had made drinks for everyone, but he hadn't had one himself. Imagine old Bill Bailey sober at his own party! He knew then how much he had changed.

He no longer needed a drink to keep him going. As the weeks went on and the golden days alternated with crisp northers, he helped Johnson with the Methodist Church choir. He spoke at Rotary for Fred Kennedy, and organized a faculty-kids' music class for free. He played trumpet for Mr. Beethoven, very badly with his left hand, but he kept his lip.

The college band was the pride of the campus at football games. His choir in sedate black robes made a creditable debut in the old chapel with the ancient stained-glass windows.

At mid-term, he went to Doctor Blanshard and asked if a replacement had been found, someone with a degree. The president looked at him thoughtfully. "How are the fingers, Bailey?"

"No good for a trumpet yet, but they will be."

"I don't want you to leave. I've looked up your college record. By taking a few courses somewhere this summer, you could get your degree."

"I'm no professor, Doc. I'm a band man."

"I know you get homesick for the band business. Look, there are a lot of talented boys on this campus. Why don't you organize your own orchestra and play a few dates in Dallas and Fort Worth? You could use the money; so could the students."

By the middle of February, Bill Bailey had an orchestra. He had tried it just to please Doc, just for kicks, he told himself. Be good for laughs later—"You should have seen me down there in the middle of Texas with this amateur band!"

But it hadn't turned out to be so amateur. Within a month, he had a ten-piece outfit that sounded almost professional. They were all kids who knocked themselves out for Bill Bailey. Never missed a rehearsal, never forgot an arrangement. They couldn't call him Bill. It wasn't done. But they called him Mister Bailey—not Mr. There's a big difference.

The next week the five-day choir trip started. Five days of riding night herd on sixty boys and girls.

On the last night out, the choir had bedded down early. Sara Wilson and Bailey sat in the dining room of the country hotel and drank coffee.

"Tired?" Bailey asked.

"No; just a satisfied feeling of 'mission accomplished.'"

"One-night stands were never like this!"

Sara reached for the cream. "I'm sure they weren't. A choir trip in Texas is scarcely as glamorous as the Plaza or the London Palladium!"

Bailey felt the sting as though he had been slapped. "I meant that one-night

Big Wheel

By Arthur Frederic Otis

His home is as plush as you're
likely to see,
His cars are expensive and
mighty;
His children, remarkable as
they should be;
His wife is a small Aphrodite;
His duties, he says, as a leader
of men
Are truly unduly demanding;
He tells his importance again
and again,
And even his bills are
outstanding.

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FAMOUS PEOPLE!
FASCINATING PLACES!
in the
FABULOUS AUGUST
HOLIDAY
Magazine!

The Rockefeller Family

The Standard Oil Trust once ringed the earth, pumping untold millions into the pockets of John D. Rockefeller. Now the dollars flow the other way, again around the world, in the good works underwritten by his son and grandsons. Who are these unusual men, born to one of history's great fortunes, reared not to hoard but to give? How *was* the money made? Here HOLIDAY begins the staggering true story of this very American family.

The Catskills

The most mountains nearest the most people in the United States . . . artist colonies and music festivals, the Borsch Circuit and Grossinger's, Rip Van Winkle legends, excellent fishing, and some of the most beautiful scenery in all the world. Don't miss this fascinating Holiday feature with magnificent color photos!

California Gold Rush Country

How was it when the stampede was on? When tents and shanty towns mushroomed on every creek, when a man worked all day thigh deep in ice water and slept on mudbanks in the rain, when a shovel was worth an ounce of gold and a man paid fifty dollars for a look at a woman's shoe? A modern tour of a land with a boisterous past.

Monte Carlo

Here's a lightning guide to one of the biggest little countries in the world. Filled with such delightful facts as: forty systems for winning at roulette; the most popular numbers played, and the most successful; Casino vocabulary; some notable gamblers; and Prince Rainier's full name. A must for would-be gamblers!

Plus: *Return to Montmartre*—nostalgic salute to Paris' district of amour; *The Lido of Venice*, *Holiday's Handbook of the Bed*—the lore, philosophy and technology of the bed; *The Russian Ballet;* and much more! Be sure to get the August issue!

Now on sale!

There's a rewarding new world for you in . . .

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

stands used to be lonely. A bandleader can't afford to have close friends in his own orchestra. He never gets to know the town or the people where he plays."

"Let's say it's been a nice vacation for you, then. I know you miss the big time, Bailey, that your friends and agent are anxious for you to get back."

Bailey looked at Sara and tried to pretend he didn't know. *Don't, Sara; don't let me love you. I'm not your kind.* How long had it been since he had been completely honest with anyone? It would hurt, but he knew that's what he had to do. Play it straight through as the notes were written, and no improvising.

He told her then how it was. What it was like to sit on top of the show world and slowly slide to the bottom. "That's it, Sara. I was through long before that bus accident. No one wants me in New York. Sure, everyone used to know Bill Bailey. How about a job, Bailey? Plug a song. Lend me a five-spot. Don't forget my ten per cent, Bailey!"

"You'll play again," Sara said gently. "You'll make a comeback."

Bailey started working his stiff fingers—flex, relax—and began to dream it up. Sure, he could get to New York in June and . . . but he had promised himself to stick to the right notes.

"Sara, I was never a Louis Armstrong or Betty Grable's boy, Harry. I was never one of the great trumpet players. At nineteen I had youth, vitality, fair-enough looks, and a way with a trumpet. At thirty-five I was competing against kids on their way up. I was a little old, and a little tired. Now I'm thirty-nine. Too old for TV. Finished."

Sara put down her coffee cup. "Lots of people change professions. I did. I started out to be a lawyer, so I could go into partnership with the man I was to marry. He was killed in Korea. I became a dean of women. I have my lonely hours, too, Bailey. But don't forget those youngsters you work with think you're the most."

When Bailey got off the bus the next day at Brazos College, he didn't expect to find anyone in the drafty old music hall on a late, rainy five o'clock. But as he opened the door, he heard the soft patter of a piano. Then the whisper of drums picked up the beat and he could feel the slap of a bass fiddle. He saw Ken put a mute in his trumpet and Bugsy begin to sing:

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey,
Won't you come home?
We've moaned the whole night
through. . . .

The trombone wailed and the sax quickened the tempo. The boys watched him to see how he took it. Bailey began to grin. He was no longer tired and wet. They'd been waiting for him.

That was their welcome. Ken had dug up the old minstrel song. "Was it solid, Mister Bailey?" And Tupper had done the arrangement. "Was it smooth, Mister Bailey?"

It was their own. They never played it for anyone else.

That's how Bill Bailey's Boys came to be. They played a few college dances and then one windy March night Bill Bailey found himself in a dinner jacket, waiting to give the downbeat in the baronial hall of one of the wealthiest oilmen in Dallas.

He didn't tell the boys how scared he was. He didn't tell them it was all a surprise to him and he knew they weren't up to it. All he had done was sit next to some six-footer with mud-smeared pants and scuffed-up boots in a Dallas chili parlor. Looked a little old to be messing around an oil rig. The guy was beefing about an orchestra washing out on him.

Bailey had offered his boys to fill in. The man wrote down his address and here they were. *In Texas you can't tell the players without a program,* Bailey told himself. *Now, get yourself out of this one.*

But it was the boys who got Bailey out. They played, and how they played! Their first night on the town and they never missed a beat.

Then the man from the chili parlor appeared, impeccable in white tie and tails, erect as one of his own rotary rigs. "Fine orchestra, Mr. Bailey. Good lively music." No beefs, no demands to play an extra hour. Just courteous praise.

"I suppose you wouldn't know this song, but I always ask." The old man smiled wistfully at Bailey, his face softened with unabashed sentiment. "Could you play After the Ball is Over? That was the waltz I did my courting to."

Bailey's heart sank. It was such an oldie he was sure he alone knew it. This was J. B. Upshaw asking, the man who ran banks, built towns, brought in oil fields.

Bailey flexed his stiff fingers. "Mr. Upshaw, if you don't mind a single, I'll play it for you."

"Thank you so much. My wife likes to waltz."

Bailey turned to the boys. "The man who hired us wants After the Ball is Over. You don't remember it, of course, but I'll try to play it on Ken's trumpet. Tupper, see if you can pick it up on the piano and the rest of you come in if you can. My fingers won't last more than one chorus."

"You can do it, Mister Bailey," they whispered. Somehow, Bailey was sure he could. He took it easy, let it come out slow and sweet. He could feel his fingers beginning to stiffen on the last few bars. But it didn't matter. The boys had picked up the melody. Ken took the trumpet from his aching hand. "Swell, Mister Bailey. You rest now."

So Bailey rested and watched the tall, courtly gentleman and his white-haired wife swirling over the floor. The debs and their escorts joined them and, as the waltz faded away, the room rang with applause. It had been a long time since such spontaneous applause had come to Bill Bailey.

After that he played more often for Mr. Beethoven and sometimes for Sara Wilson when she brought him a steak and stayed for dinner. While he did choir arrangements, she polished his coffee table.

"Bailey, where shall I put this stack of Variety?"

Bill Bailey hummed to himself. "Throw them out. Haven't read them in weeks."

Sara smiled and started brushing Mr. Beethoven.

In May came the Battle of Bands in Fort Worth. Orchestras from all the colleges in the state competed. Feeling ran high. Brazos College had never had an entry before.

Bill Bailey worked harder than a Broadway producer. For free. For the boys. When Bugsy missed a rehearsal, Bailey didn't blow his stack. After all, those engineering labs were tough. When the boys insisted on a rehearsal without him, he said sure, have a jam session, live it up.

He heard them swing out with their competition number, When the Saints Go Marching In, as he closed the door. He flexed his right hand as Ken's trumpet soared and shouted.

The night of the big play-off the auditorium was packed. The bands came and went. The applause rose and fell.

Bill Bailey discovered butterflies in his stomach. Bill Bailey with nerves. What a laugh!

And then they were on the stage. Ten boys in dinner jackets, waiting for Bailey to give the downbeat. Bill Bailey with his gray temples, and his old tux, let out a bit around the middle.

They played a warm-up number. Then, just as he raised his hand, the boys shuffled around, reaching into their pockets and under their chairs.

Suddenly the lights went off. Bailey felt a trumpet thrust into his hand and heard Ken's hoarse whisper. "You'll have to take it, Mister Bailey. I don't feel so good."

Bailey had no choice. They were on regional TV and the audience was waiting. He closed his fingers on what he knew was his own trumpet. His big foot tapped out the downbeat. Then came the rhythm and the sound, the power and the glory of a sweet, hot trumpet.

Bill Bailey poured out of his horn the things he had never been able to say since he came to Brazos College. He thanked Doc Blanshard, and Cason, and Johnson and Sara. Most of all Sara, who was there in the front row, asking for nothing, just giving.

He made the trumpet talk. To her and to those boys behind him as they backed

"How was it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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him up, good and solid. The applause had started already. Too bad the lights had chickened out.

Then he took a breath and turned around. He saw what the audience had been looking at and applauding. He saw ten halos shining in the dark. He saw ten pairs of hands glowing, and ten shirt collars ditto. And he saw Ken playing a muted trumpet.

Bailey felt stone-cold dead in the market. It was crazy. It was wonderful. He knew now what Bugsy had been doing in the engineering lab. And he knew Ken never felt better in his life. His boys had tricked Bill Bailey into playing.

"Hit it, Ken, hit it!" he shouted, as the boy stood up and took the second chorus. And Ken did hit it. All the youth and wild hope and dreams and bone-jarring love of life came tumbling out of his golden horn.

Then, without warning, Ken, his halo tipped rakishly over one eye, marched down the steps from the stage and took off down the aisle. When the Saints Go Marching In! blared the trombones right behind him. One by one they fell into line and away they went, taking the audience with them in a wild here-we-go parade.

Bill Bailey's Boys won, halos down. In the excitement that followed, Bailey almost missed the man who kept grabbing his arm. He was a talent scout for a national TV show—a big one. "Let me know if you can get to New York June fourth. You can have number-one spot. With those kids, you'll be a smash."

It was hardly daybreak when a Dallas News reporter got Bailey out of bed. "Is your band going to hit the big time?"

Bailey knew there wasn't enough money to go. To make final exams and be there by June third to rehearse meant flying. So he told the reporter they couldn't afford to go. Yes, Bailey's hand was good as new. But play up the band. Sure, thanks.

When the story appeared, J. B. Upshaw got on the phone and chewed on Bailey. "What do you mean, those boys can't go to New York? I'm sending you by chartered plane and that's final, hear?"

Of course Bailey heard. He heard again the applause from the Palladium, the airport in Paris, the Plaza in New York. It was hard to keep his mind on teaching music theory and harmony.

In the midst of the contracts, reservations and rehearsals, he gave a birthday whing-ding for Sara. The sandwiches were a little ragged, the dip had too much garlic, and he ran out of beer, but he did it all himself and—oh, well, it was worth it to see Sara's eyes light up like Times Square on a summer night.

When he took her home, he stayed to kill a pot of coffee and play old records.

There in the moonlit patio there was between them an easy warmth that never asked to be defined.

Sara watched him flex his fingers. "You're going to stay in New York."

Bailey didn't meet her eyes. "It's my big chance."

Sara put on another platter. "Remember this one?"

And Bailey found himself listening to one of his own records. He heard a young and shining horn crowding down through the years. You Can't Go Back Again. "I cut that fifteen years ago! Pick it up at some collector's sale?"

"No; I've had it for a long time. I play it often to remind me of just what it says. Listen."

Bill Bailey listened. He heard his own long-ago trumpet whisper and plead. "Don't try, you can't go back again!"

Bailey brushed his fingers against her cheek. "Sorry, Sara." He wanted to drive the hurt from her eyes. But she deserved more than second-best Bill Bailey. He let it lie.

On June third the whole faculty and town turned out at the airport, but Bailey played it with a quick riff, a big smile. "Good-by, you lovely people—see you on TV. Good by, Sara, you doll!"

It was one o'clock in the morning before Bill Bailey finally closed the door of his hotel room and opened the window to let the stale and expensive cigar smoke roll out over Lexington Avenue.

Bill Bailey's Boys had been a smash hit on TV. One of those sleepers that hit coast-to-coast viewers like a sack of vitamin pills. Agents had swarmed into the room. So had the publicity men.

Bailey loosened his black tie and let the remembrance of their welcome words make a solid beat in his ears. "Great bunch of kids, make you a fortune." "Wonderful on TV." "Book you solid for six months."

He felt the unsigned contracts crackle in his pocket as he took off his coat. This was it, he told himself. Old Bill Bailey right back in the big time again!

Better decide on the contract before the boys came in. Line up their schedule. . . . Best to open in Chicago.

He didn't realize he was so tired. Had had but one drink. Yet his head ached and his fingers hurt. On top of the world and he felt lousy.

Slowly he recognized the tiredness. The kind he hadn't known for many months. The kind that came from one-night stands. From sleeping on a hard bus seat and waking up in another town at six in the morning, with the taste of last night's cigarettes and bad liquor in your mouth. Early rehearsals in cold, barnlike halls. Canceled bookings. Smaller crowds and smaller engagements and smaller bands.

Bailey knew now what made him remember. It was Slide Beneker coming to his room after the show. Slide Beneker, the onetime trombone great when Bailey was on his way up. Used to worship that man. Now he came to your room looking seedy and old and a little drunk.

He hadn't worked for years. You could tell. You could always tell when there were no bookings. He had given Slide a ten-spot. It wouldn't last. Neither would Slide. He had no place to go, nothing to do, because he could no longer blow heaven out of a horn.

Bailey tried to shake off the past and concentrate on the contracts. But something was missing. He didn't feel the exuberance that had swept over him after the show.

He kept seeing Ken with the anatomy book. He was going to be a doctor. He kept remembering Bugsy tinkering with the halos. Bugsy already had been interviewed for an engineering job. And Jack's black lamb parked in Bailey's kitchen for a week. Jack was headed for ranch management. And Tupper, business personnel. Chico, pre-law. And Scuttle was a geologist-to-be.

Bailey had seen their faces when the thundering applause rolled in a few hours ago. He had looked that way, too, before he quit college, carried away by a name-band contract.

Bailey knew then what he had to do. He didn't back off and play it with full violins. Sure, he knew no one wanted Bill Bailey alone. When he sent the boys back to Texas, the agents would forget his first name, and eventually his last.

He heard the boys coming down the hall, trying to be quiet and making as much noise as a lodge clambake. He let them get settled, draped over bed and chairs and floor.

Bailey played it short and solid. "Here are the contracts." He held them up as the excitement mounted. "We're not having any." He tore them up and dropped the pieces in the waste basket.

"You're good; a good, amateur, college band. But not that good, not good enough to give up the careers you have planned. For the next five years your youth and crew cuts would keep you up there. Then you'd be just another band, see? You don't know what that means. I do."

Bailey took a deep breath and tried not to see their angry, bewildered faces. "Unless a band man is one of the truly greats, he's just another trumpet player living out of a suitcase at the age of thirty-nine. I'm sending you back to Brazos College. Finish your education. Follow the careers you have planned. At thirty-nine you'll be just hitting your stride."

Tupper hauled his six-foot length off the bed. "I got an offer from another band; I could ——"

"You're still a minor," Bailey snapped. "I'll see your father doesn't approve the contract. I want every one of you on that plane when it leaves in just one hour."

"Yeah," Ken said, trying to put on a good face. "We'll meet you at the airport."

"I'm not going back," Bailey said. "I resigned before I left. I was just filling in until Doc Blanshard could find someone with a degree. Thanks for putting it out tonight. You were real great."

That was as close as Bailey could come to sentiment. They all shook hands, and pushed and shoved one another out of the room, trying hard not to show that they were torn between anger and unspoken affection.

Well, he had done it. He had hurt a bunch of kids because he loved them. Might as well say it and be good and corny. He felt the same way about the faculty and Doc Blanshard. He had not told any of the stories he had meant to tell in New York, about his eight months in a hick town in Texas. Better admit it. He hadn't been playing it for laughs. He'd been playing it for keeps.

It was better not to think about Sara Wilson, either. Sara who had so patiently stitched together the bits and patches of his life. You couldn't tell a woman you loved her when you had nothing to offer. Better to think about Bill Bailey and where his next job was coming from.

But he was tired; dear God, how he was tired. From force of habit he went through his pockets when he hung up his coat. He found another batch of telegrams. Aimlessly he ripped them open. One from a night club in Kansas City. Another from an old pal who wanted a loan.

He had trouble getting the next one open. His fingers hurt. But there it was. "Will not accept your resignation. Doc Blanshard." So Doc had known all along those boys would be sent back to school. He picked up the last envelope from the floor. Another bid for the boys, probably. It wasn't. "Bill Bailey, won't you please come home? Sara." And she had known, too, just how it was with him.

Bailey let out a ten-foot sigh. The tiredness was gone. He felt like riding it out on a long high note, cloud number nine. If he could just put it in a horn, he could blow it right down the glory road.

But the hour was late. His chops were beat. He was wanted. He didn't need to do anything spectacular at all. He just called the airport to hold the Texas-bound plane, packed his bag, and called a cab. In the lobby he stopped to send a telegram to Sara Wilson. "Bill Bailey's coming home."

THE END

"Hey, Noah, where'd you park the ark?"

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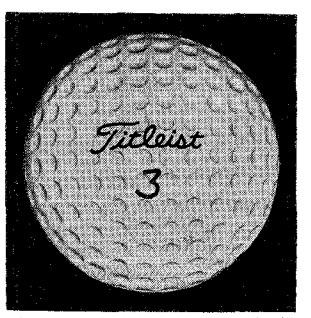

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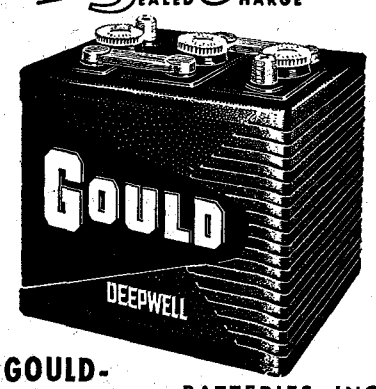

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Apache Raid (Continued from Page 31)

And once, after feeding a really heavy eater, and having later been exhorted at until midnight, he called the man "A God-shouting, starving acrobat."

Most times he seemed to make these jokes in good humor, but as the time since my folks were killed went on, they seemed to grow more earnest, and I wasn't sure.

But either way, to Aunt Martha, they were blasphemy. As pious as a saint, herself, she always bridled at what she called his heresies. She might say, "How would you like preaching through the country all alone, and have folks poke fun at you?"

But that just made him snort. "Shoo, I'd never do that. I couldn't tell folks how to live, what to do and not do."

She might say, "You're going up in a curl of smoke one of these days. He knows you're mocking Him."

Then he'd say, "I sometimes question if He knows, or knowing, if He cares. Anna and Harold never mocked Him."

As he spoke this way only when he thought I couldn't hear, it was hard to tell if he was still joking. By his voice, he seemed to be, but he never joked to me about my folks' dying. My mother had been his favorite—being so much younger than he—and as he and Aunt Martha had no children, she'd been like a daughter to him. But I could never be certain.

Still and all, the circuit riders were always welcome. We'd hymn and pray with them, put them up for a night and send them on their way with full stomachs. If their animals needed care—and they usually did—Uncle Harlan would see to them.

As a rule, when they came, they showed up on some stringy nag or mule, but once we had one come afoot. It was summer, and we were waiting out supper on the gallery. The sun was sliding behind the Santa Ritas, and the grama grass had that reddish-gold color of early evening. Then from off the trail by the creek, a man came walking.

Next to me, the forelegs of Uncle Harlan's chair came down. "Clark," he said, "get my rifle."

I did, nor did I ask why. In cow country, nothing was more chancy than a man afoot. A man without a horse might do anything; they even spooked the stock. Moreover, it wasn't long since Uncle Harlan had shot a looter digging in the ruins at my folks' place.

So, I didn't ask, but got it from the rack—a seven-shot Spencer that used a metal case. I hardly took it out, though, than Aunt Martha followed. Shooting near the house was her business too.

"No doubt you see that man afoot out there," Uncle Harlan told her when she jumped him out.

"I do, but meaning trouble, he'd scout us out first."

"Ain't no rule on that. They're tricky sometimes."

While that was true, the man didn't look so sly, walking or no. He was closer by now, and we could see his long legs folding and unfolding. His claw-hammer coat drooped low down and his stovepipe hat stuck high up. Maybe a minute passed before we saw his collar was turned backward.

Then Aunt Martha smoothed her apron and said, "Praise the Lord, it's a preacher. Harlan, put that weapon aside."

He did, of course, but not without comment. "I swear," he said, "now there's a sad case. Unless he's pushing self-denial to the last inch."

"Have your jokes now, Harlan, before he gets here," she said.

But he had no more to say then, and pretty soon the man came loping up, bowed over like a folding rule, and raised his hat.

"Brother and Sister Allen," he declared. "A pleasure, indeed. The name is Obadiah Balk, minister of the Gospel, and preacher to the heathen. Friends call me Deacon, there being virtue in brevity."

"A deacon!" Aunt Martha smoothed her apron again. "I declare, we've never had a deacon stop before now."

"Truly, I am but a humble worker in the Lord's vineyards," the deacon said, smiling, and bowing again too.

While I thought a deacon ought to be as solemn as an owl, here was one more like an actor in a medicine show. And as he was afoot, too, Uncle Harlan eyed him, speculating all the while he told of himself. Of course, he couldn't let that first remark pass.

"Must be lots of ankle bending in between jobs," he said.

"Our blessed Savior shirked no journeys on foot," the deacon answered.

That being Gospel, Uncle Harlan had to back off from it. But he wasn't finished, even if Aunt Martha was watching him.

"Preacher to the heathen, you say?"

"It is one of my aims to take them the Word of the Lord."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Overlooked Anniversary

Florist, give me flowers
Especially attractive,
Wonderfully fragrant—
And slightly retroactive.

Luke Neely

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Ought to tell you the only word them butchers savvy comes from a Spencer barrel—that or a Springfield."

That time Aunt Martha didn't just watch him. "Harlan Allen, that's blasphemy!" she said.

"Shoo," he said. "I'm just being helpful. Anyone aiming to speak to them better season his words with plenty of powder."

Though he didn't say about that, the deacon's smile now turned holy and full of patience for doubters.

"The Word is the same for all of God's creatures," he said, while he glanced above, as if checking with heaven. "For the heathen, as well as those of little faith."

There shone a sly light in his eye at the last. And as she couldn't tell what Uncle Harlan might say, Aunt Martha told the deacon that he'd come in time for chicken, which was now ready.

Right off, supper was different than with most preachers. First, we had Grace, a long one with flowing words; yet its end left us hanging while the deacon slid out to fork a big piece of breast meat. Then, along with the chicken and fixings, a heap of church talk was served. As a rule, a preacher was too busy eating to spare time or breath on talk, but the deacon shoveled it in, and directed the conversation too.

Mostly, Uncle Harlan just listened, but Aunt Martha reveled in glory, her face glowing while talk of Scripture and the Christian life swirled all around. Supper done, the deacon puffed away on one of those cigars that Uncle Harlan got from Tucson each year at Christmas, and tamped his meal down with a big glass of Uncle Harlan's cherry cordial.

And at the same time he led us off on a round of hymns, heading out with Rock of Ages, and ending with Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Then, to top it off, we circled back for another shot at Rock of Ages.

It's only fair to say I liked it. I was mostly firm against teachers and parsons, but our lonely life made it good to sing and let go in general with a man as jubilating as the deacon. I couldn't help but see how pretty and full of life Aunt Martha was.

Uncle Harlan sang, too, but he was doing some thinking on the side. No preacher had so spread himself with us before, and after the deacon's second cigar and third glass of cordial, Uncle Harlan began to look as he did when thinking of his worst jokes.

Then, with the singing ended, he said, "You ain't yet said what church you speak for, deacon."

He was right too. Usually, they told right off if they were Dutch Reformed, or Freewill Baptist, or Moravian, or Methodist, or which. But the deacon hadn't said.

Still, it seemed as if he'd just been getting ready. "I was only waiting to get us in a godly mood to mention that," he said.

"Well, I'm at the peak of it right now," Uncle Harlan said.

"To tell the truth," the deacon said, filling his chest with air and letting it out, "it's my own church I'm speaking for."

"A church!" Aunt Martha said. "Where?"

"Right here in this noble valley," the deacon said in a puff of blue smoke. "I plan to build it just as quick as I get all the folks pushing. It's another of my aims."

"A church!" Aunt Martha said again. "A church of our own!"

As no other circuit rider had ever had aims of that kind, I thought Uncle Harlan would cut loose with something big, but he only stared at Aunt Martha. And when I looked at her, too, I saw her face so filled with pure light that my skin went prickly.

Ordinarily, when a preacher had come and gone on again, things would settle back down. But this time they didn't. As Uncle Harlan put it, Aunt Martha didn't want them to.

"Harlan," she'd say, "a church is a mark of civilization."

"Ain't sure this place is ready for civilization," he'd say.

"But there's got to be a start, doesn't there?"

"I question whether I'd start with that, though," he'd say.

"Just the same, we've needed one a long time."

That being opinion, he might fork off on what he called the practical view, maybe hoping she wouldn't trail.

Then he'd say, "I don't know how you can have a church with folks spread fifty miles in every direction."

But she'd have an answer there too. "Distance doesn't matter, Harlan. When the will is there, a way can be found."

"Building it too? Where're the money wages coming from? I didn't hear the deacon's jeans jingling."

"He said that willing hands would be enough."

Maybe, since Uncle Harlan thought a church so unlikely, he was easy in his talk on it. But the deacon was apt to make his edges show.

A week or so passed before Aunt Martha began to wonder about his coming our way again.

"When he finds that nobody else around has cigars like mine," Uncle Harlan said.

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"Now, you know that isn't fair," Aunt Martha said. "After all, he rarely has a taste of luxury."

"Uh-huh. I could see that by the way he drank my cordial," Uncle Harlan said. "Got a big taste for it, though."

"Now, Harlan, you'd be thirsty, too, if you traveled on foot."

"I doubt it's plain thirst," he said, "but it's his own fault if it is. That's what comes of going about the country that way. He drinks up everybody's cordial killing his dry. I'm not surprised, though. A man afoot can't be trusted."

Up to then, she'd tried to win him over with patient reasoning. But when he started that, her dander went up.

"You men rave about old wives' tales, yet you talk that nonsense! I doubt you'd know a thief if one picked your pocket!"

Of course, that only served to get his own dander up.

"Maybe not; just let him drink all my cordial, though! Or smoke up all my cigars, or trick me away from the meat plate!"

"That's right, Harlan Allen, mind your belly!"

"Moreover," he went on, good and riled now, "I'd know one come lippertylopperty up the trail, spouting a flood of Bible talk and how he aims to preach to the heathen! A man without a horse, a pot to cook in or a bottom to his stomach! He's too good to make the rounds; he's got to have his own church—a maverick church! And all of us got to drop our work and help build it!"

At first, Aunt Martha's face had got red, but now it went white, and then her voice began to shake. Tears leaked out on her cheeks.

"I don't think you love us any more," she said. "You wouldn't talk so, if you did."

"Lord in heaven, what's that got to do with it? I'm just trying to protect you! He calls himself a deacon! Why, the man's a fool! A fool at best, and there's no telling at worst!"

I'd seen them quarrel before, but not in this way. They waved their arms and sent their voices up. But the worst of it was feeling that something bigger lay under what they spoke of, wanting to be out.

As this began a time when I felt there was more than I knew beneath the skin of things, I was just as glad that roundup was near; though, as a rule, I was doubtful of those fall and spring weeks, with Uncle Harlan gone. But this time, at least when helping him get ready, it was better to be busy than fret about what I had only a glimpse of now and then, between him and Aunt Martha.

There was plenty to do, all right: the pony string that ran as wild as deer along the bottoms in off times must be chivvied out for Uncle Harlan to pick over. His bedroll must be packed for Troy Ross to take when he brought his chuck wagon by. Coffee and canned milk and sugar must go in a sack, along with a change of underwear and socks. There were irons to clean; leather to soap; shot to be cast in molds against any trouble when he was gone.

Then there was the brush pile to be used for signal smoke if Indians came. This was on a hogback up behind the house, where, if it was lit, the men on the plains to the east would see it. Being my job, I always stacked on plenty of green mesquite and cottonwood, and all else that smoked. And just to be sure, I kept a pail of coal oil in the kitchen handy.

The days being so full at this time, the deacon had grown smaller in my mind than those new, dark, uneasy things. Not that I forgot him—he was still a part of them—but he was deeper in my thoughts, and when he came again, a few days before roundup, I was surprised.

The first thought I had on sighting him before the house with Aunt Martha and Uncle Harlan was that he might better have come when Uncle Harlan had left. Even up at my brush pile, their manner of standing said trouble—a feeling I got.

When I reached them I was sure. Uncle Harlan's face looked grumbly and sulky, and Aunt Martha's eyes were steamy. The deacon stared at his old boots, while his bony fingers picked at a trouser patch. It was plain there'd been words, and when I came up, all gave a jump, startled.

Pretty quick, though, the deacon pulled up and smiled.

"Well, now, how is young Master Clark today?" he said.

As he hadn't used my name before this, it struck me I was part of the talk. But I bobbed my head and told him I was all right.

"Kick any rabbits out of that?" he said, and he eyed the brush pile above, maybe thinking how rabbit would taste.

I told him, no, I wasn't hunting rabbits. "It's for Indian warning, when roundup comes and we're alone," I said.

Of course, it was the wrong thing for me to say. Just the mention of them was enough; right off, he looked primed for a sermon.

"Ah, the heathen," he said. "It will all pass. It will all change when I go among them with the Word."

This being what Uncle Harlan called fool talk, I thought he'd bust out laughing; as he didn't, I knew things were past joking.

"Now you bring it up, you might go now," he said, and as he glanced at me, the notion that the talk touched on me grew bigger. "But the other's out. Nobody's going to make a church of that place. It's going to stay as it is."

"It would make a very fine one," the deacon said, and he, too, glanced my way. "It only needs a new roof."

"It don't need nothing," said Uncle Harlan. "It's fine, now."

"In the middle of the valley, like it is, all could come," the deacon said, moving his arms as if people filled them.

"Ain't nobody got any business over there," Uncle Harlan said, and I now saw little white dents around his mouth—a sure danger sign. "Least of all a preacher—after what happened there."

Had he some pride, the deacon would get sore to hear that, but he just glanced again at me as if wondering if I knew what they spoke of. Then, maybe guessing I did by now, he went on:

"It would make a fine memorial too. A monument to faith and peace in a place of violence. God would always be there to talk to."

Uncle Harlan, by now, would make a range bull look calm.

"Then He ought to know that the last man who stuck his nose in there got himself shot," he said.

As this was so much worse than all his other blasphemies, Aunt Martha stared as if he were the devil appeared in a spout of flame. But not until the deacon had gone shambling off and we lay in bed at night did fitting words come to her. Maybe she thought I couldn't hear, but I could, and I was scared she didn't scold.

In a thin, splintery voice, she said, "Now, I know what troubles you, Harlan."

"I've said aplenty I can't abide that man," I heard him answer.

"It's what you haven't said. You've held it in a long time, working. Since Anna and Harold died. This just brought it out."

"My heaven! You make it sound like a belly-ache!"

"Your taking His name so easy is another sign. You've been that way since they were killed. I've watched it coming. I know."

In the darkness, Uncle Harlan's voice came so dry and bare I felt my neckline start pulling.

"That's all done and gone. I don't want to talk about it."

"You don't have to," she said. "It still shows. It always does when a body turns his grief on God in anger."

It was out, that dark, strange thing that I had only partly seen. But it was when he didn't answer that I grew most frightened. Had she been wrong, he would have said, but his silence made me see him on a mountain with a glare of wrath about him as he shook his fist at God, and God came at him with thunder and lightning.

Roundup came, and Uncle Harlan rode off. He might be gone a week, maybe more, depending on the work on the range. For him it meant fun, being men's doings, and men's talk around campfires and branding pens.

For us it was different. At home, the time stretched over the frame of days like a drumhead. Every morning before dawn, I'd go through the trapdoor to the roof and stand watch behind the parapet until the sun was well up, showing everything about. Dawn was the time for Apache raiding parties.

Through the days we stayed near the house. At night we lay behind closed shutters, listening in our beds for sounds that might be Indian-made; though they weren't much for night. We kept water stored in buckets against siege, and the rifles loaded in their rack, ready.

Sometimes in those waiting days I wondered if the deacon had finally gone to the mountains, as he'd talked of so much, and as Uncle Harlan had told him to do. If he had, he could be dead by now. Past doubt, that much of him was foolishness. But what he'd urged for my folks' place didn't, after thought, seem so foolish. Thinking of it that way, instead of how I'd seen it in my mind all these years—how Uncle Harlan spoke of it and aimed to keep it—was good. Someday, of course, it would be mine, but meantime, to be a church would be nice.

For most of a week things went on well. But one day toward noon, Aunt Martha busted in from outside, slammed the door and drove the drawbar through the brackets. Then she started on the shutters, calling out to me at the same time.

"Get your fire going, Clark! There's Indians over the creek!"

Though we were primed for trouble, the valley'd had no raids for so long we didn't really expect it. Just being ready for

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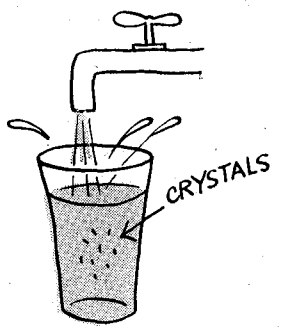

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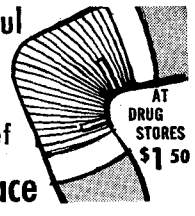

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it, though, seemed to mean we had to have it.

Still, my legs worked. And my ears, too; I could hear her call to keep my eyes peeled, and that she'd cover me. I was going out the back door then, the pail slamming my legs, the oil sloshing over.

I didn't feel the pail hit or the oil spilling out. No more than I felt the pull of the climb or the ground hitting my feet. I saw the brush pile getting nearer, but my mind was full of Indians, the memory of their coming that other time so cold and swelling-big, there was no room for anything else.

It was good I didn't look at them until the fire took hold and I'd started down. Had I looked going up, I'd never have made it. Even with the grade in my favor, I scarce seemed to move. They were far off, and still tiny in the hills across the creek, but they looked just as on that past day, making it so true that I could hear the screams, smell the flesh burning, see the blackness of the root cellar where I was hidden, and see how humans look when they're ripped up, and all inside comes oozing out.

I was in a state when I reached the house. Aunt Martha jerked me in, barred the door, then slapped me once, hard, on each cheek.

"Clark!" I heard her say. "Clark! Up on the roof now! So long as we've got range, we'll fight from there! Go now!"

There was nothing weepy about her now. She put the Spencer into my hand; she shoved me toward the ladder, too, although the slaps had helped me get moving some on my own.

Up on top, we lay behind the mud parapet and pushed our rifles over the edge. Aunt Martha had the Springfield that Uncle Harlan brought from the war. At her elbow was a sack of ammunition.

By now, and seen from the roof, the Indians weren't so tiny as they'd been from the hogback. They were still above the creek, but letting down toward it now, running in single file. There was something in how they ran—that and the time of day—that didn't square with their known habits on raids, but I couldn't tell until Aunt Martha raised up and pointed.

"It's the deacon!" she said, and when she said it again, and added, "There!" I made him out.

He was out ahead of the Indians some ways, running alone. No doubt we'd have seen him before, but the howling pack behind him kept our eyes glued. But we saw him now, his long legs pumping, and his clothes, except a scrap or two, gone.

When I saw his boots were missing, too, I knew what had happened. They did such things, though no one knew why. On finding someone, they'd strip his shoes, then pointing at the sun, sign that he had so much time before they gave chase. Now and then, before turning him loose, they dragged him through cholla; they might partly skin his feet, too, and let him go that way, the soles flapping. A game, it was; a kind of joke before business.

The deacon, as he'd gone hunting them to preach of kindness and love, likely gave them pause, and a belly laugh too. But it was plain they hadn't figured on a walking man, one so leggy. It was plain, too, now, that barring a fall, he might reach us. Aunt Martha saw it, too, and stood up to estimate the range.

"We'll have to hold fire until he gets over the creek," she said. "Shoot high, then, over his head. Don't pull down, now."

When I said I wouldn't, she nodded; then she smiled softly.

"You're a good boy, Clark. You always made your folks proud. Just remember, it's not how long you live that adds up; only how."

She was saying that we mightn't have much time, that soon we might die. Did they catch the deacon, they'd likely leave us be, but given he made the house, we'd be killed too. Something in me said I should feel cheated; had he not tried for our place, the Indians wouldn't have come; they'd have chased him elsewhere. All along, we'd thought them raiding us, but they weren't at all.

Somehow, what I felt most was no longer being scared. This time I could see them, not just hear and smell and, later, see what they'd done. I could fight back too. That made a difference.

As it turned out, though, it didn't happen that way. When the deacon reached the creek, he didn't cross over. We waited, ready, for him to leave the brush along the bottoms on our side, but when we next saw him he was going through a clearing far downstream, still on the yon side. He was wobbling now, and the Indians were close behind, yelling wild.

I was still trying to figure what happened, when Aunt Martha turned and looked behind us across the roof. From the pile of brush, the smoke was lifting into the sky, thick, black and oily.

"He saw it," she said, and her voice seemed far off. "He knew we were alone, and he kept away."

Uncle Harlan and the other men were on a part of the range that was nearer than we knew. He reached us in an hour, his horse caked with foam, its nose running blood. It foundered and lay on its side in the dooryard.

Had Aunt Martha really thought he didn't love us any more, she'd have known different when he hugged us in his arms, and the words, when he tried to speak, wouldn't come out right. For some time, I was shy of watching his face, for fear of what mine was likely to do.

When we told what happened, he didn't hang back for the others to come, but ran for the bottoms with his revolver in his belt, and one of our rifles in each hand. He didn't need them, though, as it happened; for, by then, the Indians had gone.

For a miracle, he found the deacon still living, and that night he went to Fort Lowell, at Tucson, to get the post surgeon, riding relay between ranches along the way. He was back before noon the next day.

When the surgeon had done his work, Aunt Martha held that Godliness had saved the deacon's life. But the surgeon wondered if the Indians hadn't let him live because he'd run against them so well. Sometimes they were funny that way. All they'd done was cut those tendons at his ankles—what the surgeon called the Achilles' tendons—so that it wouldn't happen again. Sometimes they were funny that way too.

Coming down to how he kept the Indians away from me and Aunt Martha, though, was something different. And no matter how he hemmed and hawed over it, Uncle Harlan gave in at last, and spent the rest of that fall putting up a new roof on my folks' place. Helping him, I found I didn't scare at all over there any more, but liked it.

Nowadays, Uncle Harlan doesn't quarrel with God, either. Nor does he poke fun at Deacon Obadiah Balk. As a matter of fact, each Sunday when the deacon comes riding on his mule, Uncle Harlan is out in the dooryard waiting to shoulder him down and help him up to the gallery for a smoke and a glass of cordial before dinner.

You might even call them good friends now, but, as he likes to say, it was almost bound to happen once the deacon took to riding, like any other human being out in cattle country. THE END

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I'll Walk Again (Continued from Page 15)

gotten pneumonia right after the operation on my neck. They had to cut a hole in my throat so that I could breathe. I had congestion in my lungs, and they put a tube in my throat to bring up the mucus from my chest. They call this a tracheotomy.

I was a real sick man. I was hanging between life and death—first a broken neck, then pneumonia. I was a sight. I was full of tubes. There was the tracheotomy. And I had a tube running from my nose down my throat. That was to bring up the water from my stomach. Also, I couldn't eat, so I had to be fed through my veins. That meant tubes in my arms.

I guess I looked like one of those things you see in the horror pictures late at night on TV. My head was shaved, and there were tubes attached to it too. They had drilled holes in the back of my head to anchor two heavy sandbags, about ten pounds each, which kept my head in traction. They caused me constant headaches.

I was lying on an inflated mattress with a motor under it that kept pumping air in and out. This was to keep away bedsores, which I would have gotten if I had been lying perfectly still. I couldn't move myself on the bed, so they had to have the bed do the moving.

I couldn't get a good night's sleep at the Glen Cove Hospital, even with medication. I am able to sleep now. Here at Bellevue I don't need dope. And I don't believe in it anyway.

Speaking of sleep, some people have asked me if I fell asleep at the wheel of my car. No, I didn't. I remember almost everything that happened that night until I was removed from the car. Then I went blank, and didn't know much of what was going on for three or four days.

Here's how it all happened. About three o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, January twenty-seventh, I got a phone call from the Harlem YMCA asking me to appear on the Harry Wismer television show that evening in support of a fund-raising drive the Y had going. The show was due to go on at 10:30 at night. I was at my liquor store in Harlem. I usually leave about four-thirty in the afternoon, but I told them I would stay over and make the appearance for the Y that night.

Around nine o'clock that evening, Harry Wismer called me at the store and asked me not to come until the next week. It was his idea to announce over his program that night that I would be on the following Monday with him, so that he would get a bigger audience, as he put it.

I agreed, and since I'd been in the city that long, I decided I might as well stay on in the store for the evening with the fellows. This reminds me that one fellow who used to come in and talk baseball with me, although he wasn't there that day, was Willie Mays. Sometimes I'd try to advise him. I'd tell him he shouldn't try to steal so many bases, because he was risking an injury that could end his career. You know what Willie would answer? Nothing. Finally I gave up. He's not going to change.

While I'm on the subject of stealing bases, do you want to know why the modern players don't steal as many as the old-timers? It's because the catching is better. Can you imagine Ty Cobb stealing as many as ninety-six in one year nowadays? It's ridiculous. He couldn't have stolen that many off me in a lifetime. What did those old catchers have for arms—glass?

Well, getting back to the night of the accident, I closed up the store about one o'clock. Then I cleared the register, checked the stock, cleaned up and got dressed. It must have been after one-thirty when I got in the car and started home to Glen Cove, Long Island. It usually takes about an hour to drive there from my store, which is on the corner of 134th Street and 7th Avenue in Harlem, but this time it took longer because the road was still slippery after a snowstorm.

I was about a mile from my house when the accident took place. It was on Dosoris Lane, which is hilly and curvy. At this spot, there is an S turn. I started to make it and felt the car slide on the road. It was winter and rainy, and I must have hit some ice or sand or gravel. Anyway the car skidded.

It wasn't my own car. A dealer in the city had lent it to me that day while he did some work on my station wagon. This one was real light—about 300 pounds lighter than the one I was used to driving.

When it went into that swerve, I saw a telephone pole ahead. I tried to turn away from this pole, but I just did hit it on the right fender. It wasn't much of a bang, but after hitting the pole, I felt the car turning over to my right. I fell on the floor, head first, my body twisted like a pretzel.

I don't know how long I laid there. I was semi-unconscious, but I knew the motor was still running. That's when I reached to turn it off—and couldn't. That's when I found out I was paralyzed.

It was quite a shock. I said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me."

According to all the news accounts, a neighboring physician, Dr. W. Spencer Gurnee, heard the crash, called the police and came down and gave me a sedative and first aid. I don't remember any of that. The next thing I can recall was seeing a light shining through the window. It was an officer with a flashlight, and he called out and said, "Why, it's Campy."

I said, "Yes. Please help me. I can't move."

So he said, "O.K., Campy. But let me turn the motor off first."

He did. There undoubtedly were other people there by then. I couldn't tell. The last thing I can remember is the car being put back upright on its wheels. I found out days afterward from Ruthe, my wife, that the police officer, patrolman Frank Popplein, had crawled into the car from the top, or left, side, and held me while a wrecker righted the car.

Meanwhile the police went to my home to tell my wife. I was brought to the hospital a little after four A.M., and Ruthe arrived a short time later. She was brought right to the X-ray room, where there were two doctors with me—Dr. Gilbert Taylor and Dr. Charles Hayden. Doctor Taylor was holding my head.

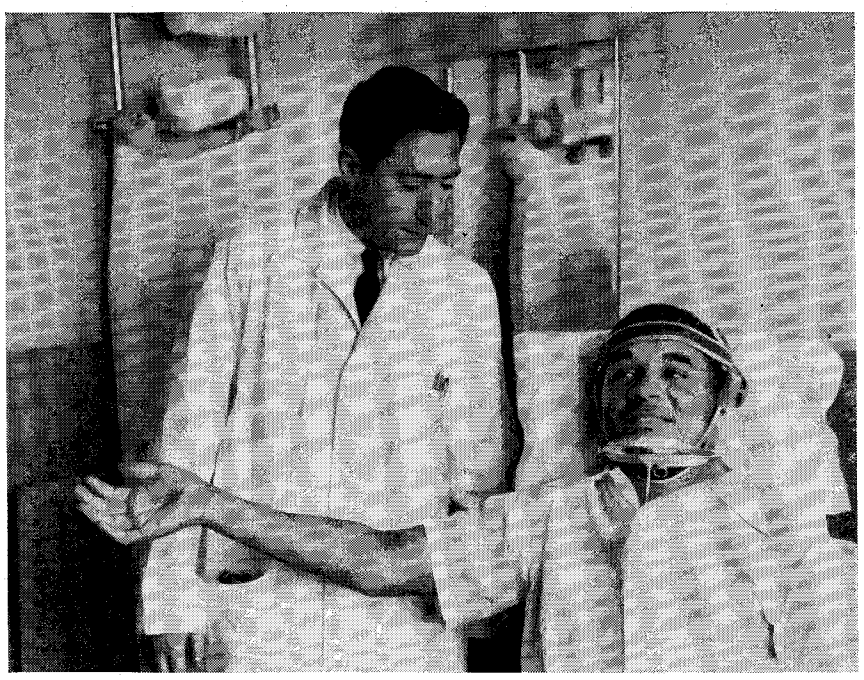
My wife has told me what happened after she got there. They called in Dr. Robert Sengstaken, the hospital's neurosurgeon. The X-ray pictures were examined. They showed that two vertebrae had slipped and overlapped each other.

"He has a fracture and dislocation of vertebrae five and six," Doctor Sengstaken explained to Ruthe. "He is paralyzed from just below the shoulders to the toes. He cannot push his arms out or grasp, but he can pull his arms in if they are held out for him."

He said they should operate as quickly as possible, but he needed her permission. Ruthe was willing to do whatever the doctors thought best. Doctor Hayden suggested that she call the ball club first. She thought Mr. O'Malley, the Dodger owner, was on his way to Los Angeles—actually he showed up at the hospital that afternoon—so she called Buzzy Bavasi, executive vice president of the Dodgers. She was going to call him at his home in Scarsdale, but it seems that I told her he was at a hotel in Los Angeles. I have no memory of doing this. Anyway, when she finally caught up to him, Doctor Hayden explained the situation to him on the phone.

Then they got ready to operate. The doctors told Ruthe she might as well go home, because the operation would take a long time. It did—over four hours.

When she came back to the hospital at 2:30 in the afternoon with our oldest son, David, fifteen, I was lying on a high bed with three mattresses under my body. She tells me I said "Hi," but as I said, I just don't remember much about those first days.



At Bellevue Hospital, the Dodgers' partially paralyzed Roy Campanella raises his arm higher than he had at any time since his accident six months ago.

After a few days I began to take an interest in things again. Ruthe had a mirror, and I asked her to let me look at myself. I think that was my worst moment in the hospital. I couldn't recognize myself. I was the sorriest mess you ever saw. What made it all the worse was that they had shaved my head. I looked like something out of another world. I never was so despondent as when I looked at myself that first time.

I didn't want to have any of my friends see me this way. Above all, I didn't want my children to see their daddy in this condition. I told Ruthe not to bring them. I told Matt Burns, who was one of those left behind to handle business at Ebbets Field after the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, that I didn't want to see anybody but Ruthe and him. Mr. O'Malley had appointed him to represent the ball club in anything that had to do with my situation, and he came to see me every day.

Word got to Doctor Sengstaken that I was depressed. He was very strict with me. "Roy," he said, "you've got to fight. We can help, but only about ten per cent. The other ninety has to be your effort."

They put a special steel bar across my bed so that I could exercise my arms. I couldn't raise my head off the bed, because I had to protect my neck, but I tried to "chin" myself by lifting my whole body from the hips upward. I got to where I was able to do twenty or twenty-five a day. This exercising restored strength to my arm muscles, and it was very good for my chest muscles too.

It turned out that I had claustrophobia. That I never knew before. It happened when they put an oxygen tent over my head. I just felt like I couldn't breathe, and everything was closing in on me. I kept crying, "Take this darn thing away—take it away, it's choking me!" That was a miserable night.

Later on, when they took the sandbags off, they put a plastic mask over my head and shoulders to hold my neck rigid. That was no good either. It felt like it was choking me too.

Then Matt Burns went to a surgical-supply house and got them to work out a different kind of mask. It was more like a catcher's mask. It had leather pads which held my chin and temples, but it was open in front, where my eyes and mouth were. With that one, I didn't feel all closed in and smothered.

My bed was the kind that turns upside down, so that I could lie on my back and then on my stomach. I did the bar exercises on my back. Then they'd turn the bed over, and I'd lie with my face in the mask that held my neck, and I'd be on my stomach. That's where I would do my reading, and also another exercise for my hands.

In the beginning, I couldn't do nothing for myself, and the nurses would read the sports pages to me. But when I was able to be turned over, I could read a newspaper myself. I could keep in touch with baseball a lot better that way. I learned to turn the pages. Sometimes it was hard, but I didn't want any help. I wanted to do it myself.

I also had a rubber ball, about the size of a baseball, which I was supposed to try and squeeze. Well, one day I was rolling it and trying to squeeze it when I suddenly was able to pick it up with one hand. Then the other. It was the day before the baseball season started, and a great day for me.

Thinking about baseball was both good and bad for me. During spring training, I'd wish I was down there bullin' with the fellows in Campy's Bullpen. That's a bench outside the kitchen in Dodgertown at Vero Beach. I used to sit there after lunch and talk with anyone who felt like talking, and as a gag, the club had painted right on the outside wall of the building, CAMPY'S BULLPEN. Now, instead of being there, I was lying in bed.

But I was making progress. I'd begun to get the first feeling down lower in my body after about a month. Before that, I had a little feeling at the top of my chest, and that was all. A doctor told me always to try to move my legs, regardless. I tried

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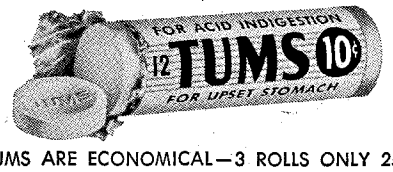

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and couldn't. But I started feeling different little sensations running down my legs.

I kept trying. I'd just say, *Well, I'm going to try and raise my left leg.* I'm trying to do that right now as I tell this. I can feel a sensation running all the way down to about my thigh. At first, I couldn't feel that at all.

I practice raising my legs every day, although it's been in vain so far. There's a sensation in my hips when I try to move my legs. It's as if my legs are trying to transmit something up to my brain, but there's a block in my vertebrae, and it stops right there.

I have very few spasms now. My body used to shake something awful, and I could hardly catch my breath. That doesn't happen now.

To help keep the muscle tone in my legs, they had a man come in five days a week at Glen Cove and work with me. He was what they call a therapeutist. He exercised my legs and arms by raising and lowering them. He even exercised the muscles in my fingers and ankles.

Here at Bellevue I've been attending special classes upstairs. They have me lifting weights to strengthen my arms. I can now lift twelve-to-fourteen pound sandbags with each hand. When I started, I was able to lift only four-pound bags. My arms are getting stronger all the time, and I find it easier to move my shoulders now.

I know I'm not in this alone. I've had wonderful letters of encouragement from people all over the world—prominent people and just plain fans. I had quite a long letter from Red Skelton, who was having his own sorrows then over his son, Richard, who later died of leukemia. Perry Como and Art Linkletter sent telegrams. Even President Eisenhower wrote to me, and Vice President Nixon. Think of that!

I can't begin to list all the people in baseball who got in touch with me. My Dodger teammates sent me a very beautiful card. I even heard from players on teams in the other league—the Cleveland Indians, the Baltimore Orioles. Then there was Branch Rickey, who originally signed me for the Dodgers. And Joe DiMaggio and Jackie Robinson and Eddie Stanky and Joe Black and so many others.

My greatest comfort in all this has been my wife and family, though. I don't think many women would have done as much as Ruthe has. When I was in Glen Cove Hospital it was hard for me to get used to eating while lying down. The hospital food was good, but I was used to Ruthe's cooking. So every day, along with looking after the house and children, she would cook my lunch and dinner at home and bring them to me in the hospital. On days when I was down in the dumps, she always lifted me up. I couldn't possibly have made it without her.

My kids have been great too. As I've said, I didn't want them to see me in the beginning, just as I didn't want my picture taken in the hospital. But after they took the tube out of my throat in the middle of April, I let Ruthe bring them in. Now they come every week.

The first time they came, I had tears in my eyes. But they cheered me up. They never did say, "Gee, daddy, why are you in bed?" or "Oh, daddy, you can't move." They never once mentioned anything like that. It was very touching.

So now I look forward every week to having them around me. It isn't just that deep-down feeling for your own children that every father has. It goes even deeper when something happens to you, and they are so wonderful about it.

My mother and daddy came all the way from Philadelphia to spend one Sunday with me at the hospital in Glen Cove too. Since being moved to Bellevue in May, I have been allowed to have a few special visitors outside the family. I've had some both in and out of baseball.

One was Mr. Bernard Baruch, who is a contributor to the hospital. It was quite an honor for this gentleman to sit down and talk to me. And Governor Harriman came. He phoned me first to see if he could have an appointment. Imagine, the governor of New York asking to see Campy! I told him he was welcome any time at all. So he came up one Sunday, and he offered me a job with the state boxing commission as a deputy commissioner.

Believe me, I appreciated the governor's offer, but I notified him later that I did not think I could discharge the duties the position called for. Right now, and for many months to come, the thing uppermost in my mind is to get well.

I can make phone calls now. I can't hold a receiver, but they have a special phone here. I just have to push a red button. The operator then asks me for the number. Her voice is magnified, and so is mine. She gets the number, and I can talk to the person, even though the phone is many feet from my mouth. When I push the button again at the end of the conversation, she disconnects it.

I wear a special pair of glasses for watching TV. Prism glasses, I think they're called. I can watch the screen through these glasses while lying on my back. The doctor says they change the direction of your line of sight.

The only time I get to feeling bad now is when somebody from baseball comes by. I don't mean that I don't want to see them. But it makes me slide down the ladder a little bit. I know they're feeling sorry for me, and it hurts me.

One baseball man whose visit really helped me was Bill Veeck, the former owner of the Cleveland Indians and St. Louis Browns. I was surprised when he came in. I didn't know him very well. I was on my stomach that day and couldn't see Bill.

He said, "Hello, Roy," and patted my right hand. Then he pulled up a chair and sat down right beside me. He told me how he had been a patient in this hospital many years ago. He'd lost part of a leg as a marine in World War II, and he had some operations on it after he got out. Everybody tries to encourage me, but it meant more from this gentleman who went through some of the same things here that I am going through.

Leo Durocher, my old manager, stopped in when he was in New York on his baseball television job with the National Broadcasting Company. We talked about the Dodgers and Giants mostly. My old teammates, Carl Erskine and Duke Snider, dropped in the first time the Dodgers got near here. They came over from Philadelphia to see me. So did my first and last manager in organized baseball, Walt Alston. I had a lot of Dodger visitors again on their second trip East.

It was something to talk with fellows from the club, and find out what they thought was wrong with the Dodgers this spring. I had my own ideas why the Dodgers were in last place. That's one of the things I want to talk about next week.

Editors' Note: This is the first of two articles by Roy Campanella. In next week's article he discusses the new role he expects to play in baseball.

I'm Always Surprising Myself (Continued from Page 27)

My wool costume was hot and sticky, and the sun that morning would have tanned a Ubangi chief. I was also angry with myself for having risked what was certain to be an embarrassing flop, and so I boiled over. "You can damn well run and get it yourself!" I said.

The cameraman froze, the assistant director paled and groped for support, and Mike Curtiz looked as though he'd been hit by a Kansas twister. I was dead, dead, dead, when suddenly he began to laugh.

"Dismiss the others," he roared, "and give him the part!"

Imperturbable? Ah, yes, indeed. The picture was big box office, incidentally—no thanks to me—but Mike and I have been good friends ever since.

I never had any of the nervous, awed feelings suffered by most young men and women when they head for Hollywood or Broadway. The fact that I never deliberately headed for either place may have had something to do with it. My ignorance of movie techniques was so complete that some directors would have preferred shooting me with a .38 instead of a camera. In Splendor, for example, one of my early Goldwyn pictures, I fumbled so often that Rachel Crothers, the author, kept needling me with little notes on the set which said: "Niven, you murdered that line," or "Niven, who said you were an actor?" I blushed easily those days, and I blushed purple each time I got a scolding card.

That night, as Sam Goldwyn was looking at the rushes, he suddenly shot out of his chair and roared, "Who the hell put that minstrel-show make-up on Niven?" It wasn't make-up, of course. It was my ruddy Scottish cheeks in full blush—and that's how I learned that on ordinary film reds and purples photograph black.

In that same picture the script called for me to chat with Miriam Hopkins while casually puffing on a cigarette. Director Elliott Nugent was intent on watching his star, instead of me, and didn't notice that I was thrusting the cigarette away from me as though it were a bomb with a burning fuse.

When Nugent saw the rushes, he said, "What are you trying to do with that silly cigarette bit—steal the scene from Miriam?"

"I don't know, sir," I said. "I never smoked one before."

He assigned a coach to teach me how to hold a cigarette, and the retakes cost the studio an extra $2000. I can handle cigarettes or cigars with great *savoir-faire* now, but I still don't smoke.

I doubt if any young man was ever more poorly trained for the wonderful mechanics of the celluloid world. As I said earlier, I had no interest in acting—not even amateur theatricals—and my destiny seemed to lie with the British Army.

After long years in three boarding schools, I was admitted to Sandhurst, the English West Point, and in time was graduated as a second lieutenant.

The inflexible discipline, the centuries of tradition and the persistent military atmosphere discouraged me. I would be rewarded in other ways, of course. At the end of eighteen years' service, if they were lucky, dunning creditors could address me as Captain Niven. After a second

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eighteen years, I would be Major Niven, with twice as many bills.

Some superior officer must have known what I thought, and I was shipped to the island of Malta, a sort of steam-heated Siberia, with the Highland Light Infantry. There were no trees, no breeze and few girls. Consequently, any unusual event was heaven-sent.

I am ashamed to say that my stay at Malta was one small calamity after another. During one long hot spell, a fellow officer and I rebelled against the heavy regulation steel helmets, and sent to a London toyshop for two imitation ones made of papier-mâché. The third time we wore them, at a dress parade, there was a cloudburst and the paper hats drooped down over our eyes like uncooked pizza pies.

Shortly after I was through being confined to quarters for that offense, I was en route to the parade grounds in full uniform, and I playfully thrust my officer's sword into a dummy used for bayonet practice. The blade snapped off about six inches from the hilt, leaving me with a crazy-looking dagger instead of a sword. There was no time to get another, and presently, during the ritual, the adjutant called out, "Officers, draw your swords!" I didn't make a move, hoping I wouldn't be spotted, but the adjutant saw me and snarled, "Niven, I order you to draw your sword!" So I did. I must have looked pretty silly, standing there in front of the whole regiment with my midget-sized blade, and the adjutant said sarcastically, "Stick an olive on that, Niven, and I'll send for a martini." Back to confinement I went.

I had no great talent for swordsmanship, but in spite of my Maltese fumblings I eventually learned how to handle a blade. This doubtful skill, coupled with a scientific knowledge of drinkable gin, also acquired at Malta, made my later Hollywood assignments much easier.

One of those early blood-and-thunder dramas was The Prisoner of Zenda, in which I was privileged to do heroics with Ronald Colman. During the indoor scenes I noticed that all the extras were milling around a huge fruit-punch bowl. They looked unreal and vaguely unhappy, and I felt that some should at least frown or argue or even quarrel to make the scene more lively.

During a rest period I went to Raymond Massey's dressing room and swiped six bottles of gin. I knew he'd been saving the booze for a party, but I took it anyway, in the interests of better cinematic art. I carried the liquor out under my flowing cape, emptied it into the punch bowl and stirred it with my sword.

When the cast reassembled, I watched a couple of dead-panned extras gingerly sampling the now-fortified fluid. They looked at each other wide-eyed, quickly dipped their pewter cups for a refill, and then hotfooted around the set to spread the good news. Within thirty minutes the house cats turned into tigers. One extra took a poke at another, some burst into song, and one, filled with alcoholic daring, suddenly gave an inspired rendering of the soliloquy from Hamlet.

"Craziest extras I ever had," director John Cromwell muttered. "What the devil's got into them?"

"I think you really inspired them," I said.

"Oh, really?" he said. He looked at me suspiciously for a moment, then went on with another take.

I never told Raymond Massey what had happened to his gin, but I secretly gave him the Niven Academy Award for his contribution to The Prisoner of Zenda. Those crowd scenes were the liveliest I ever saw.

My inept swordsmanship got me into another misery which made me look like a bumbling idiot, and you won't believe it anyway. I was in London in 1948 making Bonnie Prince Charlie, a story I loved, and had lived and relived as a boy in Scotland. I wore a blond wig, a kilt and a razor-sharp sword, and the climax of the picture came in an exciting battle scene involving some 600 extras.

I was charging down a hill, stabbing at enemies right and left, when inevitably I tripped on a clump of heather. As I pitched forward—and this was not in the script—my sword pierced a soldier's leg and pinned him to the ground.

"Oh, my God!" I cried out.

The cameras stopped and men came running toward us. The man was squirming on the ground, and I stared at him in horror.

"Pull it out, Mr. Niven," he grunted. "Please pull it out so I can get up."

I was pretty green by this time, but I grabbed the hilt and pulled the blade free with one swift motion. No sound came from the man's lips, but as I watched, hypnotized and nauseated, he scrambled to his feet and carefully dusted off his uniform.

"You all right, Mr. Niven?" he said. "You look sick."

"Of course, I'm sick!" I gasped. "But you've got guts. Hang on. The doctors will be right here."

"I don't need a doctor," he said.

He pulled up his torn pants leg, and I needed only one look to realize why he hadn't screamed. He was a pensioned veteran of the Battle of El Alamein, and out of 600 extras in the picture he was the only one with an aluminum leg. As I said—no one would believe me—and so I've never told this story before. But there were 600 witnesses.

Incidentally, I was called back to that studio one Sunday for some unexpected retakes. The picture was supposed to have been wrapped up, my bags were packed for the trip home to Hollywood, and I was irritable with impatience when I stormed into the studio with my now-frazzled wig and kilt.

"Where's my chair?" I barked at the prop man.

"Right over there," he said. "Somebody's in it."

I glanced across the stage and saw a beautiful girl who had never been around there before.

"Throw her out," I said.

"Yes, sir," the prop man said. Plainly embarrassed by my sudden lack of good manners, he walked up to the girl and said softly, "Beg pardon, miss. Mr. David Niven wants his chair."

She gazed up at him with a dazzling smile and eyes like spring violets. "Of course," she said. "But who is this Mr. Niven?"

Her name turned out to be Hjördis Tersmeden, a Stockholm model who had come to England for a vacation, and who had never visited a movie studio before. If you are David Niven, what do you do about a girl who's never heard of you? Well, you find her a husband to teach her the important facts of life. I did too. Ten days after we threw her out of my chair she became the second Mrs. Niven. My first wife, Primmy, had lost her life in an accident in California in 1946, but more of that later.

In between pictures these days I do a lot of reading, and when I read stories about boys and girls who went into the movies straight from some soda fountain or a tenement on the lower East Side, I get depressed about all the detours I took. I might have been a Dead End Kid in the movies, too, for I was in New York when they were discovered, but it's difficult to look tough with a polo mallet in one hand and a duchess in the other.

The truth is, I arrived in New York on my first trip with only the barest essentials, and one of them was not money. And I might not have been there at all without the urging of a Miss Barbara Hutton.

I had met Barbara in London on one of my leaves from Malta and, impulsive and sweet girl that she is, she said, "David, I think it's awful that you've never been to America. Wouldn't you like to spend next Christmas in New York?"

I made a rapid mental appraisal of my assets, and concluded I would just about have tipping money on my lieutenant's pay, which was then nine shillings a day, or about $2.16.

I decided against the trip at the time, but some months later, after the death of my mother, I felt the need of a change of scene. I cabled Barbara, who was then in New York, and she replied: "Come at once."

I arrived in New York aboard the SS Georgic on Christmas Eve of 1932, and

... ...

Perfumes

By Clara Aiken Speer

These are the scents I have
known today,
Dew on the grass at the
dawn's first waking;
White sheets drying in sun
and air,
Three round loaves in the
oven baking;
And a sunset breeze that is
blowing over
A flowering wilderness of
clover.

... ...

was met at the pier by Barbara and her cousin, Woolworth Donahue, and several other friends.

The images of long ago are often warped by time, and the colors seem brighter than they really were. But surely no young man ever entered paradise with more wonder—as the United States seemed to me—or had to leave it with deeper regret. The montage of memory brings back many things about that first visit—a suite at the Pierre, sumptuous dinners at the Colony or 21, the magic of Broadway or Fifth Avenue or the Automat, where I went on the few occasions when I had to entertain myself. I especially remember dancing to Eddy Duchin's music with Barbara at the Central Park Casino, and seeing the late millionaire A. C. Blumenthal come in carrying a suitcase packed with his own choice liquors because he didn't trust the Prohibition stuff.

I remember an automobile trip to Palm Beach with Phil Ammidown, another of Barbara's friends, and a losing duel with two stubborn Florida mules which suddenly materialized on the road in the middle of the night. Luckily neither Phil nor I was hurt, but his big Pierce-Arrow was a total loss.

Later that year the Sun Life Insurance Company used a photograph of the wreck in advertisements showing the penalty of careless driving on dark roads. I have been exceedingly wary of mules ever since.

I remember meeting actress Lili Damita, who was strolling around Palm Beach in exciting bathing suits with a live leopard on a leash. I hadn't seen a live leopard in a long time, and I was so entranced that I lost all track of time. I woke up one morning, glanced at the calendar, and realized with a shock that I had overstayed my army leave and had missed the boat back to England. There were no planes in those days.

I hurried to the cable office and sent this message to Lt. Col. Alex Telfer-Smollett, my commander:

MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY FLORIDA FOR WHALE FISHING AND BIG GAME HUNTING. REQUEST EXTRA TWO WEEKS LEAVE.

NIVEN

The next morning I got this reply:

NO WHALES OR BIG GAME WITHIN TWO THOUSAND MILES. TAKE THREE. SMOLLETT

How I blessed that wonderful man! But my return to the comparative austerity of British Army barracks was not effected without a surge of rebellion. I had had six weeks of new horizons, and army life would never be the same again. I desperately wanted to go back to America, by any means or for any purpose, but I was trapped.

In May of 1933 I was stationed at Netheravon, and I was courting a girl in London, sixty miles away. Every evening I would rush up to London, see the girl and catch the milk train back, just in time to make the six A.M. line-up on the parade ground. Late one afternoon General Bonham-Carter, commanding officer at Netheravon, called the officers together and began a lecture on the trajectory of machine-gun bullets. It was an interesting talk if you liked machine guns, but my mind was on a different set of curves.

General Carter finally completed the lecture and said, "Any questions, gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir," I said, raising my hand.

"Fine, Niven," he said, pleasantly surprised. "Speak up."

"Could you tell me the time?" I asked. "I have to catch a train."

There was an instant and ominous silence, and General Carter stared at me as though I were a confessed spy. "Stand up!" he said coldly. I stood up. "Consider yourself under close arrest," he said.

I was marched off to my room, and I was lucky to have Lt. John Mackenzie, one of my good friends, assigned to guard me. He was standing outside my door with the sword and full uniform dictated for these circumstances, and we were both pretty glum and faintly embarrassed.

"I say, laddie," he said, "I've got a great idea. Let's have a little nip."

Mackenzie sent for a bottle of Scotch and we emptied it. Mackenzie was soon holding up the wall and getting tangled up with his sword.

"Look, old man," he said thickly. "I have another marvelous idea. I'll go to the men's room and while I'm there you escape."

I was feeling no distress either, and I am thinking now that not even General Patton ever had a more crystal-clear plan for breaking out of cul-de-sac.

We pulled the sheets from the bed and knotted them together with fumbling fingers. We teetered around for a moment, supporting each other, and then, after a blubbery good-by and a handshake, Mackenzie staggered out and shut the door. I tied the sheet rope to the bed and carefully lowered myself out the window. I didn't have far to go, because my room was on the ground floor. I remember being surprised to find myself waist-deep in rhododendrons, but I have no recollection of the long drive to London in my car. I was sober when I arrived at the

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Naval & Military Club, and in a panic about what I had done. I had visions of a court-martial and newspaper publicity and disgrace.

I called Philip Astley, an old friend who was then married to Madeleine Carroll, the movie star, and asked him to meet me. He and Victor Gordon-Lennox, a newspaper friend, joined me for dinner at the club, and both urged me to take advantage of the rule permitting officers to resign during peacetime.

I got a piece of club stationery and wrote a note to Colonel Smollett which read:

Dear Colonel: Request permission to resign commission. Love,
NIVEN

Colonel Smollett told me long afterward that he was so intrigued by this unusual document that he framed it and kept it on the wall of his home in Scotland for years. At any rate, I didn't wait for a reply from the brass in His Majesty's Army. I couldn't get out fast enough.

I had only nine shillings in my pocket that night, so Victor staked me to a round-trip ticket to Canada in exchange for my vintage Bentley car. I was aboard the Empress of Britain when she sailed the next morning, feeling like a fugitive from Scotland Yard, but I suspect the army was glad to get rid of me. It was truly a momentous decision, for it so happened that I would never make my home in England again.

I landed in Canada toward the end of May in 1933, but my brief stay, which started out so happily on an island in the Rideau Lake region with relatives of Victor's, turned into a nightmare. I was strapped and often hungry, and I spent a miserable week on a road-construction gang. I had a tonsillectomy and nearly died alone in an empty house from a postoperative hemorrhage, and I perpetrated that disgraceful fraud with the fox-hunting articles, using the money to go to New York.

It helps soothe my conscience, I think, to confess that my life in Manhattan on that second trip was a magnificent fraud. I had no job, no money and no talent, but I devised all sorts of schemes to keep the news from leaking out. I had a cheap room, for instance, in the Montclair Hotel on Lexington Avenue. The front door of the Montclair was exactly opposite the back door of the Waldorf. So every morning I would leave the Montclair, cross Lexington to the Waldorf, pass through the gilded lobbies and make my official start to the day by strolling nonchalantly out of the front door of the Waldorf, and sauntering on down Park Avenue.

The doorman used to salute me, and the whole thing did much for my morale. Coming home at night and reversing the process was apt to have a discouraging effect as, like a fox, I slunk out the back door of the Waldorf and went to ground in my lair at the Montclair.

I said earlier that I had no acting experience before going to Hollywood, but this is only a half-truth. On mornings when I was hungry and had only a dime or two in my pocket—and that was often—I went into some restaurant, chose a vacant table and ordered coffee and doughnuts. While I was munching away, a friend—who shall be nameless but who was also flat—would come in and sit at the same table. We never spoke or even looked at each other, and I would be busy reading the paper while he ordered ham and eggs, hot cakes, steak or some other expensive dish. When he finished, sighing with contentment, he would ask for his check, and I would ask for mine at the same time. He would pick up my check for fifteen cents, pay it at the desk and disappear into the sidewalk crowd.

At that point I would glance at his check and summon the waitress. "Miss, you've made a mistake," I would protest. "Two and a half for coffee and doughnuts?"

The girl could see that I was still nibbling away at half a doughnut and would give me a new check with a mumbled apology. "I'd like to get my hands on that other guy," she'd say. "The dirty crook picked up your check."

"Yes," I would solemnly agree. "A scoundrel of the worst sort."

I would pay my fifteen cents, depart and meet my friend two or three blocks away at another restaurant, where we reversed the procedure. Sometimes, when neither of us had more than a nickel, we kept going for ten days with this low deception, but it was an agony of guilt feelings for me. My stomach felt like a saddlebag full of lead, and I went through it only from sheer necessity. It was unquestionably the greatest acting I ever did, but I am not particularly proud of it.

Thanks to my earlier visit as Barbara Hutton's guest, I had a little cluster of friends who took me to parties, invited me to their homes or picked up the check in restaurants where I couldn't have afforded a peanut-butter sandwich. I went to the "21" Club often, and one day the late Jack Kriendler, who knew I was moving around in the blue-chip crowd, hesitantly asked me if I'd like to sell fine wines and liquor for him. On a dignified level, of course. No house-to-house stuff.

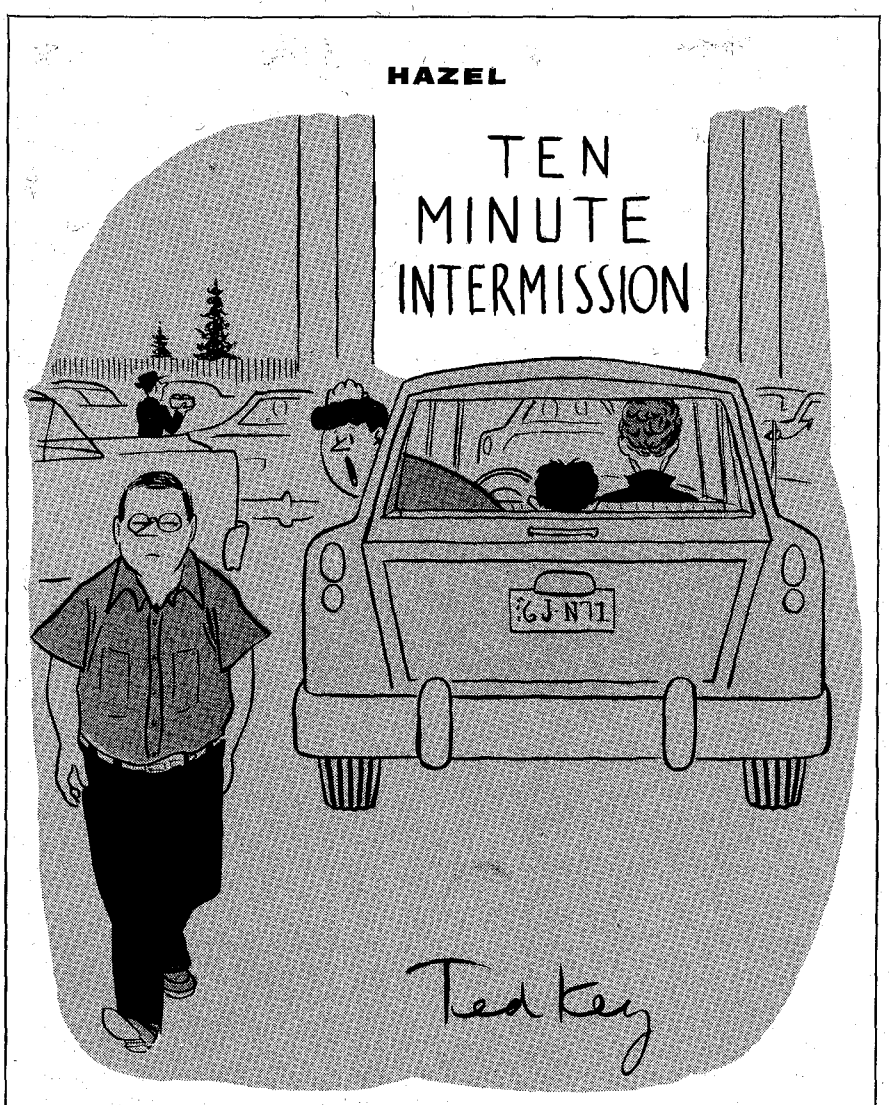
I was scared stiff he'd change his mind, but I kept up the front. "Might be a lark, at that," I said.

One weekend I was invited to the luxurious summer home of Mrs. Harrison Williams on Long Island, and it seemed like a good opportunity for a little larceny.

"Jack," I said, "if I had a little cash to grease the butler and the chef, I might persuade them to fill up the Williams cellar with your wine. Couple of hundred ought to do it."

"Sure," he said, peeling cash from a roll.

I took the money, went to the Williams home and had a gay weekend with a Social Register crowd who were led to believe that I was just killing time before summering on the French Riviera. Under the circumstances, I didn't have the nerve to mention that I was trying to sell my hostess some booze, and I gambled away the $200 bribe money playing backgammon and other games.



"Without onions!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After two or three of these weekends Jack Kriendler concluded that he had made a sad mistake, and once more I was unemployed.

About that time I encountered a most remarkable promoter named Douglas Hertz, and famed Lefty Flynn, late of Yale, and Hertz and I dreamed up an organization called The American Pony Express Racing Association. The idea was to set up teams of polo ponies and have indoor races on small tracks in large auditoriums. We decided on polo ponies because, running counterclockwise, they could easily handle the short turns as they went round and round.

We sold stock to the sporting minded with a taste for the bizarre—the late Damon Runyon was among the enthusiastic investors—and used the money to buy more than 100 broken-down and slightly neurotic ponies, with genuine Indians and cowboys as jockeys. Opening night in the Municipal Auditorium at Atlantic City was a sellout. I recall with a guilty shudder that I led the grand march, billed as Capt. David Niven, of the Royal Mounted Police, who, I thought wryly, might have been on a man hunt for me at that very moment.

The next morning, sitting in our little office happily and confidently awaiting a flood of offers from Madison Square Garden and other big arenas, I looked up to see a group of five men who walked in without bothering to knock. Four of them had hats pulled down over their eyes and wore long, tight overcoats which looked badly tailored to me because they bulged in the wrong places. The fifth introduced himself as Mr. Nuckie Johnson, whom I knew to be the underworld boss of Atlantic City, but he didn't look real, and I decided they were phonies sent to me as a gag by Lefty Flynn . . . that master of the practical joke.

"Niven," the alleged Nuckie Johnson said, "you've got a good thing here. Now here's the deal. We take over the beer, popcorn, peanuts and hot dogs. We put in half a dozen of our own bookies, and every night you're going to tell us in advance who's going to win in four out of six races. You'll get cut in for a fair bite."

"Charming idea," I said. "And here's what you do: You go to the grocery on the next corner and buy a fresh pineapple and cut off the top and hollow it out."

One of the scowling gentlemen gave me a very chilling look. "Hey, boss," he said. "Dis is a wise guy."

"Let him talk," the boss said.

"Then you bring the pineapple here," I went on, "and you write down your proposition on a piece of paper. You put the paper inside the pineapple and put the top back on."

He stared at me as though I were what the prison people call "stir-crazy."

"Yeah?" he said. "So I got this pineapple. Then what do I do with it?"

I'm afraid I was not very polite when I told him what to do with the pineapple, and his ruddy skin looked like something out of Dracula. He was, of course, the real Nuckie Johnson. One of his four young men started for me, but the boss fended him off and stalked out without another word. Within an hour we were notified that all our local licenses had been canceled, our health and sanitary permits were withdrawn, and trucks carted away all the beer, hot dogs and other food. We had been operating on a shoestring anyway, and now we were through. Hertz left for the West Coast. Lefty and I sold the polo ponies, crept out of town and retired from the pony-racing business. We went to Bermuda, where Lefty and his wife had rented a little cottage. It seemed more peaceful there somehow.

Some years later I made a good picture with Ginger Rogers called Bachelor Mother, and to celebrate my success, Tony Drexel gave a party for me in Philadelphia. At the height of this swank affair there came one of those curious silences when conversation suddenly dies out, and at that moment I was tapped on the shoulder by one of the guests.

"You David Niven?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"The David Niven?"

"Why, yes," I said, "I suppose you could call me that."

"Well"—he took a deep breath, and by now all the guests were staring at us—"I think everybody in this room ought to know you're a crook."

"Who, me?" I said with my cheeks flaming.

"Yes, you!" he snapped. "Four years ago you sold me ten so-called polo ponies."

"Ah," I said quickly, "fine animals."

"Like hell they were!" he said. "I had to give them away because they would only turn left."

This is the second of three articles by David Niven. Next week he tells how he interrupted his career to do six years' combat duty in World War II. —The Editors

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HOW THE RAILROADS ARE GETTING TOGETHER ON A $288,000,000 IDEA

THE NEXT GREAT STEP IN RAILROADING
"Roller Freight" that rolls as fast and smooth as passenger trains!
TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

TEN years ago the railroads had stopped putting new passenger cars on friction bearings. They had switched to roller bearings, saving millions of dollars in inspection time and lubricant and making the streamliner practical.

In the birth of the streamliner, America's railroads saw an idea for an even greater step to improve their service. Timken® tapered roller bearings for *freight cars*—"Roller Freight". This next great step in railroading (see 1947 advertisement at right above) would eliminate the biggest cause of freight train delays—the hot box problem—and save the railroads an estimated $288,000,000 a year or about $144 per freight car. This is Better-ness—the American conviction that "good enough" isn't.

But there was an obstacle. Railroads pool their freight cars—what they call interchange. Why should a railroad spend extra money for roller bearings when other railroads would share the benefits?

Sharing benefits was nothing new to the railroads. They've taken most of the big steps together. Interchange itself is the prime example. And by putting "Roller Freight" in interchange, they're investing in their future together. And they're giving you better than ever freight service.

Already 67 railroads and other freight car owners have over 25,000 freight cars on Timken bearings in service or on order. And two-thirds of these cars are coupled together in interchange (below), speeding shipments on all railroads' lines. Look for Timken bearings on all the machines that bring you Better-ness. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Cable: "TIMROSCO".

This is BETTER-ness...America is for it

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HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

Richard Macaulay, whose subject this week is bartenders, says that in a reasonably moderate way he used to participate in the vogue of New York's Third Avenue refreshment emporiums, "but they deteriorated, became full of tourists, debutantes and Yale and Princeton boys." This forced him to discover the old-fashioned, homey, clublike First Avenue bars—like the one on page 20.

John Prescott of page 31, who moved his family to Phoenix several years ago after living in a wildish Arizona canyon, purchased a log one day from which to fashion the body of a hobbyhorse for his daughter. He thought the wood was juniper, but when he applied his ax, found that it was rock-hard oak. "How could I have made that error? I've been city-bound too long." He rests on the log in the photo, and just look what happened to his ax.

When **Lee McGiffin** decided to write a story about a dance-band leader, her son Don, a horn man in the Arlington, Texas, High School band, expressed fear that when it came to knowing much about Dixieland jazz, she might be a square. So he hired out as her consultant, to be paid if the story sold to the Post. (He wanted money for a new horn.) Well, one day Mrs. McGiffin was baffled when a telegram was read to her over the phone saying that her story had been sold to September. Happy ending: the message from her agent actually read, "SEP." Page 24.

Mrs. Clara Aiken Speer leads a triple life. She has published hundreds of poems, including the one on page 81 and a book collection, Sonnets for Eve (William-Frederick). She has served longer than any other woman in the Missouri House of Representatives; her Kansas City district has elected her six times, and recently, having victoriously led the opposition to a drastic tax-increase bill, she filed for re-election. Finally, this 78-year-old widow devotes delightful hours to being the only living grandparent of 16 grandchildren. "You just ought to hear them when they all sing, "Happy birthday, dear Grandma!"

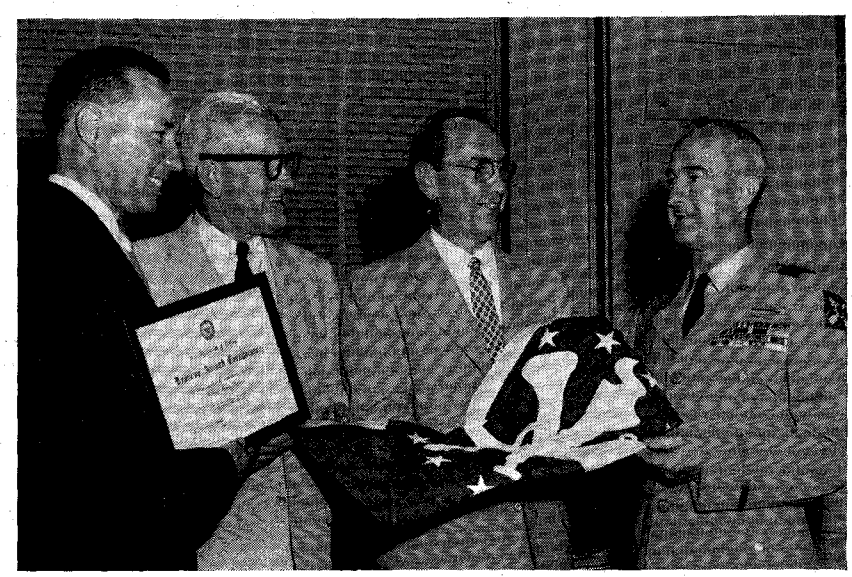
John Prescott: he's had it.

Mrs. Clara Aiken Speer.

Best-Seller Box Score

Things are going right well with books which the Post has either serialized or excerpted in 1957 and '58; six of them, at last look, were solidly entrenched in the general category of The New York Times best-seller list. Four have been there since last year: Jean Kerr's Please Don't Eat the Daisies; Art Linkletter's Kids Say the Darndest Things!; Robert Paul Smith's "Where Did You Go?" "Out."; and Bernard Baruch's Baruch: My Own Story. They were joined some time ago by David Douglas Duncan's The Private World of Pablo Picasso, an extra-length Post feature last Jan. 4, and recently Mari Sandoz' The Cattlemen, excerpted as Tyrant of the Plains in the June 7 Post, lost no time in getting aboard the best-seller wagon.

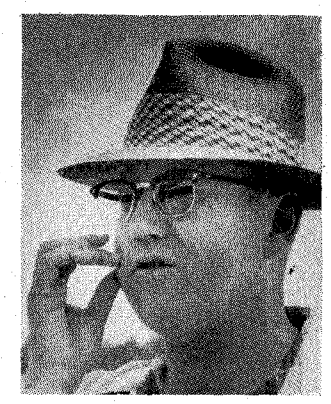
We Accept With Thanks



The Curtis Publishing Company has received the Department of Defense Reserve Award for outstanding co-operation with the Armed Forces reserve program. The citation says, "By its personnel policies of hiring, promoting and transferring Reservists without discrimination, and granting military leave in addition to regular vacation periods with compensation for any pay differential, employees have been encouraged to participate in Reserve activities." Similar awards have been made this year to 46 other firms. You see, left to right: Maj. Herbert Winterberg of the Curtis manufacturing department, a reserve officer; E. Huber Ulrich, vice president and public-relations director; and Curtis president Robert E. MacNeal receiving the award pennant from Maj. Gen. H. J. Vander Heide.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"King of the Moonshiners"



The remarkable story of J. Percy Flowers, philanthropist, pillar of the church—and bane of Federal Agents.

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